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THE
IRISH MONTHLY:

A

Magazine of General Literature.

THIRD YEARLY VOLUME.

1875.

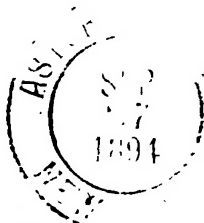
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THE
IRISH MONTHLY
Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1874.

A CITIZEN SAINT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EUGENE O'CURRY."

"O Siena, O Siena, guarda quale e quanta
Grazia in tua Donna infusa ha 'l Signor pio,
Che il mondo e 'l ciel di Lei giubila e canta."

WE hear much of the force of circumstances in forming character; of the fortuitous events that mark the turning points in life; of the power of those "skyey influences" which cast breadths of shadow or gleams of sunshine on our way. It would often be nearer the truth to say that the turning points are just those passages at which the hitherto divergent path of another runs in upon our own; that the supreme force in moulding character is the solvent action or cohesive power of some higher intelligence brought into contact with ours; that the influences, so strong, yet so intangible, which obscure the track beneath our feet or illuminate the far horizon, are but the sympathetic agency of a human soul, radiating light or spreading gloom abroad.

Nothing is more mysterious, nor yet more evident, than the power, especially for good, of purely personal influence in all the walks of life, and all the history of the heart and mind and soul. In the

more dangerous and tempestuous passes we do not always, amidst the uproar and peril, see the hand that leads us over the sheer abyss, nor recognise the presence that nerves our footsteps through the storm. But the happier hours, which memory takes in charge, are no more than the scene whereon the messengers of God appear in human guise, the heralds raise the voice of hope, the watchmen meet us with their lamps of light.

And most of all is this the case in the intellectual and the spiritual life. We walk abroad with opinions hanging loosely about us, with principles awry, and perhaps the motive power wholly wanting; until some new association evolves order out of chaos, and supplies the force, which, like a new faculty, regulates, intensifies, and utilizes all. Or again: weighed down by our burdens, torn in the conflict of irreconcilable affections, wearied in the contest with doubts and apprehensions, we sit down by the roadside to struggle and to hope no more. Presently, upon our path, appears some wayfarer who has got for us the charm to heal, the power to fortify, the word that makes the slumbering spirit wake again. Then the strong arm lightens our load, the dauntless heart dispels the phantom fears, the clearer intellect bids us be refreshed with draughts from fountains full and free.

All the words of wisdom poured into our ear, all the truths we fancy we believe, are no more than the phrases children have by rote, unless we see wisdom in action ruling a human life, and note the beauty and the strength of virtue quickened in the living soul. Faith languishes without evidence of its potency in daily deeds; confidence grows faint unless upheld by example; even our belief in the compassion of Almighty God remains too vague to afford us comfort, until some fellow-creature—commissioned to bind up the broken heart or free the imprisoned soul—makes us understand how infinite must be the goodness of the Lord, since the mere reflection of his charity can turn the servants of his household into angels of light and ministers of love.

Sometimes these heaven-sent people stay with us for an hour or a day; sometimes they are our companions for many a stage; sometimes they leave us only at the call of death, and then to do us greater service:—linking by a more sensible connection the life of to-day with the eternity of to-morrow; taking the bitterness from death, as they had once taken the trouble from existence.

And as it is in the experience of each individual, so is it in the wider range of social life. The sinful cities are saved over and over again by a handful of good men. Even in societies the most destitute of high ideals, there may be found some few of a less inferior order, in whom the rest believe, and whose influence leavens the whole mass. The interest, as well as the power, always centres in the leaders, the exemplars, the teachers of mankind. Has it not been said, and with truth, that history is nothing more than a series of biographies? Hero-worship may not be a reasonable service; but

surely the craving it expresses for something better than we see upon the lower level, the belief it embodies in the possibility of human nature reaching somewhat nearer to the Divine, is, at any rate, a noble instinct.

Literature itself, in its highest efforts, if it does not summon into life again the characters that peopled the world's past, calls upon the scene creatures of the imagination who serve us in good stead. Our heroes of romance become as much our kindred and possession as if they had once been clothed in the flesh, and had trod the earth we walk upon. Do we not fight over them, and weep over them, because of that congenial human interest with which genius invests them?

How comes it then that we know so little, and seem hardly to care to know, the history of those elect and noble souls, whose natural endowments were spiritualized and perfected to such a degree as to reach the very highest ideal of power, beauty, grace; whose resemblance to our Lord in His humanity is at once so awe-inspiring and so sweetly attractive; whose influence on the people about them was hardly less miraculous than any of their other gifts; and who have left after them a trail of light that beautifies the Church herself? How is it that those servants of God, pre-eminently great, do not hold that place in the affections and memory of the Christian people which the heroes of profane history and the creations of poetic fancy have retained? How is it that the lives of saints are relegated to obscure corners and are not found on our library table with our favourite histories, our choice biographies, the literature in which we delight, and from which we are proud to take our tone, our culture, our opinions?

One reason there is which accounts in some degree for this neglect. English literature has up to the present time done very little service in this field of work. The lives of saints usually met with are mere dry records—a string of facts, if not a “bundle of paradoxes,” to the general reader; or they are translations from foreign languages, sometimes unintelligible, sometimes ridiculously bad. The order, the taste, the critical judgment required for writing the memoir of a soldier, a statesman, or an engineer; the skill expended, as a matter of course, on the biography of any one eminent in science or letters, appear to be disregarded when there is question of compiling the life of a saint. Edifying reading, no doubt, we have in these books. Sometimes we get a fair picture of the subject of the biography taken from one particular point of view, or under the influence of a peculiar light. But seldom indeed is the life itself reproduced with all its human interests as well as its supernatural adjuncts. The reader does not breathe the atmosphere in which those saintly fellow-creatures lived; does not see them in their daily life, meet the people they conversed with, hear what the townsfolk said of them. They are not individualized; and therefore are far less real and far less dear to us than the hero of a novel

or a character on the stage. The life of a saint can no more be written by an uneducated pen, or by one careless of detail, than a portrait can be painted by an untrained, reckless hand. In fact, the saints we know best and love most have come down to us portrayed by the hand of genius itself—that is by their own hand; or they had some loving, worshipful Boswell about them to gossip of their daily life, chronicle the little incidents that supply the essential realistic cast, and preserve those precious personal traits which make the portrait life-like. Thus we learn first to know and love the man, and then we understand the saint.

In illustration of these remarks S. Augustine and S. Teresa occur to mind as examples of our indebtedness to autobiographical candour and a free and graphic pen for clear and satisfying portraiture; while the history of S. Francis de Sales and of S. Louis of France may be cited as instances of what an affectionate heart, dwelling on minor details, can accomplish in the way of successful delineation.

S. Augustine, in a few broad flowing lines, sketches not only the man of scholarly attainments, refined tastes, and loving expansive nature—the centre of the group of friends who studied in Carthage, taught in Milan, and spent that never-to-be-forgotten vintage vacation in the country house of Verecundus; but also gives us portraits intensely life-like of “that holy man, Ambrose,” whom he began to love as a man that was kind to him, and diligently heard as he preached every Lord’s day to the people, “rightly handling the word of God;” of Monica, the incomparable mother in whose praise Ambrose would break forth, and whose conversation reminded her son of the finest strokes of Tully and Hortensius; of the young count officer, Evodius; and of Alipius who stuck close to him with a most strong bond of friendship.

No one who reads the life of S. Teresa, as written by herself, can help ever after looking on her as a great friend; so distinctly does her clear, truth-adoring mind reflect itself in the pages, and so vividly do those inimitable touches of humour and those bright descriptions of scenes and persons bring out the characteristics of her who was at once the mystic writer and the “saint of common sense.”

S. Francis de Sales found a Boswell ever to be held in grateful recollection in his good friend the Bishop of Belley, who preserved the charming traits of Monseigneur de Genève, which furnished a well known writer with the subject of his essay on “The Gentleman Saint.”

The Sire de Joinville, the kinsman of S. Louis, does not disdain to set down for us the trifling incidents of the great king’s daily life. Thanks to the faithful seneschal, we see that holy man sitting with his back to an oak in the woods at Vincennes in summer time, surrounded by his officers, hearing the petitions of those who “nowise hindered by ushers or other folks,” come to have justice done

them in that sylvan court. Never does the sainted monarch appear a more loveable character or a nobler figure than when we see him in de Joinville's pages, wearing his camlet coat, with "his hair well combed," and his hat, with white peacock's feathers, on his head.

French literature, we need hardly say, is not obnoxious to the same reproach as ours. The great Catholic nation has given to the world many lives of saints that are at once valuable historical essays, as nearly as possible perfect biographies, and remarkable productions of literary taste and skill. But the publications of a foreign press are not so accessible to general readers as to supply to any great extent the need we are deploring. And truly a pressing need it is, especially at this moment, when we find that the saints have become objects of interest to many outside the Church, and the story of their lives has been undertaken by writers who, though cultivated and candid, lack the first qualification for such a task—the Catholic spirit.

In the present phase of English intellectual life, when Materialism is spreading a wide waste around, and the discord of Protestantism is overturning the landmarks to which faithful eyes had trusted, it is no wonder that minds of a more spiritual cast should turn to the happier ages of faith, half envious of their leadership and lofty standards; should seek to kindle at another hearth the enthusiasm without which life perishes, and yield to the fascination great sanctity exerts. Besides this, there is felt to be, even from the strictly literary point of view, a certain attraction in a subject which has for central interest a figure crowned with the saint's aureole. The spiritual nature feels the charm inseparable from such association, and the poetic imagination delights in the play of the supernatural light upon the scenes and forms of the substantial world.

A glance at the book lists shows what danger we are in of being beaten on our own ground. Our saints are receiving honours from Churches holding proudly aloof from the one fold, and the republic of letters does homage where the heirs of the kingdom pay but a tardy tribute. In other places too, and in the most unlooked-for ways, we note signs of this newly-awakened interest. A learned and accomplished dignitary of the Protestant Church not long ago delivered a lecture to a Christian Young Men's Association on the life of S. Francis of Assisi, and astonished his audience, not only by the selection of the subject, but by the candour and feeling with which it was treated. Thousands of readers have lately been surprised to see the way S. Teresa's name is introduced in the preface to one of the most remarkable works of the great novelist of our time. And doubtless there are many who have not yet recovered from the amazement that seized them on finding that one of the poets of the day has, in the midst of pages of licentious verse, dedicated a few pure stanzas to the honour of that "sweetest of Saints"—Catherine of Siena, and added in prose a note of no less remarkable eulogy.

This gentleman is not the only one who thinks that S. Catherine

ought to be better known than she is. He seems to hope that a chronicler will be found to do justice to the "greatness of spirit and genius of heroism," as well as the "strength and breadth of patriotic thought" that characterised her. Others would like to see her among her own people, and hear the words of strange power and irresistible persuasion which this counsellor of Pontiffs, this envoy of the fierce republics, this incomparable peace-maker, had ever at command; while others, again, would desire to have set forth in her life the example of virtues that have much need of being strengthened in these days—faith unmoved by scandal or distress: hope that makes "impossible" achievements facts.

There is but a single consideration to reconcile one to the idea of the imminent danger S. Catherine runs of falling into the hands of a non-Catholic biographer; and it is the reflection that no one ever approached her without leaving her presence both wiser and better. Some grace, no doubt, will attach to the pen that undertakes to write for English readers the history of this great woman and great saint, and to delineate a character in which were combined clearness of intellect, warmth of affection, courage that never quailed; a character in one word, uniting sweetness and strength in marvellous and beautiful association. It will need a wide canvas on which to show the scenes of history in which this daughter of the people bore a part, and to paint the portraits of the men and women grouped around her: the Friar Preachers, the Sisters of Penance, the young noblemen who acted as her secretaries, accompanied her on her journeys, and were ready to live like mendicants so that they were not for long separated from her whom they called their mother and mistress.

Meanwhile let us see whether we could not by sketching in a few lines of background, and outlining the principal figures, get, even from the rough draught; some idea of the intrinsic beauty and significance of this subject.*

No matter what may be forgotten of the events that marked its troubled course, the fourteenth century will always be remembered as the epoch in which the language and literature of Italy sprang

* We have in English a recent translation of the Life of S. Catherine of Siena by her confessor the Blessed Raymond of Capua (Duffy, 1867), and an old version of another life, very quaint and interesting, re-edited with a preface by Father Aylward, O. P. (Philp., 1867). To appreciate or even properly understand these works which come under the head of "*Memoires pour servir*" rather than regular biographies, it would be necessary to have acquired a general knowledge of the saint's life, and of the times in which she lived. There is no shorter way of gaining this than by reading in addition to Blessed Raymond's "*Legenda*," the "*Storia di S. Caterina*," by the Oratorian Father Capecelatro, of which the third edition (Naples, 1863), is now before us; and the "*Lettere di S. Caterina*," edited with copious notes and an interesting critical introduction by N. Tommaseo (4 vols. Florence, 1860). There is an excellent French translation of the Letters, with useful historical introduction founded on the "*Storia*," by E. Cartier (3 vols., Paris, 1858). But the notes in this are short and few.

into existence and grew to perfection, and the period in which many of the famous works of the early schools of art were produced. The "*Vita Nuova*" of Dante appeared at its very opening, and prepared the way for the "*Divina Comedia*." Petrarch was born early in the first decade; Boccaccio came into the world a few years later; and these were followed by a crowd of poets. Cimabue, who died in 1300, was the precursor of Giotto, Taddeo Gaddi, Simone Memmi, Orcagna, and a long line of illustrious painters. Architects and sculptors, of imperishable fame, continued the stupendous undertakings of the previous century, originated new designs, and helped to make Italy what she has become—a shrine of art.

The free cities of Lombardy and Tuscany had then reached the climax of power and wealth. Popes and emperors sought their alliance; their trade made burgher life in Flanders splendid, and helped to civilise the then half barbarous British Isles. Yet the arts did not charm peace to tarry in the land; nor did commerce, with its princely enterprise, nor husbandry, though well understood and practised, secure to the people the happiness which is counted upon as the reward of well-paid industry. The most terrible scourges that afflict humanity desolated the country. Foreign armies and companies of adventurers plundered the cities and laid waste the plains; famine stalked over the fruitful fields; and the plague, twice within the hundred years, decimated the horror-stricken populations. The spirit of unrest and discord finished what other visitations left undone. When there were no strangers to war with, the republics fought with one another; and when there was a truce between the rival cities, the factions contending for the Signoria tore each other in pieces.

Great tribulations afflicted the Church. The Popes, whose presence might have preserved some semblance of peace and order in Italy, were captives—not willing to be free—in Avignon. The Babylonish captivity, as the people called that disastrous exile, did not terminate until the century was drawing to a close; and then began a worse calamity, the great schism of the west. During the absence of the Supreme Pontiff from Rome, the clergy became disorganised, and the legates, for the most part rapacious foreigners, oppressed the people that they might live in luxury, and tyrannised not only over the dominions of the Church but over the free cities which had remained attached to the papal interest.

In fact at one time or another within that century Italy appears to have been a prey to every evil under the sun, except stagnation, slavery, and despair.

Florence and Siena, the rival republics of Tuscany, could, in consequence of their wealth, their armed forces and their influence, turn the balance in favour of Pope or Emperor. Sometimes friendly relations subsisted between the cities; more frequently they were engaged in jealous contention with one another. Siena espoused the Ghibeline cause out of opposition to the Guelphic city on the

Arno. But at a time when political factions divided each state, and hereditary enmities brought strife into the midst of families, nothing continued long in the same condition; and we see Florence now zealously supporting Gregory XI., now slaying alive the papal nuncio; Siena one day offering the Signoria to the Emperor, and another day treating him with the grossest indignity. The political exiles of one republic used frequently to settle within the dominion of the other, and this interchange of hospitalities served to keep up in each state a very lively interest in the internal affairs of the other.

Siena's pride had been inordinately increased by the victory of Monte Aperto, gained in the previous century by the combined forces of that republic and of Pisa over the Tuscan Guelphs headed by the Florentines. In that battle, fought about five miles from Siena, in 1260, a great number of the Guelphs were left dead upon the field; many prisoners were taken; and the great car or *carroccio* on which were borne aloft the image of Our Lady and the standard of Florence, and which it was a point of honour to defend to the last extremity, was captured and drawn into the city in triumph. The victors hung the Florentine standard in the Duomo; placed the crucifix they had themselves carried into the field over one of the altars; presented the *martinella*, or bell of the *carroccio*, to the church of San Giorgio; and to express their gratitude to God and to the Blessed Virgin, decreed, by order of the senate, that thenceforward the words *Civitas Virginis* should be added to the inscription on their coin. At the same time a law was re-enacted obliging each citizen who had attained to the age of sixteen years to offer every year, on the vigil of the Assumption, a pound of wax in the cathedral church of Our Lady.

After that decisive engagement, a great number of the Sienese nobles who had been exiled in revolutions of an earlier date, returned to their native city. Some, by becoming merchants, sought to regain the position in the state, of which the jealousy of the popular party had deprived them; others, too proud to descend to a lower grade, retired to their hill-side castles, to await the turn in political affairs which should restore them to their former importance; while others, again, were content to remain an isolated class in a separate quarter of the city. For about ten years after that battle, or until 1270, the nobles had a share with the burgher class in the government. The rulers of the republic, twenty-four in number, were chosen in equal proportion from each class. At that date, however, a change occurred, and the supreme authority was transferred to the hands of thirty-six governors, the majority of whom were not of the aristocratic party. Nine years later a new magistracy was formed, excluding the upper classes altogether; and its members, under the title of the *Signori Quindici*, governed the city and the commune. Then it was that, through the intervention of the papal legate Orsini, an order was made prohibiting the use of the words Guelph and Ghibeline. But in spite of that prudential

measure, affairs did not long remain undisturbed in the turbulent republic. The *Quindici* were succeeded by the *Nove*, who enjoyed an unusually long reign, and maintained their position for seventy years; that is to say until 1355. These nine governors were chosen from a class of about ninety families of rich merchants, who formed a sort of burgher aristocracy, and were called the "Order of Nine." Their term of office did not exceed two months; during which time they occupied the same palace and banqueted at the same table.

Again, the order of Nine becoming an object of jealousy to the ranks beneath them, the nobles, who still longed for restoration to power, took advantage of the ill-feeling that existed, and in the year 1355, excited the populace to revolt. With the tacit consent of the emperor Charles IV., who was then in Siena, and only too anxious to increase his own power by taking advantage of political commotions, the Nine were driven from the palace of the Signoria, and measures were taken to permanently exclude them from the government. But the nobles, though they took a sanguinary revenge on their enemies, did not succeed in attaining the object they had most at heart. They did not obtain even a share in the Signoria, which was entrusted to twelve magistrates of a somewhat lower class of the citizens than the banished Nine. Among the families of rank who distinguished or disgraced themselves in this unhappy contest, were the Tolomei, the Malavolti, the Piccolomini, and the Saracini; among whom, some years later on, S. Catherine, as we shall see, found many friends and disciples.

By the time, however, that the saint became known to her fellow-citizens by her great gifts and heroic charity, another change had taken place. The Salembeni and the Tolomei feigning to fight with one another, suddenly united their forces, attacked the palazzo, turned the Signoria out of doors, and attempted to establish a new form of executive, in which the aristocracy should be sufficiently represented. The democratic party resisted; a battle took place in the streets; and the nobles being worsted, shut themselves up in their castles. Meanwhile the arrival of the emperor appeared for a moment to strengthen their position. But all was in vain. The *popolani*, neither daunted by the martial ardour of the nobles, nor overawed by the presence of the emperor, rose to arms; threw up barricades on all sides; broke into the emperor's palace, disarmed and dispersed his guards, and left him for several hours alone in the piazza. In vain he addressed himself to the armed citizens, who barred the way on every side; not until he began to suffer from hunger did they let him seek a shelter from the Salembeni, and finally leave the city. The result of this contest was the formation of a new Signoria, composed of fifteen members; eight taken from a lower class than ever before had a share in the government; four from those who had been represented in the magistracy of twelve, and three from the order of Nine. The new governors were popularly called the Reformers; their official title being the *Signori De-*

fensori—Defenders of the city and commune of Siena. At their head was the *Capitano del Popolo*. For a time the nobles under the leadership of the Salembeni, held the country round Siena; but finally, in 1369, the Florentines having been chosen arbiters between the contending parties, a not very settled peace was obtained.

The city of Siena, which strikes the traveller as so complete a realisation of his idea of the capital of a splendid, warlike and formidable republic, is, though shrunken in its proportions, substantially the same *Civitas Virginis*, which, as her latest poet sings, "saw S. Catherine bodily." True, streets once lined with the warehouses of rich merchants and the shops of substantial traders no longer run with abrupt descent from the tower-crowned hills to the deep ravine. Gardens and patches of wild verdure occupy the untenanted space, and beautify the site of former habitations. Of the thirty-nine gates of the turret-flanked walls, only eight remain. The population of the present city is not one quarter of the number of armed men the fierce republic once sent through these gates into the Tuscan plains. The city, as if concentrating its remaining strength upon the vantage ground, crowns the cluster of hills standing apart from neighbouring heights of undulating outline, and is regarded with only a distant recognition by mountain ranges on the horizon. The same magnificent *Duomo*, with its white and black-striped *campanile*, rises on the summit of the steepest hill. San Domenico's plain brick structure keeps its place on a corresponding height. The *Palazzo Publico* maintains as proud an air as if the *Signoria* still sat in council within its pictured walls; and the piazza looks as if it might become once more the scene of popular tumult and sanguinary onslaught. Prison-like mansions of the extinct nobility, with their barred windows, gloomy archways, and towers for observation and defence, frown on the precipitous streets, and preserve intact the middle-age character of a city which even its own inhabitants would not leave in peace. Above all, rises to a stupendous height the tower *Della Mangia*, with its machicolated summit; and its bell hung in the air, ready for any service: to regulate the daily life of the citizens, as it did five hundred years ago, when S. Catherine durst not go forth in the morning without the city bell's permission; ready, if need be, to ring a summons through the hills, or toll some doleful tidings over the territory of the Sienese.

The city presents no aspect of unsightly ruin, of undignified decay. In silent, solemn mood she broods over splendid memories. Perhaps she sleeps; perhaps she dreams that fresh blood may flow through the empty veins again; that the Siena which held high her head among the proudest of the republics, and set up her academies before the rest had schools; and had painters, and great ones too, before Cimabue was born, may yet awake to vigorous, abounding life, and add new glory to her ancient grandeur.

The Sienese of to-day tread the streets with an independent step, worthy of the sons of freedom. Their speech is in the same sweet and harmonious accents in which Catherine conversed and Bernardino preached. In the very language of Dante they tell you how the immortal poet alludes to their city and recalls their story; how he speaks of the victory of Monte Aperto; how the Piazza del Campo is introduced; how the young prodigals of the city, who shod their horses with silver and roasted their pheasants at fires made of fragrant spices, have found their place in the *Inferno*: how the Fonte Branda, with its copious supply of limpid water, has been immortalized. If Dante had not died, they say, some fifty years too soon, the Virgin of Fonte Branda—S. Catherine herself—would be met in some page or another of the Divine cantos.

Yes: it would be so, we may be very sure. The Saint of Siena would be recognised in the *Inferno* mourning over souls she could not save with all her quenchless zeal; or met in the *Purgatorio*, gliding from circle to circle doing penance for poor sinners who had been converted by her prayers; or seen in the *Paradiso* in an ecstasy of measureless thanksgiving, and intercession that asks but to receive.

One must make a rapid descent from the inhabited part of the city to reach the famous fountain that lends its name to the once well peopled district in which it is situated, and gives the title of the "Vergine di Fonte Branda" to the saint who was born not far from its tank-like reservoir. The fountain is in the lowest part of the Valle Piatta, a sort of ravine separating the cathedral-crowned height from the hill on which the church of San Domenico stands. A little way higher up on the cathedral side is the block of buildings now comprising chapel and oratories which once included the residence, factory, and shop of S. Catherine's father, Jacopo Benincasa, whose workmen washed their wools in Fonte Branda, and dyed them for the manufacturers, who at that time drove a flourishing trade in Siena. Jacopo was the descendant of a French gentleman named Tiezzo, or Teuccio, who came to Siena about the year 1282; purchased from the republic a plot of ground outside the walls, at Monticiano; built some houses there, and called the place Borgo. Tiezzo had two sons; Benincasa, from whom the saint was descended, and Bencivine, the founder, as it is asserted, of the Borghese family. The arms of the Benincasa and the Borghese are the same; and the latter, the city registries show, were also in the same trade, and had a dyeing establishment close to Jacopo's house in Fonte Branda. At the time of S. Catherine's canonization, the Roman Borghese were anxious that their connection with the family of a dyer should not be brought forward; and they had influence enough, it is said, to prevent this being done. It is not easy to understand the pride that would disown relationship with the race from which S. Catherine sprang. One of

her biographers, commenting on the vanity of the patrician family, characteristically remarks that Jacopo Benincasa had a share in the magistracy of the republic, which was a much greater thing than being a prince in the court of Rome! Though Jacopo's business ranked him with the *popolani*, his family were connected with several of the distinguished people in the city, such as the Della Fonte, and the Vannini, the Colombini, and the Telliucci.

Jacopo Benincasa married Lapa, the daughter of Puccio Piagenti, a poet of some note in Siena in those days. They had a very numerous family, of whom eight, at the least, grew up to manhood and womanhood. Catherine was born on the 25th March, 1347, the year in which Rienzi proclaimed the republic in Rome. In the following year the great plague, described with such terrible power by Boccaccio, broke out, and carried off, if the Sienese accounts are to be credited, eighty thousand of the citizens. Catherine was particularly cherished by her mother, and as she grew in years became so remarkable for her sweet disposition and graceful ways, that the numerous household regarded her with special affection, and the kinsfolk and neighbours were always wanting to have her with them. They called her Eufrosina, the joyous one. The child's early piety astonished everyone; and her wise and simple talk attracted people as much as her playful manner charmed them.

One day her mother sent her with her little brother Stefano to the house of their married sister Bonaventura, who lived near one of the gates of the city. When the children were returning by the street descending from the hill on which the Duomo stands to the Fonte Branda quarter, Catherine raising her eyes to heaven saw right over the opposite hill and above the gable end of the church of San Domenico a vision of our Lord in great majesty, accompanied by S. Peter, S. Paul, and S. John the Evangelist. The Saviour looked on her with benign tenderness, and stretching out his hand, made the sign of the cross and blessed her. Stefano, who had not seen the vision, continued his way; but by-and-by perceiving that his sister tarried behind and took no notice when he called loudly to her, he returned, and taking her by the hand sought to arouse her from the trance she appeared to have fallen into. At last she lowered her eyes. When she looked up again, Christ and the saints had disappeared, and weeping she reproached herself for having withdrawn her gaze from that resplendent vision.

From that time forth her mind dwelt on nothing but heavenly things. She could not imagine any delight except in doing as she heard the saints had done. Fancying it would be possible for her to live like the hermits of the desert, she one day wandered outside the city gates; and when the houses became fewer, and she saw the country lying open before her, she thought the wilderness must surely be nigh at hand. She was brought back to her

home; and then it came into her mind that if she could go and live with the Dominican Fathers in their convent up there on the hill, and teach people to be good and to love God, it would be the greatest happiness that could possibly be imagined. When, however, it was explained to her that she might neither lead the life of a solitary in the desert, nor dwell with the Frati in San Domenico, she gave up the childish fancy, and was content to assemble the children of her acquaintance in some retired place, sing with them the hymns she had learned, talk of the love of God, of the delight of a penitential life and of what the saints had gone through for the salvation of souls.

The Benincasa family afforded a good example of a well regulated, comfortable middle-class household in republican times. Trade was in a flourishing state; and in Jacopo's house there were abundant means for the troop of children, and even a corner to spare for a young orphan relative, Thomas della Fonte, who grew up with the rest, until—he too having turned a longing eye to that convent on the height—the time came when he could join the Frati, labour for the conversion of souls, and help, on the elevated path of sanctity, Catherine Benincasa herself. Jacopo was emphatically a God-fearing man. He was never angry; he would not suffer any one to be harshly spoken of; even those who did him a wrong were safe from injurious words. He had a particular talent for maintaining peace between neighbours and for reconciling enemies. As might be expected, the children reaped the benefit of the father's good example and Christian conversation. One of his daughters after her marriage having lost her spirits and begun to waste away, the cause could not be surmised until she acknowledged to her husband that the loose conversation of his young companions—so different from what she had been accustomed to hear in her father's house—was so distressing to her that she thought she could not have to listen to it much longer and live. Catherine certainly inherited her father's kindly disposition, and his gift of peace-making.

What qualities the saint inherited from her mother cannot be so easily traced; for Lapa, though a poet's daughter, does not appear to have been remarkable for any but good housewifely qualities, common sense, and a prudent regard for the satisfactory settlement in life of her very large family of children. Possibly though one generation was passed over in the transmission, Catherine may have owed to her grandfather some of that charm which made her conversation so fascinating. In one respect at any rate they were like-minded, and that was in affection for the Dominicans. In recompense for Piagenti's devotion to the Order, Frate Erves, Master of the Friar Preachers in Florence, had, in a document to which his seal was appended, granted in 1321 to the poet, his wife Cena and their children, participation in this life and in the next in the merit of all the masses, prayers, and good

works of the Order throughout the world. At his death Piagenti left his property, or a good part of it, to the Dominicans.

The Friar Preachers during those stormy days kept alive in Siena, as well as all through Italy, a strong spirit of devotion to the Holy See, and a longing desire that the Father of the Faithful should return from Avignon and reign once more in Rome. Their convents were everywhere the centre of this idea; and their influence greatly tended to keep the people steady in the faith at a crisis made exceedingly dangerous by the disorders, the terrors, and the scandals of the time. They were also the great peace-makers of the age. The Frati lived much among the people. Catherine was accustomed to see them in her father's house, and early learned so to delight in their conversation, and so to love the habit of the order, that as she saw them pass the door on the way to and from the convent, she would be ready to fall at their feet and worship the ground they walked on. She was more devout to St. Dominick than to any other of the saints. One night she had in her sleep a vision of the founders of the Religious Orders who appeared to urge her to choose one in which to devote herself to a life of perfection. Among them she recognised St. Dominick bidding her be of good courage, and presenting to her the habit of the Sisters of Penance, which it was even then her earnest desire to wear.

Thus encouraged, she became more than ever determined to dedicate herself entirely to God. This resolution, however, did not by any means fall in with the wishes and plans of her parents. They had made up their mind that she should marry, and had already selected for her future husband a young man of the family connection. Seeing how little inclined she was to yield to their desires, her mother left nothing undone to persuade or compel her to compliance. To prevent her spending so much time in solitude and prayer, she was deprived of the little room she had occupied, and commanded to share the apartment of her younger brother, and leave the door ajar all through the day; while the kitchen-maid was dismissed, that the drudgery of the house might be imposed on the too pious child. On the other hand, to induce her to follow the example of girls of her own age, and enjoy the amusements of the day, she was taken to the hot baths in the neighbourhood of Siena, and there thrown into the company of the gay crowd who frequented the place for pleasure as much as for health's sake. But these efforts proved less than ineffectual. She found means to practise extraordinary mortifications in the midst of the most distracting scenes, and the drudgery of the house-work only afforded her an opportunity of making still more perfect the union of her soul with God. She served her father and mother as if they had been the Saviour and the disciples; and made for herself a cell in her own soul, whither she could retire in the midst of the most distracting occupations. This trial lasted for some

years ; till at last her constancy and patience overcame the opposition of her parents. Her father ordered that she should be no longer interfered with, that she should have liberty to carry out her wishes as to the state of life she had chosen ; and her mother sometime after yielded to her importunities, and spoke to the Sisters of Penance about receiving Catherine into their community.

The Sisters of Penance of S. Dominick were at that time very numerous in Siena ; and among them were members of several of the most illustrious families of the republic. They were popularly called the Mantellate from the cloak they wore. Their habit was black and white—the Dominican colours, and also the Sienese. They elected their prioress and lived in obedience to her, though they did not at that time make the religious vows. They were under the direction of the Friar Preachers, and attended the offices in San Domenico, a church of many memories even then ; for in the adjoining convent had lived for some time S. Thomas Aquinas, and the Blessed Ambrogio Sansedonio. In the chapel, at the end of the nave—the cappella delle Volte, the Sisters were accustomed to hold their meetings. When it was proposed to the Mantellate to receive into their community a girl of fifteen years of age, for Catherine was no older at that time, they replied that such a thing could not be done. They received only widows and women of mature years ; a prudent rule, as they lived, not in community, but each one in her own house, or with her family, and had special need of experience and discretion under these circumstances. Another effort was made to induce the Mantellate to relax their rule, but in vain. At last Catherine, reduced to a pitiable state by an attack of small-pox, and suffering as well from trouble of mind as from the fever attending the disease, besought her mother to make a final appeal to the Sisters ; crying out in the midst of her distress, “Dearest mother, if you hope to see me well and happy, procure for me that I may be clothed as I desire ; for otherwise it appears to me that God may so have matters turn out that you will not long have me in that nor in any other habit.” Moved by the anxiety, now only too sincere, of the poor mother, the Sisters consented to consider the proposal, and told her that if her daughter were not very handsome they would receive her into the community. On going to see her they found her still so disfigured by the disease from which she had been suffering, that they concluded there would be no danger on the score of too much beauty. Moreover they were so charmed with the sweetness and wisdom of her conversation, that they resolved to make an exception in their rule and admit her into the staid company of the Sisters of Penance.

At last, one Sunday, in the year 1362, the Benincasa household took their way from Fonte Branda to the church upon the hill ; and there, in the chapel of the sisterhood, and in the presence of all the Mantellate, Catherine received from the hands of one of the Frati, the habit she had so much desired, and was made a daugh-

ter of S. Dominick. During the three succeeding years her life was one of nearly absolute silence, of uninterrupted and ecstatic prayer, of great interior trial, and of almost incredible austerity. Many hours of the day she spent in the church. When not there she was to be found at home. A favourite place of meditation was the terrace on the top of the house, whence San Domenico could be seen. In her little room was a plank that served as a bed, and a log of wood that she used as a pillow. Extremely little sleep she allowed herself; for her habit was to watch through the night while the Dominicans, her brothers, slept; not until she heard the second toll for matins would she allow herself to take some rest.

Understanding from our Lord when she was about nineteen years of age that it was His will she should quit her solitude and serve Him in a life of active charity among her fellow-creatures, she left her cell, joined the family at their meals, put her hand to every household work, and went abroad to minister to the poor and suffering. Much as she would have liked to retire again into the hidden life, it soon became impossible for her to do so. Her ardent zeal and superabounding charity, the manifest power of her prayers, and the extraordinary grace which seemed to touch the heart as surely as her words fell upon the ear, so impressed the people with admiration, trustfulness, and affection, that they came to regard her not only as a friend to each citizen, but as a benefactor to the republic. She was wanted everywhere inside and outside the city. With superhuman energy and unalterable sweetness she responded to every call. She fed the poor, she nursed the sick, she went into the prisons, and softened hearts that had been hardened in the cruel strifes of the time; she reconciled enemies to whom none other dared whisper peace. She would go to the scaffold with one poor wretch, or she would address a multitude in words of touching eloquence. In the ardour of her love of God, every affection became intensified, and every faculty received a stimulus. The clearness of her aim, and the strength of her will, the sweetness of her smile, and the graciousness of her manner, made her irresistible. Her desire that people should know and serve God, and live in charity with one another, gave her courage to undertake what any other woman would have shrunk from; while her vivid realisation of the misery of erring souls, and her intense desire to save them, seemed to be communicated by some subtle force to the objects of her charity, and to work the miracles of conversion she longed to see accomplished. If these poor sinners would only turn from their evil ways and cease to rush alive into perdition, she would execute their wishes, would take their sins upon herself, would do the utmost penance for them. She did not make much distinction between great and little works. All the energy of her soul she put into the humblest offices of charity: and she accomplished the most glorious deeds with a simplicity that was perfect in self-forgetfulness. When her confessor on one occasion pri-

vately rebuked her for allowing the people to bend the knee before her, she answered—"God is my witness that I frequently do not perceive the actions of those who surround me." And we shall presently see that when on one occasion, and under exciting circumstances, a multitude of people were assembled round her, she did not see a face in all the crowd; she was thinking of one soul in grievous straits, and holding it with all her might in the presence of God.

There was ample scope for the exercise of charity of every kind in those days. Trade was interrupted by successive disturbances, and many families, who had once lived in opulence, were reduced to poverty. Catherine, who was discerning as well as open-handed in her charity, would seek these distressed families, and privately supply their needs. Her father, who greatly loved her, had given her permission to take from the house whatever she wanted for the poor. In those times of distress she would be up before the dawn, collecting the wine and oil and bread she wanted for her pensioners; and when the bell of the Palazzo rang over the city and it was lawful for the inhabitants to appear in the streets, she would toil up the steep ascent with her load, enter the houses before the recipients of her charity were awake, and then, depositing her burden within their reach, would hasten home again, and arrive at her father's door before the city was astir. She had little of her own to give, but what she had she royally bestowed. One day, while she was in the church, a poor person besought her for some relief; she never had money about her, but she said that if he would come with her to the house, she would get him assistance. The need seemed to be too urgent; the beggar could not wait. She bethought her of a little silver cross that hung to her beads; she offered him this; he took it and departed as if he had got all he could possibly desire. Another day, as she was setting out with her companions, she was importuned for an alms. "I assure you, dear brother, I have no money," she said. "But," he rejoined, "you could give me that mantle." "That is true," she replied, giving it to him. Her friends had much trouble redeeming the mantle, and they asked her how she could think of walking out without the cloak of her Order. Her reply was, that she would rather be without her cloak than without charity.

When the plague broke out a second time in Siena, Catherine's heroic devotion was severely tested. Early and late she was in the great hospital, Della Scala, or visiting the stricken people in their homes. In the hospital is still shown a sort of shed to which she used to retire to take a few moments' rest; and in the house at Fonte Branda they have the little lantern that used to light her through the deserted streets, as she took her way to the death-bed of the victims. She prepared the sufferers to meet their God, and often, when they died, she buried them with her own hands.

Political revolutions and party jealousies instigating cruel deeds, gave her enough to do in another way. A true daughter of the august republic, she used the freedom of action and liberty of speech, which she enjoyed by right of citizenship, to stay the hand of remorseless power when she could; to repair the evil work, when nothing else was left to do. The ferocity of a triumphant faction she would fearlessly rebuke. If the Magnificent Signori, the defenders and the captain of the people, heard the truth from none other, they learned it from her. If her words and her influence proved unavailing, then she would take the victims of their injustice, or their cowardice, to her heart, comfort them, soothe away the bitterness of exasperation from their mind, strengthen them for death, and teach them to walk with fearless step to the place of execution. Her influence on prisoners was extraordinary. Those who were condemned to death used to send for her; and she succeeded in bringing to a good state of mind many whom no one else could move to repentance.

Among her many beautiful letters, there is one addressed to "All the Prisoners in Siena on Good Friday." In this letter she implores them to fix their eyes on Christ crucified, that they may learn what true patience is; for the blood of Jesus, she reminds them, recalls our own iniquities, and the infinite mercy and charity of God, since it was our sins that caused the death of the Divine Son. Between the Almighty and us there had been a great war, and in our revolt we were reduced to such extremity, that we had no strength left to take the bitter remedy our pitiable state required. But He, the loving Saviour, took our infirmity upon Himself; assumed our weakness, and clothed Himself with our mortal flesh. He did as the nursing mother does, who takes the medicine which her poor weak infant cannot taste for its bitterness. "O most gentle loving Jesus!" she exclaims, "you have done even as the tender mother: you have taken the intolerable remedy. You have borne the pains, the opprobrium, the ill-usage, the outrages. You suffered yourself to be bound and stricken; to be scourged at the column; to be nailed to the cross; saturated with injuries and affronts; tormented and devoured with thirst; while for sole refreshment they offered you, in derision, vinegar and gall. And all this you endured with patience, praying for those who crucified you. Oh! unspeakable love! Not only did you pray for those who crucified you, but you made excuses for them, saying 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.' Oh! patience, exceeding all patience! Who was it that ever, in the midst of blows and torments and the agony of death, pardoned and prayed for his executioners? You, alone, have done it, Lord. For true it is that you have taken the remedy for your poor weak children; and with your death you have bestowed life on men. Tasting the bitterness of death, you have left the sweetness of it for us. You have drawn us to your breast like a tender mother, and fed us with

grace divine; you have swallowed the bitter potion, and given to us health again." And then addressing these, the captive citizens of her well-beloved Siena, she comforts them in the only way that consolation can reach them, and in words that, with their martial ring, are well calculated to stir and fortify these luckless sons of the republic. 'He, the Saviour, has made Himself our champion and our chief. He has marched into the field of battle; He has fought and conquered the very devils. S. Augustine says, that 'with his unarmed hand, our Captain has vanquished our foes; He has come into the field on the wood of the most holy cross.' The crown of thorns is his helmet; the flagellated flesh his cuirass; He has nails in his hands for gauntlets, and the iron in his feet for spurs. The lance in his side is the sword with which He conquered men. See, then, how nobly armed our Captain is! Shall we not follow Him with undaunted courage in all our woes and tribulations?"

A still more beautiful letter, and remarkable as being the only one in which S. Catherine refers at any length to the part she herself took in an event of importance, is that in which she gives an account of her going to visit in prison and attending to the scaffold a young gentleman of Perugia named Nicolo Tuldo, who, having spoken disrespectfully of the rulers of Siena, and possibly incited his friends in the city to rebel against the not very popular government, was seized and condemned to lose his life. The cruelty of the sentence so exasperated the young man that he broke forth into expressions of uncontrollable grief; uttered terrible imprecations against the Signoria; and turned his back on God in his despair. Many of the priests went to him, but did not succeed in making any impression. Further attempts to turn his heart to God and reconcile him to his fate would have been abandoned had it not been perceived that on hearing Catherine's name mentioned a gleam of faith and hope seemed to illuminate his soul. She was therefore sent for.

"I went to see the person you know of," she writes to Father Raymond of Capua; "and he was so comforted and encouraged that he went to confession and showed the best possible dispositions. He made me promise for the love of God that when the day of justice came I would be with him. And this I promised and did. In the morning before the bell (of the Palazzo) rang I went to him, and the visit consoled him greatly. I brought him to hear Mass, and he received Holy Communion, which he had never done in his life before. His will became submissive and united to the will of God; and the only thing that made him uneasy was the fear that his courage might fail at the last moment. But the infinite goodness of God so filled him with the love and desire of his presence that he longed to be with Him. 'Stay with me,' he said, 'and do not forsake me, and all will go well, and I

shall die content.' And he laid his head against my breast. Then I felt a great joy, and as if his blood were an odour of sacrifice, and I wished that mine, too, might be poured forth for the sake of Jesus, the Spouse of our souls. This desire grew stronger and stronger; and perceiving his apprehension I said to him: 'Be of good courage, brother mine, for we shall soon be at the marriage feast in heaven. You will go, bathed in the blood of the Son of God, and with the sweet name of Jesus which I wish you never for a moment to forget. And you will find me waiting for you at the place of justice.' And then, Father and dear son, every shadow of fear left him, and his countenance changed even from sadness to delight. And in his joy and exultation he cried out: 'How is it that such a grace should be conferred on me! Can it be true that the delight of my soul will be waiting for me at the holy place of justice!' Judge what divine light was given to him that he should call the place of execution 'holy.' And then he said: 'Yes; I will go forth strong and happy; and I shall count it a thousand years until that moment, for thinking that you will be waiting for me there.' And he spoke words of such sweet meaning that I was astonished at the goodness of God. Then I went to the place of justice, and while I waited I prayed, and thought of Mary and of Catherine virgin and martyr. Before he came I stooped down and laid my neck on the block; but I did not obtain what I desired. And while there I prayed with all my heart, and said: *Mary!* what I ask is that, when the last moment comes, divine light and peace of mind shall be given to him, and that I shall have grace to see him return to his last end—to God. My soul was so dilated with the joy of the promise that was then made to me, that, though a great multitude filled the place, I did not see a soul in all the crowd. At last he came like a gentle lamb; and seeing me he began to smile, and asked me to make the sign of the cross on him. When I had done so I whispered: 'Dear brother, go forth now to the marriage feast in heaven, and enjoy the life that never shall have an end.' He laid himself down most meekly, and I bared his neck; and bending close to him, I reminded him of the blood of the Lamb. He uttered no syllable but *Jesus, Catherine*; and with these words upon his lips I received his head into my hands."

And then closing her eyes she was wrapped in ecstasy; and she saw in a light as clear as the sun that the divine goodness had accepted the sacrifice of the young man's blood, his holy desires, his soul; and she understood that it was through grace and mercy alone he received salvation and not through any merit of his own. And she was overwhelmed with delight to see with what ineffable love the divine goodness received the soul that had gone forth from the body, and endowed it with the power of the Father, the love of the Son, and the ravishing joy of the Holy Ghost. Tuldo,

seemed, in the vision, to turn and look back, as the bride does when she has reached the bridegroom's house, saluting with grateful farewell those who came with her to the door.

The people, witnessing this scene, and observing that Tuldo turned his eyes to heaven with so fixed a gaze that his eyelids were motionless, became deeply affected. They now regarded as a martyr the stranger gentleman who had received at their hands so sad a doom. They took away his body to bury it with solemn ceremonial.

But Catherine coming down from that place of justice, filled with unspeakable peace, could not bear to wash away the blood—the blood of sacrifice—that had fallen on her in that hour.

IN THE DAWN.

MY soul upon the verge of night
 Awakened face to face with God,
 By that uncertain tender light
 That gleams before the sun's abroad ;
 And roused from sleep as by a call,
 It read a riddle in that hour :—
 While singing birds were silent all,
 And closed was every blooming flower.

Full many a noon-tide left behind,
 I've spent upon the search for this,
 That now hath dropped upon my mind
 As sweetly as a mother's kiss.
 But things that are not seen for light,
 Will shine by their own light instead :
 So waits the little star for night,
 And saintly aureole on the dead.

Had flowers their rosy wings unfurled,
 Warm-painted on the azure air ;
 Had sunshine glamour'd all the world,
 And birds been singing everywhere.
 For song and shine I had not caught
 The voice that solved my mystery,
 Nor gained this glory to my thought
 Which one pale moment brought to me.

Then never, never, weep again
 And mourn the sunshine hath gone by,
 While faintly through thy window pane
 New day may glimmer soberly.
 For tracks are seen at paly dawn,
 Fresh footprints by the angels made :
 And Heaven's full majesty hath shone
 On pilgrims travelling in the shade.

R. M.

A PEARL IN DARK WATERS.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MAY stood still in astonishment while Philip advanced toward her and cried, "Lady Margery, can I see your sister?" Unconsciously May drew herself up; her timidity never deprived her of dignity. "It is quite impossible, cousin. Lady Marguerite is very ill; she cannot leave her chamber."

"No wonder, no wonder!" exclaimed Philip, while his face darkened with anger; "'tis a base trick that hath been played on us, and your father hath been befooled."

"Master Engleby," said May, coldly, "I pray you to remember you speak in Lord Edenhall's house, and in the presence of his daughter."

"Cousin, I crave pardon," returned Philip; "the suddenness of this blow hath overset me."

"I know not why," said May, her cheeks flushing, "it should be a blow to you."

Philip was taken by surprise. In many months past he had looked on May as a soft, yielding child, an innocent *devote*, whom any one could turn round his finger, and who took little heed of what was passing around. *Now* she stood looking at him with her clear, truthful eyes piercing the depths of his soul and forcing him to reveal his hidden motives. He might deceive Marguerite; he could not deceive May.

She looked on a union between him and her sister as fraught with danger to the latter; and her courage rose to defend the being she so fondly cherished.

"You can hardly be ignorant," stammered Philip, "how long I have aspired to win your sister's hand."

"I know it," said May, "but I should have thought this—this—step of my father,"—her voice faltered, but she recovered herself and went on steadily—"would have apparently made matters easier. It is true, my sister may not be a great heiress, but —."

"But that is the very point," burst in Philip. "See this very document which by mere hazard I have lighted on. Oh! I beseech you, Lady Margery, let me see Marguerite. It is of the utmost

importance ; even you must feel it so, as a Catholic. I pray you, let me see your sister ; bear her a message from me."

"The document you hold," said May, with increasing coldness, "is, if I mistake not, one of ours. Suffer me to take it to my sister."

"Pardon: no ! I would place it in her own hands."

May looked her astonishment, but before any more could be said the door was flung open and Marguerite entered.

She was pale as death, but her eyes were glowing with feverish excitement. She had attired herself hastily, and the disorder of her dress formed a strange contrast to her ordinary finished toilet. She advanced into the room and sank into the nearest seat. "What means all this parley?" she cried, and casting an indignant look at May, continued: "Am I to be treated like a child, and kept in ignorance of some new phase of this hideous plot?"

"No, dearest, fairest cousin," cried Philip, thrusting the old parchment into her hands: "by a lucky chance I found this. By its means you shall triumph indeed over this bad woman."

Marguerite unfolded the paper and looked along the dim lines, but she could not decipher them. Her head was swimming and she grew ghastly pale.

"'Tis a will," said Philip, "'Tis the will of your grandfather. It was by his wife the Clymme estates came into your family. By this will they are left absolutely to the eldest daughter of his son. I know that it was always supposed such a will had been made and no one could find it. Your grandfather was, you know, killed in battle, and then, as his estates were sequestered, wills would have been of little avail. But now times are changed. Evidently this will hath been hidden in some secret drawer. By what wonderful chance it cometh to light to-day, and I find it lying on the floor, is more than I can tell."

"It was I," said Marguerite, in a fierce, hard tone: "I found it. To wile away my time waiting for *her*, I played with the drawers of the cabinet. When we were children, our old nurse told us of a black cabinet in which there was a secret drawer. The paper was in my hands when the news came. Ha!" continued she, while a strange, bitter smile glittered on her pale lips, "Providence is not so cruel as I deemed it. It leaves me yet revenge."

May drew near her sister and put her arm round her. She had never in her life felt so strong a feeling of aversion as she now experienced for Philip. He was working upon the excited and wounded feelings of her sister in a state of physical weakness, and rousing her to a pitch of madness. She wished she dared call for help and send him away. She felt that terrible sensation of weakness that comes upon us when we are waging a battle with some power of evil ; and then the habit of her life stood her in her need. She remembered the counsel of Father de la Colom-

bière—"In all hours of anguish and peril fly to the Heart of Jesus." Her soul fled to that sure place of refuge, and was still.

"Then," questioned Marguerite, eagerly, "I am at this moment the owner of the Clymme estates?"

"In another year, when you shall be of age," rejoined Philip; "but even now they should be held in trust for you. Your father hath had no right to enjoy their revenues during your childhood. All must be repaid. His new wife,"—he spoke with a sort of hiss between his teeth,—“will find she hath made a sorry bargain. She cannot reign over this grand mansion, and Edenhall shorn of the Clymme property will be but a mean dwelling for a Countess.”

"But surely," exclaimed May, "you will not persuade my sister to do this cruel wrong? My father never knew of this will; he hath believed the estates his own. Would you have his own child sue him for a debt an honourable stranger would not ask? Shame on you!"

Philip did not answer. He kept his eyes fixed on Rita. It seemed to May like a story she had read of a rattlesnake fascinating its victim ere it makes the spring.

Both waited for Marguerite to speak again.

The words came slowly.

"Had he been true to me, had he treated me as a child hath a right to be treated, he should scarce have known of this. Had he chosen to wed again,—I have no right to gainsay him—he should only have known of this to guide him for the future. I mean had he wedded in the light of day, and one who would not disgrace the name we bear. But when he hath joined in a plot against me, when he hath misled and befooled me, shall I have mercy, shall I spare? Great heaven, no!"

She clasped her hands, and the wild anguish of her face might have moved many a heart to pity.

"Write that down, sweetest cousin," Philip cried. "See, here is paper. I will write it for you in an instant, and you have but to sign it." He turned away to an adjacent writing table and began his task.

"But why this haste?" demanded May. "'Tis most unseemly haste. We have friends we would consult, and there can be no need whatever of such hurry."

She received no answer. Marguerite lay back in her chair with closed eyes. Philip wrote on rapidly. May also closed her eyes, and cried earnestly within her heart—*Domine, ad adjuvandum me festina.*

Philip sprang from his seat and brought the paper to Marguerite. He placed a pen within her fingers, but it fell upon her lap—her eyes did not open. She had fainted.

Instantly May threw open the door and called for assistance.

She pointed at Philip with an imperative gesture, and he obeyed. A sense that to be found in his present position would not be advantageous for the future flashed upon him. He thrust the will into his pocket, and before the servants could reach the room had made his exit by another door.

CHAPTER XIX.

At last that terrible day was over. Marguerite, exhausted by all she had gone through, was at last persuaded to go to bed, and after tossing about restlessly, moaning with pain, for several hours, sank into a deep sleep as the morning began to dawn.

Leaving her to be watched by a servant she could trust, May stole over to the palace to hear Mass.

After it was over, she sought Father de la Colombière. He was startled at the pale wan face of one whom he had seen only the previous day bright and blooming.

May had not slept—she had passed the night in prayer, by her sister's side, and the emotions of the previous day had left their mark upon her. She told her tale, and Father de la Colombière listened with deep interest.

One of his characteristics was a deep sympathy for the sorrows of others. Rare is the gift, blessed are those who possess it. To them is committed a power of healing the wounds of the soul to a degree that seems miraculous. Their words are few and simple, but they never sound like platitudes. They can probe a wound and the sufferer does not wince. They can reprove, yet their words leave no bitterness behind.

Such was Father de la Colombière; such was the secret of that wondrous charm which drew so many in England to his feet.

"This is, indeed, a heavy cross for you, my dear child," he said to Margery. "I know no one to whom a marriage such as that between your sister and Philip Engleby would be more injurious than to Lady Marguerite. If she marries, her husband should be a man she both loves and respects."

"And, father, with Philip she can do neither. She cannot respect him. I feel certain she loves him not."

"While," continued the father, "he is a man without religion, without principle. I cannot imagine a more dreadful fate. Let us try to save her from it, my child. If she is sick and unable to leave the house, I will come to her. Then, I think, her Highness has some influence over her. Speak to Mary Beatrice, without delay, of the matter. It were well, I think, if you and

your sister came to your apartment in the palace, even though you are not on duty just now. Surely it will not be well for Lady Marguerite and the new Countess to meet under one roof."

"I had thought of that, father, but you know Lady Diana still keeps her place at Court—we shall be in constant contact."

"Oh! my child, that can't be avoided. Besides, do not imagine for a moment I would counsel you to keep up an estrangement. You must not fail in respect for your father. He has a perfect right to wed a second time. It is only the peculiar circumstances of the case which render it a blow to you both, but especially to your sister. I would counsel you to write to your father to-day a dutiful epistle. Before doing so, see her Highness; she will, I am sure, bid you return to the palace, and you can say to your father you have done so by her wish. Let me have news of Lady Marguerite in a few hours; and last of all, my child," continued he, with a smile, "*you must not fall sick.*"

May dashed away a few tears, and answered him with a bright smile. She was able to bear her burden better now. No one who sought Father de la Colombière's help, in faith, ever went away unconsolated. He had the art of raising the drooping spirit, and inspiring the faint-hearted with hope and courage.

When May returned home, she found Rita awake, and, though very ill, determined on moving to the palace. In the course of the day the transit was accomplished. Philip Engleby called; but as his name was brought to Margery, she was able to dismiss him with an assurance that her sister was too ill to see him; and when Marguerite had accomplished the brief journey from Pall Mall to the palace, she became so much worse, that for several days she was unable to attend to anything passing around. By her side, May watched and prayed. Willingly would Alethea or the Duchesse de Marigny have shared her labours, but Rita shrank from a strange voice or step.

Lord Edenhall brought back his wife to Pall Mall, and May went to receive them. It was a formal, constrained interview, and both parties were glad when it was over. Lady Edenhall seemed fatigued, and complained of headache. Few inquiries were made for Marguerite. Evidently her illness was felt as a sort of relief. It broke the ice of their first meeting.

The Countess was not sorry that her step-daughter had retreated to the palace, and that she was left alone to carry out her schemes of pride and pleasure in her new domain.

But at Marguerite's age grief does not kill, nor even crush. The wound in her heart healed, the fever in her veins abated, and she rose up from her bed to face life again.

She was greatly changed. It was extraordinary to see the inroads that sickness and grief had made on her beauty. Her manner was cold, and hard, and defiant. She scorned sympathy—

dashed affection from her. She would not see Father de la Colombière—would listen to no message from him. She never opened a prayer-book or looked at a crucifix.

The Duchess of York came to visit her, and Marguerite could not refuse her royal mistress; but Mary Beatrice found her cold and reserved. The duchess was of too timid a nature to contend with Marguerite; and when she found the loving sympathy she was ready to offer met by stately ceremony, as if there could be no relation possible with her maid-of-honour save those of mistress and servant, she felt repelled, and was glad to end the visit.

But as soon as Marguerite was able to rise she sent for Philip Engleby, and had a long interview with him. One of her English maids attended upon her, and the conversation between Marguerite and Philip was carried on in French.

She said nothing of what had passed to any one; and as far as May knew, the mystery of the will found in the Green Chamber remained unknown to Lord and Lady Edenhall.

THE NEW KORAN (REFUTED.)

PART II.

————— If there's a power above us
 (And that there is all Nature cries aloud
 Through all her works) he must delight in virtue,
 And that which he delights in, must be happy,
 But when? or where? This world? —————

Addison's Cato, Act V., Sc. I.

In fact, all these accessory questions involved problems which could not be discussed by physical science, inasmuch as they lay not within the region of physical science, but came within the scope of that great mother of the sciences—Philosophy.—*Huxley, Belfast, Aug. 25.*

Instead of regarding the proper object of physical science as a search after essential causes, I believe it ought to be, and *must be*, a search after facts and relations.—W. R. (now Hon. Justice) GROVE, *Correlation of Physical Forces, Pref. ad fin.*

THE teaching of the Infidel School in England culminates, as a well-informed writer* observes, in three negations, viz.,—of God, of the soul, of virtue. Of that school in its high pretensions, its Germanizing tendencies, and its ignorance or contempt of the ordinary procedures of the human understanding, Professor Tyndall has long been considered a fair specimen. His industry and courage, his success in some branches of physical science, his popularity as a lecturer, and his boundless admiration for the so-called heroes of "advanced thought," pointed him out as a man not unqualified to fill for a season the Presidential Chair of the British Association of Science. The thought found favor in high circles; nor did it lose its attractiveness from the likelihood which existed that Professor Tyndall, if elected, would use the influence of his high place to uproot, if possible, the most settled convictions of religious minds, and scatter among English-speaking people the seeds of a degrading and withering scepticism. Whether the committee of the British Association are chargeable with such intention we know not. For ourselves we are disposed to acquit that estimable body of such design. Those who think differently, and they are many, may point to results and instance the tone and character of President Tyndall's Inaugural Address. The Address, which we ventured in another number to designate as the New Koran, was certainly not such as either Science or Piety can applaud. It was not, as it ought to have been, a report of the ascertained results and actual state of physical science. It was rather a determined crusade upon long established and Christian beliefs. Had the most advanced of German or English unbe-

* Mr. Mivart, *Contemporary Evolution*, October number of the *Contemporary Review*, page 773.

lievers been selected, in place of Mr. Tyndall, for the execution of a formal assault upon Theism and the nature and destiny as well as the liberty of the human soul, we know not how else the supposed champion could have managed his assault than as Professor Tyndall has done. Were such a one selected to act as a buccaneer or marauder in pay of some special science, charged to invade the domain of contiguous sciences, or even the wider domain of Metaphysics and Theology,* we know not in what other wise he could have planned and conducted his incursion than as Professor Tyndall has done. Breaking loose from the examples of those who went before him in the Presidential Chair of Science, and spurning the well-defined opinions of Huxley and Justice Grove, which we have set down at the head of this paper, Mr. Tyndall, from the sphere of special physics, of which he knows much, evolves, or rather involves, himself into the region of general Metaphysics, from History, of which he knows little, into Theology of which he knows less, from facts and the relations of facts in which he would be a worthy witness, into conjectures and divinations of the future where he is all at sea, and all, or nearly all, in error. We must not omit that Mr. Tyndall (in pure deference, we suppose, to his friend, Thomas Carlyle, and to impersonate a picture drawn by that frantic writer) has chosen at the end of his Address to turn, as it were, champion, challenging people at large to a future encounter, parcelling out their functions and dominions and limiting their line of movement† under pain of coming disaster and of his mighty displeasure.

The *Nemesis* which follows the footsteps of *Audacity* and *Disproportion*‡ has not been slow to overtake Professor Tyndall. The Press in these countries and America has taken up the gauntlets of the challenger, and the marauding sciolist has at least been driven within his own lines. More than this indeed has been done. Future assaults of a similar character have been rendered more difficult and less to be apprehended. Even Mr. Tyndall himself has thought over his utterances anew, and, while we write, a message comes to us that that adventurous thinker at the beginning of a course of lectures in Manchester has avowed his belief in a Supreme Intelligence, and rejected the charge of Atheism so gene-

* Professor Tyndall has slain Theology, but only to revive—*London Times, Aug.* The Thunderer should have said: Professor Tyndall has attempted to slay Theology, but has himself been slain.

† "All religious theories, schemes and systems, which embrace notions of Cosmogony, must submit to the control of science, and relinquish all thoughts of controlling it elsewhere," page 60, 61. Religion is shut out by the Professor from "intruding on the region of knowledge, over which it holds no command," and relegated, like a piper's instrument, to the region of mere emotion!—see Address, *loc. cit.*

‡ We borrow the language of the Rev. C. Pritchard. See his brief but masterly essay, read some weeks ago at Brighton, and published under the title *Modern Science and Natural Religion.* London: Parker and Co.

rally preferred against him. We clap hands with the good folk of Manchester at this announcement. We credit the declaration as made with entire sincerity, though the reason given for the Professor's happy conclusion is a characteristic and almost a comic one. In the minds, however, of German infidels (and possibly too of their admirers in England) the admission of an Intelligence above the human, which the Professor makes, does not imply a belief in One Personal God, supreme over all his works and distinct from them. On the contrary, we fear the Professor holds on, notwithstanding his recent declaration, to the stupid admiration (we cannot say worship) of a certain cosmical, harmonious whole (το παν) the Das Universum of the Professor's German oracles. Of this cumulative and aggregate Deity, the higher reaches—the efflorescence as it were—may, in the Professor's estimate, be intelligent. Venus sprang from the foam of the sea; the seminal egg from which sentient and intelligent things came forth was born of chaos; and so it may be that from patches of star-dust—from atoms self-polarized, self-moved—cemented by a divine agglutinative force, came forth, by an upward inexplicable motion, a certain confederated or rather cohesive intelligence, by which the phenomena of growth and decay, of rest, motion, and mechanical force, of evolution and involution, of the correlated action of nerve force and mind force, are possibly understood more clearly than they are by Mr. Darwin, Herbert Spencer, or even the Professor himself.* That such, or nearly such, is the view which Mr. Tyndall entertains simultaneously with his repudiation of atheism, we dare to affirm from the following significant facts:—

1. That the Professor nowhere in his Address speaks of God as living, personal, and distinct from His works.
2. That he seems to identify his own creed with that of Goëthe, who, he himself tells us, had an abhorrence of One Personal God.
3. That nearly all Pantheistic writers are prime favourites in Mr. Tyndall's Address.
4. That the idea of a Personal Creator is everywhere spoken of with contempt and belittled with the caricature of an artificer at his bench, a human artificer; and,
5. That the profession of Mr. Tyndall of belief in "a cosmical life, in which all things we see have their unsearchable roots," is not a sufficient expression to convey belief in a Personal God, and is with the foregoing facts an adequate, though not very clear, expression of Pantheism or

* See the Repudiation of Atheism by Professor Tyndall, at Manchester, Wednesday, October 28, in his Opening Lecture. See also the Professor's Address at Belfast; in the end, where he quotes admiringly from Goethe, and about the middle, where the coincidence of the President's views with those of Lucretius, Giordano Bruno, and Carlyle, is but too manifest. That Caliban of thought and taste, Thomas Carlyle, is, in the same address of the Professor, almost deified. Strange! but Carlyle, although a God, was not such a hater of the true God as the Professor would fain make him.

belief in the mass, the aggregate, the *whole of things*, as at once both the manifestation and the essence of the Deity.

Pascal, in his Provincial Letters, somewhere introduces as defenders of an opponent's opinion a host of authorities—men of strange, unseemly views indeed, but whose names were still more strange. The attentive hearer asks in astonishment—What? and were all these Christians!! We should be tempted as we run over the list of Mr. Tyndall's favourite (German) Pantheists, to raise our eyes in astonishment and ask, were those who owned such opinions and such names, Men—Spinosa, Schleiermacher, Fichte, Hegel, Büchner, Häckel, and the rest? The last evolution of logic in the hands of *these men* (?) is the formula—"Das Nichts ist das Seyn,"*—*Non-Being is Being*. Nothing is the equivalent of existence. Such a school debars itself from a hearing at the tribunal of human reason. If Mr. Tyndall has evolved himself during his residence beyond the Rhine into a disciple of that school we do not envy him his "organism" or his "environment."

We have been at some pains to learn two things touching Pantheism. First, its logical origin; second, the mental conception, the *Vorstellung* (as Tyndall would say) which it involves. The only clue to the former is to be found, we think, in the gratuitous and altogether erroneous idea which has arisen in some minds that *personality* in God implies *limitation*, *imperfection* and (bless the mark!) *anthropomorphism* of a certain kind. This consequence is assumed at every page by the author of "Supernatural Religion." He prefers therefore an impersonal, diffusive Deity, hidden somehow in the interstices of things and pervading the cosmost or universe. Mr. Tyndall seems fascinated by the fiction, and, in his far-famed lecture, Personality and Anthropomorphism are equivalent ideas, whether as applied to pagans, Christians, or to theists at large. The assumed equivalency of the two ideas is simply monstrous; and, speaking of the German and Pantheistic school, the confusion of such distinct and distant things ought to be known henceforth as the *Opprobrium Philosophorum*. As regards the Pantheistic school of England, the Bampton lecturer, Dean Mansel, is in part responsible for that blunder. The able work of John Young, LL.D., Edinburgh, entitled "Province of Reason" has exposed with singular success the many errors of Mansel. One however has escaped the keen vision

* Hegel, *Encyclopedie, Die Lehre von Seyn* Seite, 100, Heidelberg, 1827. Fechner, Hartman and Strauss, carry the absurdity still further.

† Our Infidel Scientists take much pleasure in the use of the words *cosmos*, *cosmic*, *cosmical*, &c. The ordinary reader may be informed that *cosmos* is a Greek word signifying a beautiful and symmetrical thing. The world was supposed such. The fine observation of St. Athanasius, viz., that the world would not be a *κοσμος* but an *αχασμια* (not an ordered but a disordered thing). If there were no God to design it, it should be borne in mind by Scientists.

of Mr. Young, and the bird of prey has pounced upon it. We allude to the statement of Dean Mansel that "personality (in God) we conceive of as necessarily a limitation."* This false and fatal admission is due, we must say, to the ignorance, or incomplete theological training of Mr. Mansel. Resting, however, upon this, the author of "Supernatural Religion" proceeds to urge that such inadequate and *anthropo-morphic (sic)* modes of representing God to ourselves should be abandoned, and replaced by other modes (Pantheistic), "neither contrary to our highest moral sense nor contradictory to the teaching of the universe and its laws." The error of Dean Mansel is seized upon as the teaching of all theists. In the false light supplied by Mansel's error a Christian truth is set down by an acute sophist as anthropomorphism, and the note once sounded is echoed, re-echoed, and prolonged in the lectures or rhapsodies of our cosmic prophets—such as Herbert Spencer and Mr. Tyndall.

Now, personality in the Infinite Intelligence *does not imply imperfection*. Dean Mansel here, as in countless other instances, is gravely at fault. No Christian theologian has ever, before Mansel, defended such an error. The scholastic theologians with one accord reject such an error. They maintain the true dogma, which is contradictory to the Dean's assertion. Gabriel Vasquez, for example, has the following thesis: "Personality is a mode determining an existing thing in such wise that that thing be personal, *not that it be finite*."—*Disp.* 25, n. 5.† In the context text to which the thesis refers we read thus:—"For personality in itself is only a certain mode, which, although it define and terminate the object so that it be a person incommunicable to aught beside, yet does not as it were receive that object into itself *and so limit or terminate it in the nature of substance, as to render it finite of essence, unless finiteness belong to the object itself for some other reason*."

Dean Mansel probably never read Vasquez‡ or any of the commentators on St. Thomas of Aquin. The author of "Supernatural Religion" never opened St. Thomas or his commentators, and never dreamed that in Christian matters there existed

* See Bampton Lectures for 1858—Limits of Religious Thought. Lect. III., pp. 59, 60, 61, 5th edition.

† Vasquez, vol. i., p. 129. Antwerp, 1621.

‡ Vasquez is not the only Catholic divine who states, in express terms, the opposite to what Dean Mansel blunderingly affirms, to wit, that "Personality (in God) implies limitation." Suarez is as explicit as Vasquez. His words are, "The infiniteness (of God) is not an infinite of a multitude, but an Infinite intensive of being (perfection), and for this reason such infinity does not exclude the possibility of other entities distinct from God—distinct, I say, by this, that He is Infinite—they finite. He, Self-existent and Undeived—they derived and dependent. It is otherwise as regards an Infinite of *quantity*." See the entire first chapter. "De Deo uno et Trino," Lib. i. c. i. In fact that Personality neither is nor can be conceived as a limitation or abridgment of perfection in God is, whatever Dean Mansel says to the contrary, a simple, universally affirmed Christian truth.

a higher authority than Dean Mansel. Hence the charge, so exultingly made (page 74, "Supernatural Religion,") of inadequate and degrading conceptions of the Deity, of anthropomorphism, in Christian minds. Hence cosmical and pantheistical instead of supercosmic and personal Godhead is the *Ultima Thule*—the land of darkness and contradiction to which the author of "Supernatural Religion" is driven, and to which Professor Tyndall is resolved to follow him. We do not here discuss a possible metaphysical question whether personality does or does not necessarily limit its possessor in point of perfection. If any of our pantheists maintains that it does, we are ready to join issue with him. What we complain of is that Christians, in the face of existing facts, are charged with *conceiving Deity as limited and imperfect* in consequence of its personal character, and that upon this assuredly false charge is founded a rejection of the living God and a Deification, not of some creatures, which is Polytheism, but of all creatures (which is Pantheism): of all creatures, we say, from the Ovum of Chaos to Kant,* Helmholtz and Carlyle.

Among the Presbyterians of the North there still exists what was once known as the Stool of Repentance. At the present day it is sometimes, though rarely, used. Should the British Association of Science again assemble at Belfast, we would suggest that the time-honoured stool of penance be brought forth and the late President of the Association placed thereon, Dean Mansel at his right hand, and the author of "Supernatural Religion" at his left, while Atheists and Pantheists, Cosmists and Comtists, Epicureans and Spinosists be requested to perform around the penitents that primeval atom-dance out of which from nothing came ordered things, and blind, unintelligent force, self-driven through ages, gave forth Professor Tyndall and his cosmic celebrities as its latest evolution.

The logical analysis of pantheism reduces that monstrosity to a worship or deification of *το παν*, *the whole*,—all that presents itself to our senses, and, by an additive process of our memory and understanding, is strung together and symbolized (for it cannot be conceived) as the Universe of Things—*Das Universum*. This universum—this *το παν*—is susceptible (logically speaking) of every predicate you choose. It is one, it is many, it is good, it is bad, it is great, it is small, it is homogeneous, it is heterogeneous, it is divided into parts, it is fused into one, it is ever evolving itself into forms, and ever destroying or rather devouring these

* We mean no disrespect to the memory of Immanuel Kant. That great thinker is not fairly expounded by Professor Tyndall. The philosopher of Königsberg, it is true, thought that the existence of God could not, in his system of formal Logic, be proved by strict demonstration of syllogism; but he placed that truth on a ground which he chose to consider of higher certainty, [viz., as a postulate of the *practical reason of Man*. Tyndall, in his allusion to Clerk Maxwell's Lecture at Bradford, forgets this fact.

forms; it is life, it is death, it is littleness and meanness in the worm, it is power and mightiness in the mountain; you may worship it if you will with Wordsworth and Goethe; you may condemn and curse it with Mill. With no sympathy for you and your yearnings the pantheistic deity exists but to puzzle, to mock and to be silent; and mind (if mind there be) reaches its highest level in that strange escaped lemur which we call Man, and who is, at best (in the system of pantheism) not more than what the poetical misanthrope styles him*

"A child of doubt and death, whose hope is built on reeds."

In sharp contrast with this wretched, untheological view of Deity stands the fundamental belief in One, Intelligent and Personal God, Maker of Heaven and Earth and of all that exists,—a belief common to Patriarchs, Jews, and Christians, and as we deem, to all that think aright. The Christian contemplates and admires the *το παν*, the limitless multitude of things; he adores the *το ειν*, the Infinite One which is above it, and which is its Cause. The homage of the Christian is not given to greatness of multitude or quantity, but to Infinite Intensity (or Perfection) of Being. In this line (and it is the only true line) of infinitude, God stands alone. He is necessary, self-existent, and eternal. He is intelligent, for intelligences exist among created things, and as no effect transcends the virtue of its cause, the Creator or First Cause of those intelligences must himself be Intelligent. He is One, for Multiplicity in the nature of Supreme, Eternal, Underived Being cannot be proved, nor assumed. Logical economy is against such a supposition: and if made it is found at once to convey imperfection and even contradiction. That Being is Personal; for were It impersonal, neither Oneness nor Intelligence could be affirmed of It; Simplicity and Perfection could not be Its attributes. Life itself could not be its characteristic. Moreover, in the line of intensive perfection of being, the highest thing which experience reveals to us is the intelligent *ego*, which, when spoken of, we designate as person. Removing therefore every idea of the imperfect as found in human, or imaginable in limited, personalities, we apply (for by so doing we guard the proper thought) the word *person* to the Supreme Being. As, therefore, we apply the word being to God, though no other being is like to Him, so, with just reason, we ascribe personality to God, though *no other person is like to Him*. The charge of anthropomorphism against us (as derived from our idea of Divine personality) is the last possible extreme of logical injustice. Because being is predicated of God, do we ascribe to him

* Byron.

† *το ειν*, *το ον* and *τ'αγαθον* *Ens*, *Unum*, and *Bonum* transcend all categories, and are, as Metaphysicians know, convertible with one another—in fact, different names for the same transcendental thing.

the limitedness and imperfection of experimental beings, as of a stone, an animal, a monkey? Because personality is affirmed of the Deity we are by Professor Tyndall adjudged to ascribe to the Deity the limitedness, the affections, the very shape and figure of a human person! The definition of a person or personality, given by Boëthius as far back as the 5th century, was *suppositum individuum rationalis naturæ*. It is that still adopted. It embraces the ideas of *substance, unity, intelligence*. No other idea is to be imported into the significance of the term, person, and the "unworthy conceptions," the "limitations" and "imperfections," if any, associated with it, are the spontaneous gift of the pantheist—the outgrowth of ignorance and unbelief.

If Professor Tyndall allows his Organism to be permeated with these salutary notions touching Personality; and if, still farther, he eliminates from the same organism, the gross delusions and nebulous conceptions of German Pantheism, we shall have no difficulty to accept his Manchester declaration as equal to a profession of belief in One God. We shall rejoice at the consummation. We shall hail it in some sense as "*The Truce of God*." We shall faithfully observe it, and trouble the Professor no more with dissertations on the nature and mode of subsistence of the Supreme Ineffable Being.

* * * * *

In consequence of recent occurrences,* we omit here the proofs furnished by Natural Reason for the Existence and attributes of a Personal God, as well as those which evince Design in His works. We come to the second and third of the three great negations, which distinguish the English Infidel School, of which Professor Tyndall has made himself the exponent and the oracle. These negations are, as Mr. Mivart expresses it, the negation of the soul, and of human liberty and duty. As to the first, Professor Tyndall will concede to the human soul at least as much nobleness of nature as he claims for his unseen atoms. He will allow that the soul may, as an existing thing, be undecomposable, indestructible by any cosmic force. In this case, if the soul is to perish, it

* We allude, of course, to the well-known avowal of Professor Tyndall, at Manchester, Oct. 28. The *Irish Times* reports as follows:—"Professor Tyndall inaugurated a series of popular scientific lectures in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, last night. The subject which he selected was that of molecular forces. In the course of his lecture the Professor said that the revelations of science should rather increase than diminish our wonder at the phenomena of nature. 'I have often asked myself,' he continued, 'whether there was no being or thing in the universe which knew more about its mysteries than I do.' No man capable of profound thought would, in the lecturer's opinion, answer that question, by professing the creed of Atheism, which had been so lightly attributed to himself. These words were cheered again and again, and the Professor was obliged to suspend his discourse for several minutes to allow the enthusiasm of the audience to subside." The reader, anxious for the arguments here omitted, may consult the recent pamphlets of Martineau and Pritchard.

can perish by only annihilation.* Nature, as far as we can witness her procedure, gives no example of simple annihilations, and this, in Professor Tyndall's system, would seem to suffice for the proof of the soul's unending being. We, however, require sterner proof for our thesis. That substance will perish, even if it be by annihilation, which God has willed to perish. Have we any indications of God's will as to the future of the soul of man? We have; and here it is to be noted, that what is called by an able American writer, "the madness of method" of the Infidel and Pantheistic School, is not to be suffered in the question we now approach. Neither the microscope nor the micrometer is a fitting instrument, nor the eye of the physicist a fitting organ, to survey the "promise and potency" of the human soul. The inspection of its character and destiny belongs to the whole man, the intellectual and moral man of high synthetic grasp, rather than to the mere optician and the decomposing analyst of matter.

The immortality of the human soul, then, may be proved, not only from the general belief of the doctrine in all ages, but from the equally extensive prevalence of a dread of annihilation. The mind of man revolts at the idea of ceasing for ever to exist. Existence, even the depths of misery, is less dreadful to the mind than the thought of eternal non-existence. Addison and others supplement this argument by a reference to the capability of the human mind to advance progressively in knowledge, without reaching perfection in this world. The brute creation arrives at limits, beyond which it cannot pass. No such limits are imposed upon the human being. He goes indefinitely onward, from one degree to another of attainment, investigating with increasing anxiety every department of inquiry in the realms of both mind and matter. Can we suppose that the soul thus endowed with an insatiable thirst † for knowledge, which it incessantly seeks to gratify, without

* This statement seems for its validity to postulate the simple, inextended and spiritual nature of the human soul. In reality, it does not do so; as, in the supposition of Leibnitz's monads, the immortality of the soul of man might still be maintained. The soul of man, however, is, as all its operations attest, inextended and immaterial. Thought is no outgrowth of material particles or material movements. Even in the lowest organisms, no authenticated instance of Life emerging from aught but antecedent Life, had ever been found. Tyndall himself admits the fact; and, declaring Bishop Butler's reasoning unanswerable, he calls for a new definition of matter—seeks but finds not an Archimedean fulcrum for his hypothesis—and lastly, in order to destroy in matter the potency and promise of terrestrial Life and thought, he is forced to transcend the bounds of experiment, to prolong his vision beyond its horizon, and to cease, in so doing, to be a physicist or a philosopher.

† "We possess powers and capacities," says Pritchard (*Mod. Science and Rel.* p. 9), "immeasurably beyond the necessities of any merely transitory life. There stir within us yearnings irrepressible, longings unutterable, a curiosity unsatisfied and insatiable by aught we see. These appetites . . . are the indications of something akin to something immeasurably beyond us; tokens of something attainable, yet not hitherto attained: signs of a potential fellowship with spirits nobler and more glorious than our own: they are the title-deeds of our presumptive heirship to some brighter world than any that has yet been formed among the starry spangles of the skies."

ever being sated, will, after the lapse of a few years, be arrested in its onward course, and plunged into eternal non-existence? An argument for the immortality of the soul may also be derived from a contemplation of the attributes of God. He is the Creator and moral Governor of the world. He has endowed man with earnest longings after immortality. It cannot be that He designs to mock us by rendering these desires fruitless. Were such the case, the condition of man, prime though he be among living things, would be more pitiable and inexplicable than that of the brutes which obey him. Animals possess, as far as we know, neither aptitudes for, nor desires of, a future. God has endued them with no capacity for survival after death. Bishop Butler's admission on this point is neither in accordance with general feeling nor with philosophic reasons. If the belluine vital principle survived after death, it would be undue, objectless, inane, superfluous. It is otherwise with man. The veracity and justice of the Creator would forget themselves, if there were in store for man a destination such that he could not be completely happy except by *ignorance* or *disbelief* of it. Let us suppose, then, that the soul were perishable, and that a belief in the mortality of the thinking principle in man—that is, man's proper *self*, were fully established. The following consequences would, in practical life, be unavoidably derived from this belief:

1. That, as no distinction is placed by the Author of Nature between vice and virtue (one being often the means of felicity, the other of sorrow, in this life), the distinction between them is null, or God is unjust, both of which are incredible and absurd.

2. That, in any case, when the interest of Society requires great inconvenience or even suffering of some individual member—let us say his death—there can be no full obligation to undergo such inconvenience.

3. That suicide, to avoid suffering, is just and prudent; and that, as the sufferings of this life (were it considered our only sphere of being) are more than its enjoyments, the destruction of themselves by the whole human race would be an heroic act, and a consummation much to be desired.

4. That, in proportion as the nations of the earth advanced towards greater civilization, a *false doctrine*, on the most important of all points of personal interest to each, became more firmly established—more clearly defined, and further and further removed from objective truth.

5. That several of the noblest faculties and instincts of the human soul are *anomalous in Creation* and *even deceptive*—as, for instance, our horror of non-existence.

Now, if such is the uniformity with which the capacities and aptitudes of each living thing are adjusted to, and foreshow its coming stage of existence, its future theatre of action, as in the bee, the beaver, the ant, &c., is it right to break the analogy when

we come to the human soul, and to conceive that its natural characters, its hopes, fears, faculties, and aspirations, are mere deceptions, and furnish no guarantee for the realisation of what they promise?

There is no adequate rewarding of *virtue* and *justice* in this life; vice often passes unpunished and triumphant. If there is no future state to distribute to virtue its reward, and to vice its punishment, why has the Author of Nature made us *responsible* beings? Why has He given us a *Conscience*, an outlook to *futurity*, and a longing for it? Why has He bestowed upon us a capacity which enables us to converse with infinities of Time, Space, and Reality of Perfection, as with familiar and not estranged things; and if we are, in truth, the ministers and interpreters of Nature, why should the monster delusion—the promise to the ear and breach unto the heart—be reserved for man alone among Nature's works?

From these and many other reasons we are forced to the conclusion—highly probable, say “or rather” absolutely cogent—that the soul of man will subsist in a future world.

“ ————— And live

- Unhurt amidst the war of elements;
The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.”

The intimations of Reason, it is needless to say, are confirmed by the assurances of Christian Faith.

The New Koran, through which Mr. Tyndall endeavours to contradict these truths, derives no recommendation from the fact that its chief prophet eschews a contemplation of the ethical consequences deducible from his system. These consequences have been eloquently set forth in the October number of this periodical,* and later still by the prelates of the Irish Church, in their joint pastoral of October 31. The prelates observe—

“If man be but a conscious automaton—a machine constructed of organized matter—if the soul be but a function of the nervous system—the act of volition must be governed by laws similar to those which govern the other phenomena of matter. Hence it follows that the will must obey the irresistible impulse of these laws, and the attribute of liberty belongs to man's will no more than to the hurricane which ravages the tropics, or to the earthquake which engulfs cities.

“And if man's will be not free, then moral responsibility ceases to exist, and the legislation which, by Divine or human authority, metes out to criminals punishment for their offences, is nothing but a colossal injustice. Vice and virtue are but equal expressions of the same mechanical force; there can be no sin, as there can be no holiness. It is not possible to read without a shudder of disgust the statement boldly enunciated a few weeks ago, that the human understanding, the passion of sensual love, and the religious feeling in man, are all equally results of the play between organism and environment through countless ages of the past.”

The truths we have hitherto stated may be termed the *natural gospel* of mankind. Science, in its latest disclosures, saith not the contrary to them; Philosophy, the mother of the sciences, confirms them; hu-

* Irish Monthly, Oct. Art. Professor Tyndall at Belfast.

man society rests upon them ; and religion lends them her sanction. It is amusing—absolutely amusing, notwithstanding the gravity of the issue—to mark the vague and uncertain character of the forces which the New Koran opposes to these truths, “ He is not the best shoemaker who makes the best shoes, but who makes the best shoes with the materials at his disposal.”* On this principle we may award to Professor Tyndall a full claim to the celebrity he enjoys. Remarkable, indeed, is the slenderness of the materials with which he operates. Atoms, evolution, organism and environment, associated experiences, indestructibility of force, continuity of nature—these are the materials (should we not rather say the names ?) with which Mr. Tyndall proposes to displace the old world and to construct a new. No fulcrum, Archimedean or other, is demanded. A few worthies, unkennelled from their base environment in ancient or modern days, are, like Samson’s foxes, strung together by the tails and let loose by the prophet against, as he deems them, an unscientific generation. Lucretius of old, Giordano Bruno of the middle ages, and Mr. Herbert Spencer of recent days, are prominent in the crowd. Were all these, both men and forces, willing to do battle at the command of Professor Tyndall, they would avail little to achieve the intended object. As matters are, the names and forces relied on are either at one with the philosophy of mankind as hitherto accepted, or their opposition to it is but conjectural, uncertain and unestablished. The atoms, for example, are neither verified to us by experiment nor made clear by necessary reasoning. What are they ? Is matter *divisible ad infinitum*, or is it not ? If not, the continuity of nature is rudely broken, and divisibility and compressibility, which run down through all material existences, stop short when you come to the unseen things called atoms. Is their supposed infinite hardness a contingent or a necessary quality ? Is it not possible for infinite power to *break* one of those so-called *minims* or *atoms* ? Are they each of a triple dimension with an under surface, an upper surface, and ends and sides ? Do they possess polarity, attraction, repulsion, and innate or essential motion ? Do they coincide with the points of Boscovich, or with the monads of Leibnitz ? Does not the Daltonian law of chemical equivalents or combining proportions extend to the larger as to the smaller and ultimate particles of “ matter ? ” Was it not for the purpose of keeping clear of such assumptions as we now indulge in, that Wallaston and Davy rightly rejected the name “ atomic theory ” (for the law of combining proportions of matter) and proposed the more definite and truthful name of “ chemical equivalents,” or “ multiple proportions ? ” Were not the great discoverers of these laws—Dalton, Wallaston, Davy, as well as their latest exponents, Maxwell and Andrews, devout believers in the spiritual subsistence of God and of the

* Aristotle.

human soul? Does not the following statement from a popular book of science* express nearly all that we know for certain on the subject of atoms?—"Every body is *supposed* to consist of atoms of *unknown* size, form, and weight, which being *supposed* infinitely hard cannot be further subdivided. . . . No atom has ever been seen, even by the most powerful microscopes, although particles of bodies less than 300,000 of an inch in diameter have been seen by their aid. The forms of atoms are, therefore, *unknown*." With elements, *invisible*, *unknown*, and *supposed*, such as atoms are, any skilful conjurer, even the author of the "New Koran," can play just what tricks he pleases. Before ousting the authority of ages, however, in behalf of such tricks, we must have some greater authority on this point than Democritus or Tyndall. We must ask such men as Newton, or Leibnitz, or Boscovich, or Dalton, or, last of all, the Herschells or the Maxwells. The Professor cannot be ignorant what answers, as to the relation of atoms to an intelligent cause, these men have left on record.

Evolution, whether organic with Mr. Darwin, or mental and psychological with Herbert Spencer, is another of those ventures to which prophets and men of "advanced thought," aspiring to a certain fame are not unaccustomed. Of Mr. Darwin's theory, though worked out by the author with great care and reverence,† Spencer somewhere admits that it is at present, and probably will "for ever remain, a mere hypothesis;" while of Ernest Hæckel's *Anthropogeny or Development of Man* (Leipzig, 1874), the most recent criticism is to the following effect:—"He does not consider that the graduation of forms is equally explicable on the hypothesis of an external agency working according to a preconceived plan, or of a plastic force immanent in all existence, and that if these, as must be conceded, are but precarious inferences from imperfectly understood phenomena, the capacity of anything to metamorphose itself into another thing is, until the transition has been actually observed, just such another questionable corollary. He would probably contend that Mr. Darwin's generalization has placed the matter on a different footing; but it is the misfortune of his book that he is compelled to refer habitually to the Darwinian theory as an established truth, without having space, or, as we suspect, inclination, to combat the numerous scruples which must present themselves to those who are even slightly acquainted with the literature of the subject."‡

Of the two principal works of Mr. Herbert Spencer ("New Philosophy" and "Psychology") the criticisms that reach us from

* Beeton's Dictionary of Sciences—*Art. Atomic Weights.*

† Darwin everywhere speaks of the Creator with great reverence, and leaves it uncertain whether one or more typical forms were placed on earth by Him originally. His system will be reviewed at a later date.

‡ *Saturday Review*, Nov. 1874.

both sides of the Atlantic* are such as we care not to reproduce; but no criticisms are needed to refute him who holds that *inseparable associations* in the ascidian or simian ancestor of man issue (after countless transmissions, but with perfect validity) in the human descendant as the logical law of *identity* or *necessary inference*. If this is Psychology, then logic is at an end, and human thought bids adieu to the world. The apotheosis of Mr. H. Spencer and his speculations occupies and disfigures pages 59 and 60 of Mr. Tyndall's Address. Of the "Correlation of Forces," introduced to save appearance by Mr. Tyndall, we would speak more respectfully. The writer who first unfolded that theory is now judge in an English court. He has within the last few days republished his book above-mentioned. Our third motto is from the preface to that book, and if the Professor adopts it in theory and pursues it in practice, there will be an end, as far as we are concerned, of all antagonism between Science and Religion. No section of mankind has done more to promote the study of the very branch of philosophy that delights Mr. Tyndall most—we mean Molecular Physics—than the Church has done. Gassendi, Descartes, Boscovich,† Bayma, and others, are ample evidence of this truth. When scientists, however, or rather specialists, forget the advice of Justice Grove, transcend the region of facts and relation of facts, invade the dominion of philosophy (the mother of the sciences) and of the still higher dominion of theology, disestablishing and destroying the most sacred heritages of both, it is time in the interest of those great inheritances, of truth, and of this great universe at large, to challenge the invaders and ask under what warrant they proceed. We have so done, as time and circumstances have allowed us, with the author of the "New Koran." A thousand voices more potent than ours, have done the same. The Prophet has lowered his tone; he has recanted or explained. Something more remains to be done. Pantheism is distinctly to be renounced. The dignity and destiny of the human soul are to be acknowledged. The essential and ineffaceable characters of vice and virtue are to be proclaimed. A few books of Christian philosophy and theology may be admitted, besides those of Bishop Butler, into the Professor's library. Thomas Carlyle and Herbert Spencer are not to be adored; nor is the great belluine or materialistic school of Germany to be abjectly followed. Should Professor Tyndall accept these suggestions, there is much to be expected from his fearless devotion to truth, from his admittedly high powers, both of research

* See the *Catholic World*, New York, Feb. 1872, Art. Cosmi. Philos. and *Dublin Review*, Oct, 1874, Art. Herbert Spencer's Psychology.

† Father Boscovich has obtained a world-wide fame for what is known as Boscovich's theory. Father Bayma, in his "Molecular Physics," published in England, a few years since, has brought to this subject an amount of speculative insight as well as high mathematical skill, which must command admiration. These last-mentioned writers were both of the Society of Jesus.

and elucidation and his intimate acquaintance with the many sciences to which years of study and observation have introduced him. Should our suggestion be neglected, and the Professor continue, as hitherto, his abject idolatry of Lucretius, Herbert Spencer, and the specialists of Germany, we shall say, that we regret the fact, but fear not the result. "There is no need," says the eloquent Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, "to be frightened at the phantoms raised by such terms as matter, and force, and molecules, and protoplasmic energy, and rhythmic vibrations of the brain; or in that which denies all evidence of design in nature, or in that which assimilates the motives which induce a parent to support his offspring, to the pleasures derived from wine and music, or in that which asserts the unknowableness of the Supreme and the vanity of prayer. Philosophies which involve such results can have no permanent grasp on human nature; they are in themselves suicidal, and in their turn, and after their day, will, like other such philosophies, be refuted or denied by the next comer, and are doomed to accomplish the happy despatch." *Opinionum commenta delet dies, naturæ judicia confirmat*, said the Roman philosopher.* The conjectures, prophecies, prolonged visions, and shadowy generalizations of Professor Tyndall—which we have ventured to style the New Koran—will vanish with other such systems into the "infinite azure of the past," while the belief of a Living, Personal Creator and of Man's Immortal Destiny shall, like the molecules described by Professor Maxwell, remain as the "foundations of the universe," unbroken and unworn.

* The Church is in many places taunted by Professor Tyndall with its slowness in adopting new theories and adapting itself, as he says, to new "environments" of thought. Were the charge to the effect that the Christian Church persistently rejects ascertained facts and established laws of the human mind as applied to such facts, it is met simply and sufficiently by a denial. If the new theory is simply on its trial, and especially if it seems to jar with well-established maxims of reason and experience, surely mankind in such case can afford to wait a little before giving full adhesion to the novel ideas. Justice Grove rejoiced that his views on the "Correlation of Physical forces" met, for a long time, with "the opposition usual and," as he says, "proper to novel ideas." The frequent adoption of a different course would involve, he observes, "an anarchy of thought—a perpetuity of mental revolutions." The advice—

The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd—unfledged comrade—

is as applicable to systems and theories, as it is to friends, and the great Bard but utters, in the person of Polonius, the wise maxims which have ever guided the Christian Church.

M. O'F.

AN AUTUMN MEMORY.

THE silver mists break o'er the far hills away ;
 The sunbeams of Autumn shine down clear and cold ;
 The dark bent droops sad by the lone moor to-day,
 Where the grey plover's notes are plaintively told.
 The faded leaves seek in the cold earth a grave,
 Where the sweet-briar hangeth, robed in deep red,
 The plumes of the alder in rich' sables wave
 Where November winds mourn for the bright Summer dead.

The tassels of clover the tired reaper slays ;
 The hazel-tree bends with its full pendants brown,
 The bloom lingers still where the wild woodbine stays,
 From its fair sister-flowers, a-buried far down.
 The white snow will come yet—the pure and white snow—
 To nurture the petals asleep in the ground,
 And Spring-days will dawn, and the Spring breezes blow,
 And fresh things and lovely will start up around.

The Autumn awakens a dream in the heart,
 When November winds mourn for the bloom on the lea ;
 From time and from distance a sad dream will start—
 The sound of a parting, the sob of the sea.
 Like passionate echoes that Song wrings from pain,
 The memories that cry from that day by the shore,
 Where brave ships awaited the will of the main,
 And one sailed to East, to return never more.

Oh ! if for an absence our hearts only bled,
 The clasp of a hand that was tender and true,
 The tone of a voice, and the kind words it said,
 The sound of a footstep our ears full well knew.
 Though absence is grief, and the dead have our tears,
 Yet life flows smooth on 'neath a yet keener pain ;
 Alas ! for the hope that dropped out from the years,
 Alas ! for the shadows that ever remain.

Oh ! the strength of the billows, the beauty and pride !
 When waves broke in sorrow, as seemed they that day,
 For brave ships departing to purple seas wide,
 Where angry white mountains gaped hungry away.
 Oh ! the fall of the leaf-time, far off from the shore,
 The hope that for ever died out by the sea,
 The shadows that stay to depart now no more,
 When November winds mourn for the bloom on the lea.

M. My. R.

THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S. J.

X. THE CLERGY AND THE LAW OF ELECTIONS.

I HAVE said that *ordinarily* there is no difficulty thrown in the way of the clergy as to their instructions concerning moral obligations. The chief exception I am aware of, so far as public teaching, is with regard to the duties of voters at Parliamentary elections. British law is very jealous of clerical influence in this department. I will, for the moment, adopt, as an exposition of the law, a passage in the judgment delivered at the conclusion of the trial of the Longford Election Petition in 1870. This passage conveys the view taken of the Law by an eminent judge, whose words carry with them great weight. He may, no doubt, be mistaken as to the legal doctrine on the subject, and what he says is to be looked on rather as a *dictum* than as even an attempt to fix the rule of law, so far even as it could be fixed by one election judge. Still he is a most respectable authority, and appears to have spoken deliberately and with reflection. He has spoken clearly, definitely, and unambiguously, with one exception, which I intend dwelling on a little hereafter.

The words of Mr. Justice Fitzgerald are as follows (pp. xiv., xv. of Report)—“Considering this question of undue influence, or rather what I call here undue clerical influence, because all the allegations of the petitioners point to undue priestly influence, it is not my intention in any way to detract from the proper influence which a clergyman has, or by a single word to lessen its legitimate exercise. We cannot forget its wholesome operation, and how often, even recently, it has been the great bulwark of the community against insurrection and fruitless attempts at revolution. The Catholic priest has, and he ought to have, great influence. His position, his sacred character, his superior education, and the identity of his interests with his flock, ensure it to him, and that influence receives ten-fold force from the conviction of his people that it is generally exercised for their benefit. In the proper exercise of that influence on electors, the priest may counsel, advise, recommend, entreat, and point out the true line of moral duty, and explain why one candidate should be preferred to another; and may, if he thinks fit, throw the whole weight of his character into the scale; but he may not appeal to the fears, or terrors, or superstition of those he addresses. He must not hold out hopes of reward here or hereafter, and he must not use threats of temporal injury or of disadvantage, or of punishment hereafter. He must not, for instance, threaten to excommunicate or to withhold the sacraments, or to expose the party to any other religious disability, or

denounce the voting for any particular candidate as a sin, or as an offence involving punishment here or hereafter. If he does so with a view to influence a voter, or to affect an election, the law considers him guilty of undue influence. As priestly influence is so great, we must regard its exercise with extreme jealousy, and seek, by the utmost vigilance, to keep it within due and proper bounds." So far the learned judge.

Before discussing the doctrine laid down in these few sentences, I will take the liberty of expressing some views of my own concerning the action of the clergy with regard to elections, views that are quite irrespective of the law of the land, but in no degree at variance with it. I think that political subjects, elections included, ought to be seldom and sparingly treated of in discourses from the altar or pulpit—in fact, only so far as is more or less *necessary*. When a priest does find it his duty to introduce them, he should remember not only his own sacred character, which he carries with him everywhere, but also the holiness of the place where he stands and of the function he is performing as a preacher of God's word. Hence, his language ought to be circumspect, dignified, temperate, free from exaggeration. It ought to be such, too, as would bear to be reported and printed without discredit to himself or scandal to others. I am not alluding now to any rhetorical excellence, but to the perfect propriety of the expressions used. A great deal of what I have just written is applicable to other utterances of priests, as, for instance, in their speeches at public meetings—indeed to all their utterances. No doubt, greater latitude may be allowed in some circumstances than in others; but that latitude has its boundaries, and these should be carefully estimated and never passed.

As to the fitness or unfitness of any particular candidate, a priest should be *very slow* to judge even in his own mind that a vote for or against any given man is sinful. By a vote *against* a candidate, I mean, of course, a vote *for* his adversary to *his* exclusion. A priest should be *still slower* to express such a judgment, though prudently formed, and he should be *very slow indeed* to express it in public. This is *specially* applicable to an absolute, decisive form of pronouncing on the subject. For example, there is a considerable difference between saying: "I tell you it is a grievous sin to vote for such a man;" and saying, "It is well for you to reflect whether such a vote may not be sinful,"—or, "If *I* were to vote for him I should feel that I was guilty of a serious sin." There are plenty of unmistakable sins, without multiplying them unnecessarily.

I come now to the principles set forth in the Longford Judgment regarding clerical influence. In the first place, it will be seen, on close examination, that the influence there sanctioned and approved is not in itself essentially and exclusively *clerical*. It is not spiritual, though indirectly connected with the clerical and

spiritual profession of those by whom it is exercised. There is, indeed, no widely diffused *class* of men of whom all the same things can be said that are there said of the clergy. But there are many individuals, and there may easily be, in a particular place, even a body of persons of whom we could correctly affirm what is affirmed of the clergy in the passage before us, with the sole exception of the two words *sacred character*, and even the circumstance indicated by these words goes rather to commend the *persons* than to qualify the *influence*. As for the position, the superior education, the identity of interests, the conviction of the people that the influence in question is generally exercised for their benefit, these things might be found in a medical doctor or other professional man, in a merchant, in a landlord, nay, in all the landlords of a district or of a county, though not of all districts nor of all counties. With regard to the influence which priests have exercised or do exercise against insurrection and revolt, it is, in no small part, of a kind which the law as expounded at Longford would peremptorily exclude from parliamentary elections, and for the rest, it might emanate from men of other classes.

But *spiritual* influence is eliminated, and sweepingly eliminated, from elections. I should like to know how much spiritual influence is conceivable, if all allusion to rewards or punishments in this life or the next be set aside, if there is not to be a word said about sin. I may be told that I ought not to taunt the judge or the law with inconsistency, since it is very plain that the judge and the law as expounded by him do intend to do away with spiritual influence. This indeed seems to be the case; and yet it appears hardly credible. Is a priest alone forbidden to appeal to conscience, and, if he appeals to conscience, is he not in reality using spiritual influence? If he appeals to conscience, is he not truly, though but implicitly, threatening the punishment to be feared by those who disregard its dictates? May the priest not speak of God, and of what He expects and even demands? and what God demands may not be refused with impunity?

But let us come completely to the point. The law, as understood by Judge Fitzgerald, will not allow sin to be mentioned by the priest. He is not at liberty to tell his people that a particular way of voting is sinful. Now, I ask whether it is possible or not that a particular way of voting should be sinful? whether it be possible or not that a particular way of voting should seem to a prudent man to be obviously in itself morally wrong? Can members of parliament do serious mischief or not? Does the welfare of the country depend or not on legislation? May not legislation be iniquitous? Are there not men whose professed principles will lead them to legislate iniquitously? I am not alluding to any one in particular. I am certainly not accusing any Longford candidate, nor indeed any candidate for any special place. I am putting an abstract question. If an individual is pretty sure to turn out

a pernicious legislator, to help in damaging the country, to help in damaging religion, will it be quite right to afford him the opportunity? I know that the obligation of each voter may appear to be, to use the expression, *diluted* by reason of the small part *his* vote has in effecting a return, and again by reason of the comparatively small amount of mischief one member can do in an assembly of over six hundred; and this was *one* of my reasons for saying that we should be slow to condemn as grievously sinful a vote given for this or that candidate. Still, the very use of the doctrine of the unimportance of single votes for single members is questionable and not without its dangers.

Besides, whatever weight it may be entitled to, *the law* has no business to avail itself of any such doctrine, since the law goes on the principle of attaching great moment to every election and every vote. The law scrutinizes with jealousy every element of parliamentary election. It would ill become the law to turn round and say—a few votes here and there, a few members here and there, do not much matter. The law does not say such things and could not say them. Will the law, on the other hand, say that every election and every vote is a matter of importance, but cannot have to do with conscience? The law never has said and never will say anything of the kind, at least till things become a great deal worse in these countries than they are. And whatever the law might choose to say on the subject, it has no *right* to declare that perverse voting may not be sinful. This is not precisely *its* province, but this *is* the province of the ministers of religion.

What I contend for, then, is, that there *may be* a conscientious obligation, an obligation under sin, and even under grievous sin, to vote for or against a particular person in certain circumstances, and that the law neither does nor can negative this position. I then proceed to contend that where such obligation exists, or is believed and considered to exist, there is no harm in stating it privately or publicly. It seems strange that a priest should not be at liberty to tell the people of an obligation of conscience which he believes to exist, and consequently to tell them of a sin which he believes will be committed by the breach of that obligation. It seems strange, I say, that the law should undertake to forbid this, for I am just now speaking of the law of the land, not of the law of God, which undoubtedly does not forbid it, but rather, on the contrary, prescribes it, so far as it may be consistent with prudence. The law of the land is subordinate to the law of God and cannot validly gainsay that law; but the law of the land, even where it does not *bind*, may, in certain classes of cases, create a state of circumstances which renders imprudent what would *otherwise* be the right course, and causes it not to be the right course any longer.

Curiously enough, a layman may, I presume, talk as much as

he likes about the *sin* of voting one way or the other, but a priest cannot, on the ground, we must suppose, that the people will believe the latter and will not so much mind the former. After all, a priest cannot make a thing a sin that is not so already. As to threats of excommunication or refusal of sacraments, the case is *somewhat* different: for these things are acts that can be done *by the clergy*. I do not recognise the right of the law to meddle in such matters, but I am not so much surprised that it should.

Before making any further remarks on the Longford judgment, of which I have still a few words to say, I wish to explain part of what I have already said. I have given some countenance to the notion that a voter's responsibility is diminished by the circumstance of his being one among many, and likely enough not to turn the scale, and also by the circumstance that a member of parliament is likewise one among many in the House of Commons. Certainly it seems a less mischievous act to *vote for* an unfit candidate than simply to *appoint* him, if the party had the power; and, again, there is a wide difference between even appointing a member of parliament and appointing a supreme ruler, or even a subordinate ruler, who would be possessed of considerable personal jurisdiction which he was likely to abuse. These distinctions, too, are of more weight in ordinary circumstances than in the case of a life and death struggle between a decidedly good party and a decidedly bad party, as, for instance, in Belgium. It may not be out of place here to observe that a member of parliament, besides his share in the action of the House of Commons, has a certain local influence, which may be used for good or for evil. I do not, by any means, desire to make light of the duty of voters. It would be in the interest of my argument to exaggerate it; but I do not seek advantages of that sort. One thing certain is, that the law's prohibition to speak of sin, or hell, or heaven is not based on the *unimportance* of votes, that, on the contrary, the greater their importance might be the more would the law set itself against what it calls undue influence. Another thing certain is, that, in the eyes of all tolerable Christians and of many who are not Christians, the position of legislators is one that avails much for moral good or evil; that bad legislators are a great moral mischief, and that the question of their selection is a moral question. And yet, sin, it seems, is not to be spoken of in this connection; in other words, conscience is not to be spoken of; for where conscience reaches sin reaches. Heaven and hell are to be kept out of view. And I would have it carefully noted that there is not question of excess or abuse. Even if there were, I would demur to interference with what is the proper province of the Church. But this is not so. With or without moderation *guilt* is not to be touched on. I ask, is all this thoroughly Christian?

I said I was not quite done with the Longford judgment. I have no wish to disparage the distinguished man who pronounced it.

But, as a high public functionary, he is fairly liable to criticism. As we sometimes say in Ireland, he *has a right* to be commented on. Well, then, Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, speaking of the Catholic priest's legitimate influence, says: he "may. . . point out *the true line of moral duty*, and explain why one candidate should be preferred to another." Now, I ask, what is *the line of moral duty*, but the line of moral rectitude as opposed to moral turpitude? and what is moral turpitude but sin? Surely moral duty is something more than party politics, something more than mere expediency, so far as party politics and expediency are rightly or wrongly supposed to be indifferent in relation to conscience. Moral duty means moral obligation. It has but one true and genuine sense, though its objects are exceedingly various. The duty, for instance, of respecting property is as truly a moral duty, and in the same sense, as that of respecting life, though theft is a less crime than murder. Every real duty has a relation to God; and no real duty is unaccompanied by a divine sanction of reward and punishment. Those who deny or ignore God and a future retribution may, indeed, admit *some sort* of moral duty, but not in the same sense as Christians. By the way, it may become a curious legal question, whether those men in England—otherwise, in some instances, respectable and distinguished—who deny or are not prepared to affirm the existence of a personal God, are qualified to give testimony *on oath* in the courts.

It might be attempted to explain this part of the judge's statement, as having reference to an abstract teaching on the duty of voters. But, even if such an explanation were sufficiently consistent with the context, which does not seem to be the case, any developed instruction on the subject dealing with moral duty in its only legitimate meaning, and, at the same time, setting forth that meaning in an intelligible form, would, or easily might, come practically to have a very definite bearing on the particular candidates for the seat. Surely the judge could not mean that a priest was merely to tell his hearers it was their moral duty to vote for the man they thought the fittest. He would not be precluded from alluding to the matter of legislation. Again, he would not be precluded from saying what was to be understood by moral duty.

Suppose then, for example, the priest were to expatiate on the evils of godless education, and the moral duty of taking this question into account. Suppose he were to tell them it was their moral duty to use their franchise to do away, as far as in them lay, with so ruinous a system, what would all this mean, where one of the candidates was a notorious upholder of the education thus reprobated? Suppose, again, the priest were to tell his hearers what sort of man was fit and what sort of man was unfit to be a member of parliament, and to inculcate on them the moral duty of choosing a man of the one sort and rejecting a man of the other sort,

he certainly would not go a tittle beyond pointing out the line of moral duty which the judge allows him to point out ; and yet the application would be, or might be in some instances, transparent. As to *moral duty* itself, surely the judge would not tie down the priest to these two words, if he (the priest) believed that many of the people might miss their meaning. There is no special charm in the terms. It is their sense that must be minded. He might speak of their being answerable to God, of their being bound in conscience. He might even bring in that condemned word *sin*. He might say everything that is really and genuinely conducive to the understanding of the phrase *moral duty*. For, if a thing may be spoken of, and spoken of as, from its nature a motive of action, that nature may be and ought to be fully declared. If, for instance, the judge were to say—as no doubt he would say, and say truly—that the moral duty of obedience to legitimate authority ought to be insisted on by the clergy, he would be understood to mean that the clergy should make the faithful comprehend the moral evil—the sinfulness—of disobedience, and the consequences of that disobedience. Either, then, let *the line of moral duty* be struck out, or let *sin* and its consequences not be eliminated. I have already stated clearly enough my own views as to the caution which should be observed in asserting that it is a sin to vote for or against a particular candidate. But we are talking of principles broadly laid down to meet all cases, and viewed thus the judge's language is not consistent—or at least does not seem so. One brief remark more about the terms of the judgment. The word *superstition* is introduced, I think unnecessarily. I do not charge the judge with any evil intention in using it ; and I can conceive a line of thought which might innocently suggest it, as, for instance, that an *unwarranted* appeal to conscientious fears might be turning them to a sort of superstitious purpose ; but, as it stands, the word does not look well.

WINGED WORDS.*

IV.

OH! the anguish of that thought that we can never atone to our dead for the stunted affection we gave them—for the light answers we returned to their plaints, or their pleadings—for the little reverence we showed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God had given us to know.

When our indignation is borne in submissive silence, we are apt to feel twinges of doubt afterwards as to our own generosity if not justice; how much more when the object of our anger has gone into everlasting silence, and we have seen his face for the last time in the meekness of death.

When Death, the great Reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.

In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand, and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction. A hand is put into theirs, and leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.

As our thoughts follow close in the slow wake of the dawn, we are impressed with the broad sameness of the human lot, which never alters in the main headings of its history—hunger and labor, seed-time and harvest, love and death.

In the man whose childhood has known caresses, there is always a fibre of memory that can be touched to gentle issues.

Our daily familiar life is but a hiding of ourselves from each other, behind a screen of trivial words and deeds, and those who sit with us at the same hearth are often the farthest off from the deep human soul within us: full of unspoken evil and unacted good.

We are, all of us, made more graceful by the inward presence of what we believe to be a generous purpose: our actions move to a hidden music.

It is the way with half the truth amidst which we live, that it only haunts us and makes dull pulsations which are never born into sound.

Iteration, like friction, is likely to generate heat instead of progress.

* Perhaps some reader of these "Winged Words" may know something of a small manuscript collection of similar *pensées*, which the compiler lost so long ago as the summer of the Franco-Prussian War. It can hardly have survived, though in regular book-form, with the title "Mottoes of the Soul." Information sent to the Publisher of the *Irish Monthly* will reach the owner of the lost treasure.

Old men's memories are like old men's eyes—they are strongest for things a long way off.

Life is so complicated a game that the devices of skill are liable to be defeated at every turn by air-blown chances, incalculable as the descent of thistle-down.

No man ever struggled to retain power over a mixed multitude without suffering irritation ; his standard must be their lower needs, and not his own best insight.

It is the moment when our resolution seems about to become irrevocable—when the iron gates are about to close on us—that tests our strength. Then, after hours of clear reasoning and firm conviction, we snatch at any sophistry that will nullify our long struggles, and bring us the defeat which we love better than victory.

Human beings in moments of passionate outburst and denunciation, especially when their anger is on their own account, are never so wholly in the right that the person who has to wince cannot possibly protest against some unreasonableness or unfairness in their outburst.

Failure, after long perseverance, is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure.

By desiring what is perfectly good, even where we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of the Divine power against evil—widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower.

When the commonplace "We must all die" transforms itself into the acute consciousness, "I must die—and soon," then death grapples us, and his fingers are cruel ; afterwards he may come to fold us in his arms as our mother did ; and our last moment of dim earthly discerning may be like the first.

Her anger said, as anger is apt to say, that God was with her—that all heaven, though it were crowded with spirits watching them, must be on her side.

Solomon's Proverbs, I think, have omitted to say, that as the sore palate findeth grit, the uneasy conscience heareth innuendoes.

If youth is the season of hope, it is often so only in the sense that our elders are hopeful about us ; for no age is so apt as youth to think its emotions, partings and resolves the last of their kind.

There are natures in which if they love us, we are conscious of having a sort of baptism and consecration : they bind us over to rectitude and purity, by their pure belief about us ; and our sins become that wicked kind of sacrilege which tears down the invisible altar of trust.

Let us be afraid of sliding into that pleasureless yielding to the small solicitations of circumstance, which is a commoner history of perdition than any single momentous bargain.

NEW BOOKS.

- I. *Grapes and Thorns.* By the Author of "The House of Yorke," &c. New York: Catholic Publication Society.

THE works of fiction that can be read, not only without danger but with profit and edification, are not so numerous that we can afford to neglect the additions which American writers are making to our stock. The lady who allows herself to be known only under her initials, "M. A. T.," or as "Author of the 'House of Yorke,'" is doing good service in this department of literature; and her books ought to become better known amongst us here, though in some respects they are suited rather for the American public. Miss T. is, we believe, a New England convert, and the ardour of her religious convictions pervades all her writings. But those who shrink from religious or controversial novels need not shrink from "The House of Yorke" or from "Grapes and Thorns." They are two very interesting tales of American life; the plots are well woven together, the characters cleverly discriminated and sustained, and the style is fresh and graceful, marked sometimes even by eloquence and power. The patches of scenery that are occasionally painted for us are very well done, showing both knowledge and love of nature. That weak point of many story-tellers, the conversation, is managed skilfully in all the works of this writer. There is not too much of it, and it is generally sprightly and natural and helps forward the plot. Any analysis of the plot of this last of the series, "Grapes and Thorns," we shall not attempt. We have said enough to show that we rank these tales higher than any of the same class since the author of "Ladybird" wove her last romance.

- II. *Sacrum Septenarium; or, the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost, as Exemplified in the Life and Person of the Blessed Virgin, for the Guidance and Instruction of Her Children.* By the Rev. HENRY FORMBY. London: Burns and Oates.

THE zealous priest to whom Catholic children owe the Pictorial Bible and Church History Stories "proposes the example of the great Mother of the Christian family to the more attentive study of all her children" in this simple and beautiful work. It consists, as the title promises, of a devout treatise on the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost, discussed in as many chapters. The style is plain and unaffectedly earnest; and, as a proof that the matter is solid, it is enough to say that Father Formby seeks the pure ore in the *Summa* of St. Thomas. He even follows the angelic doctor in his peculiar methodical form of treating every question, which, as he explains, "consists in opening the question under consideration by a statement of the principal reasons which appear to make

against his real doctrine; which being done, he brings forward some brief statement in a contrary sense, commonly taken either from Holy Scripture or from great and distinguished Fathers of the Church; after which he proceeds to unfold his own doctrine, concluding with an appropriate solution of the difficulties that he had raised against it in the beginning." Perhaps the present treatise may owe a little of its dryness to the same source to which we have attributed in part its solidity. The omission of index and table of contents is partly compensated by the running headings at the top of the pages. This pretty book is not the first offering which its author has laid at the feet of the Queen of the Rosary.

III. *The Seven Sacraments Explained and Defended. In Question and Answer.* Edited by a CATHOLIC CLERGYMAN. Dublin: W. B. Kelly.

The very unusual fault may be found with the title-page of this book, that it is much too humble and unpretentious. It professes only to explain and defend the Seven Sacraments, but on examination we find that out of one hundred and ninety pages no more than eighty are occupied with this subject, while the rest range over nearly all the principal points of controversy. Of course a popular little treatise of this kind does not aim at being profound or original; but a great deal of sound, useful matter is put together clearly and forcibly. It is strange that the writer, who has compiled his materials with such praiseworthy care and diligence, has not furnished us with even so simple a guidepost over the road traversed as would have been afforded by a table of contents. In this case the defect has not been supplied even to the extent indicated in the second of these notices. What ancient writer was it—his remark is generally given in Latin—who said that a book without an index was like a man "blind of an eye?"

IV. *Memoir of His Holiness Pius the Ninth.* Dublin: McGlashan and Gill.

Two things catch the eye on the cover of this sketch. One is the face of Pio Nono with the sweet smile so familiar and so welcome to us all; and the other is the words, "Price One Penny." This very readable sketch is therefore intended for wholesale distribution among the simple people who will rather like the unbooklike form, which, though somewhat awkward, has been chosen as the fittest for these purposes. It cannot be said that the propagandist spirit is rife among us. We have no religious tract societies in this country. The reply comes readily enough: "So much the better;" but certainly sloth, carelessness, selfishness, want of zeal, a false security, and other causes have hindered us from using the Press as much as we ought to use it as a means of influencing opinion within and without the Church. "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light," and

one of the ways in which they verify this word of our Lord is by propagating more energetically and more perseveringly their peculiar doctrines and feelings. But we are pursuing too far the thought suggested by this Memoir of the Sovereign Pontiff, adapted as it is for being spread among the people to keep alive that filial feeling which can indeed never die, and to which the great Cardinal gave expression in the prayer, "God bless our Pope, the great, the good!"

V. *Sanctorum Patrum Opuscula Selecta*. Edidit H. HURTER, S. J.
Innsbruck: Wagner. London: D. Nutt.

THIS may seem to be hardly the proper place for noticing a work like that of which we have just transcribed the title; but many whom such a series will interest are kind enough to read these pages, and others may be glad to know of a suitable "present for a clergyman" less common than an embroidered stole or a breviary bound in red morocco. These select works of the Holy Fathers are edited with great care in very convenient little volumes by Father Hurter, Professor of Theology at Innsbruck. His name recalls the memory of his father, the celebrated convert, the biographer of Innocent III. Father Hurter supposes, not without reason, that theological students, and even priests, have neither money to purchase nor leisure to study the large and costly editions of the works of the Fathers. He has, therefore, made a selection of their chief masterpieces, grouping together short treatises by different Fathers which regard the same subject or kindred subjects. Thus the second of the series consists of the tracts of Tertullian and St. Cyprian on the "Our Father," together with St. Thomas Aquinas' Explanation of this divine prayer. The clearness and boldness of the type and the excellent arrangement of matter help to make this, and indeed all the little volumes, a very pleasant introduction to patristic literature. A still more favorable specimen is the twelfth volume, "*De Gloriosa Dei Genitrice Maria Sanctorum Patrum Opuscula Selecta*," containing sermons and tracts about the Blessed Virgin, by St. Jerome, St. Cyril of Alexandria, St. Bernard, St. Proclus and an anonymous author, preceded by a brief but comprehensive critical introduction by the Editor, who elucidates his text with careful annotations. Besides the index, which renders the contents of each volume easily accessible, Father Hurter has wisely halted at the twenty-fourth volume of the series and published a general index for that and all the previous volumes. The volumes, being of varying size, though of course made suitable for binding together, range in price from eightpence to one shilling and sixpence: but the entire First Series, with the general index just referred to, may be had for a few shillings above a pound. We shall rejoice if this notice, though somewhat intrusive in this place, should make these sacred writings more familiar to the youthful Levites of the Irish Church.

VI. *Afternoons with the Saints.* By W. H. ANDERDON, Priest of the Society of Jesus. New Edition, enlarged. London: Burns and Oates. 1874.

FATHER ANDERDON has added so considerably to the first edition of his "*Afternoons with the Saints*," that it may in its present form be considered a new work. A very entertaining and very useful work it is, and we shall be surprised if the demand for a third edition do not speedily afford Father Anderdon (affectionately remembered in Ireland under a more dignified title) an opportunity of supplying a representative saint for the only month that is not at present mentioned in the table of contents—that which comes between St. Joseph's month and Mary's. There is, indeed, no symmetrical arrangement of this nature in the collection, though the months are given in order: some with one only of their saints celebrated, others with three or four, making in all more than a score of lively little biographical sketches. The Author prefers dramatic effect to critical accuracy, writing history sometimes (with better motives) on Mr. Froude's plan of supposing what *must* have happened, and reporting conversions which *may* have taken place. Would that some one would give us in somewhat popular form the lives of our hidden Irish saints according to the fuller materials which the ill-requited devotion of our Irish scholars is gradually bringing to light. In the present series Ireland is represented by St. Bridget; and Father Anderdon begins her story by asking: "Did you ever chance to find yourself on the great plain of Kildare? It stretches away, as you may remember, with broad heathlands, or decayed forests, or bog tracts: it is dry here, moist and watered there; it runs away westward from the Wicklow mountains, till it is stopped by the range of hills south-west of Mountmellick and Maryborough." In his preface, Father Anderdon says, very truly, that few more useful labours could be undertaken for the "Apostolate of literature" than a series of saints' lives, compiled with the accuracy and care of Alban Butler, in a form more graphic, and appealing to the habits of modern thought. Without pretending at all to aim so high as this, the present elegant little volume will help many readers, both young and old, to spend some pleasant "*Afternoons with the Saints*."

AD POETAM.

POET, I have heard thy name
 On a thousand lips to day,
 And a crowd of critics say
 Thou has won undying fame.

Lay not down the lyre unstrung;
 In thy lately finished book
 Leave e'en yet one little nook
 For a song that must be sung.

Sing it—nay, 'tis vain to sigh—
 Fate inflicts no special wrong,
 Asking for thy funeral song,
 For the singers, too, must die.

Sing, and ere the echo dies,
 While the power still is thine,
 Run thy pen through every line
 That could shame the chastest eyes.

Think of God and thy good name;
 "Search with lamps" the written scroll;
 Leave no blot upon thy soul:
 Leave no shadow on thy fame.

J. F.

[NOTE—In page 19, line 13, read: "the sword with which he conquered Death for men."]

CAPRICES OF HISTORY—THE WIZARD MICHAEL SCOTT.

WHAT volumes of romance might be drawn from that mysterious and inscrutable book which philosophers call the *Scientia Media*—the knowledge of the future conditioned! What an unbounded field for speculation lies in the "might have been!" How varied the possible divergences from the actual order of events which might be mapped out in the limitless region of contingency!

He is a bold man who will venture to pronounce how the history of the world would have run, if Julius Cæsar had hesitated a little longer on the bank of the Rubicon; if the young Henry VIII. had been presented by his father to the Archbishopric of Canterbury; if the ship in which Oliver Cromwell was embarking for New England had not been stopped on the Thames by royal proclamation; if Napoleon Buonaparte had actually, as he once proposed, carried his sword and his ambition into the service of the Sultan! And the possible speculations as to the results to which events like these might have led in the general course of history, are equally open on a lesser scale in the thousands of conceivable contingencies regarding individuals which lie hidden in the unexplored world of possibility.

I am tempted to devote a page or two to a contingency of this kind in Irish ecclesiastical history—once, it might seem, all but realized—which has lately come under my notice. Seen broadly and from the outside, it is not a little strange and startling, and it is likely, I think, to prove new to most readers. The matter seems to have been first noticed, in the course of his wide and miscellaneous reading, by that curious scholar, the late Dean Milman, who made it the subject of a short paper in the "Journal of the Philobiblon Society;" but as this journal, like those of several similar literary clubs and associations, circulates only among the members of the society, and is not obtainable under the ordinary conditions of the book-trade, the Dean's paper and its subject have escaped observation altogether, or at least have attracted little attention.

Singular as are some of the anomalies which present themselves in the history of Ireland, I think there are few who "will not be surprised to hear" of a reputed wizard and magician as a member of the ancient Irish episcopate. Yet such is the "caprice of history"—such the strange combination of characters which is found all but accomplished in the case to which I have to refer.

Every one who has dipped even in the lightest way into the

history of demonology and witchcraft, has read of the redoubted wizard and necromancer of the thirteenth century—Michael Scott (or The Scot!)* To English readers he is known as an object, half of wonder half of awe, by the well-known episode in the “*Lay of the Last Minstrel*,” in which he appears as the former master of that gloomy Monk of Melrose to whom William of Deloraine is despatched on a mysterious mission by the Lady of Branksome. It would be difficult to find a more vivid and perhaps a more exact embodiment of the popular notions regarding Michael Scott which pervade the ballads and romances of the later middle age than is interwoven into his namesake’s poem.

Even after the long interval of years which has passed, the Monk of Melrose still speaks of his master with unconcealed fear and awe:—

“In these far climes it was my lot
To meet the wizard Michael Scott;—
A wizard of such dreaded fame,
That if, in Salamanca’s cave,
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dâme.”

The Monk proceeds to describe the dread teaching which he had received at the hands of Michael Scott—

“Some of his skill he taught to me,
And, Warrior, I could say to thee
The words that cleft Eildon hills in three,
And bridled the Eske with a curb of stone;
But to speak them were a deadly sin;
And for having but thought them my heart within
A treble penance must be done.”

The picture of Michael Scott presented in Sir Walter’s pages may be regarded as sketched from the popular contemporary notion of his character. His legendary fame as a magician and wonder-worker was widely diffused, and there are numberless allusions in the lighter writers of the fifteenth century to his magical arts and marvellous performances. One of the least questionable of his powers—that of passing and causing others to pass through space at will—is referred to by the Monk of Melrose, whom the wizard, when in his last hour, summoned from Spain to his dying bed, and carried over half Europe in a single day—

“When Michael lay on his dying bed,
His conscience was awakened,
He bethought him of his sinful deed,
And he gave me a sign to come with speed;
I was in Spain when the morning rose,
I stood by his bed ere the evening close.”

* *Michael Scotus*; Scotus being, I need hardly say, the Gentile name derived from *Scotia*, which had originally applied exclusively to Ireland, but at the time to which I refer was used both of Ireland and of Scotland.

But darker arts are also as freely imputed to him in the ancient ballads and romances. Dean Milman quotes a macaronic distich :

“Ecce idem Scottus, qui stando sub arboris umbra
Quattuor inde vocat magna cum voce Diablos ;”

and the popular mediæval notion regarding Scott, and that which is embodied in the lighter records of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is of one who during life was a necromancer and magician, and who continued to the end devoted to the same dark and unlawful arts. The Monk of Melrose assures Deloraine with trembling lips that—

“The words may not again be said
That he spoke upon his dying bed ;
They would rend the Abbey's mighty nave,
And pile it in heaps on the Wizard's grave.”

And although he himself sought so to guard the tomb of his dead master by prayers and sacred emblems,

“That his patron's cross might over him wave,
And scare the fiends from the Wizard's grave ;”

yet there is an ominous significance of nameless evil in his description of the accompaniments of the Wizard's burial:—

“It was a night of woe and dread,
When Michael in the tomb was laid ;
Strange sounds along the chancel past,
And the banners waved without a blast.”

In the vulgar legend the same mysterious influence is found continuing to haunt the tomb in after ages ; and the popular view of Michael Scott, if drawn from the ballad or romance of his own and the succeeding ages, presents him as during life one of the most dreaded of magicians, and after death as in some mysterious manner carrying the same dread power beyond the grave. Accordingly, Dante, in the *Inferno*, places him among the diviners and necromancers in the fourth abyss, as one

“ Chi veramente
Delle magiche frode seppe il giuoco.”

Now, returning to the strange historical anomaly under discussion, how are we to account for the fact that this master of magic art and hero of cabalistic legend turns out after all to have been a reverend churchman and dignitary, and the recipient of rich and influential preferment ; that he was the favoured friend of two successive Popes ; that he was actually appointed by one of them, Honorius III., to an archiepiscopal see in Ireland ; and that it is simply owing to his own humility and conscientious reluctance to

undertake a responsibility which he felt himself unfitted to discharge, that the name of the wizard, Michael Scott, does not stand in the venerable roll of our own archbishops of Cashel?

I need not say that my object in drawing attention to this singular circumstance is something higher than the desire to amuse the reader with a mere "curiosity of history." The case presents many circumstances of more than common interest, and is well worth investigating for its own sake.

Michael Scott, like his fellow-philosopher and congenial spirit, Roger Bacon, has two distinct characters: the legendary and the historical; and in his case, as in that of even more prominent personages in mediæval history, the distinctive characteristics of two ideals are united in the most incongruous and indeed most grotesque association. It is with him as with the legendary and the historical Charlemagne, or with the Barbarossa of the chronicler, and the Barbarossa of the minnesinger. Some justice has been done to the true memory of Roger Bacon by modern scholars, especially in laying open the stores of genius and learning contained in the remarkable works from his pen, published in the "*Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages.*"

It may be worth while, in the same sense, to say a few words, with a view to place in a better light a memory less brilliant than that of Roger Bacon, but yet deserving of no mean place in the same departments of knowledge.

The truth is that our ancestors, while the belief in sorcery and witchcraft still prevailed, were very free in imputing to persons of high reputation for unusual studies the practice of the unlawful arts. Every one knows how, in the case already referred to, this reputation arose around the most brilliant as well as most profound scholar of his age, Roger Bacon—a man scarcely inferior in genius, and far superior in moral qualities, to his namesake of Verulam—and how fatally and obstinately it clung to his person during life, and to his memory after death. It was the same for Albert the Great, whose name continued down to our own time to be associated in the popular chap-books of astrology and divination, with all the higher mysteries of the craft. Even the catalogue of the Popes themselves furnishes more than one adept to the popular roll of necromancers and magicians. Not to speak of the learned pontiffs, Sylvester II. (Gerbert), and Pius II. (Æneas Sylvius); even in the case of the great Pope, St. Boniface VIII., this formed one of the articles of the charge against him, which was made the subject of judicial investigation.

It would appear, indeed, that few of those who devoted themselves to Oriental studies—to Hebrew or Arabic—could escape without suspicion. With the former study were connected not only all the malignant associations inseparable from the detested Hebrew nationality itself, but also the dread inspired by the hidden mysteries of the Cabbala, which in those days was the synonym of

the Black Art itself. The latter drew after it all the dark associations involved, especially after the Moorish triumph in Spain, in the popular conception of the Mahommedan superstition, and all the unholy influences which were supposed to animate its followers. Under both these heads Michael Scott presented to the vulgar mind of his age a reputation in the highest degree open to attack. I shall not attempt formally to discuss the question as to his nationality or the immediate place of his birth, which has been the subject of considerable controversy. Tiraboschi thinks he was a native of Italy: others claim him as a Spaniard. The name, however, would in itself suffice to identify him as a native of either of the countries known in that age by the name of Scotia, Ireland, or Scotland, properly so called, and there is little reason to doubt that he was born in Scotland. Sir Walter Scott claims him as a native of Balwearie, in Fife. He was born, probably, towards the end of the twelfth century. It is certain, however, that his early life was spent out of Scotland. According to Bale, he studied at Oxford and Paris, and obtained the degree of doctor of divinity, probably at the latter university. About 1220 he went to Germany, where he is found as one of the band of students and scholars attached to the service of the Emperor Frederic II., and where much of his learned work was done. On the death of Frederic, Scott returned to England, where he enjoyed the favour of Henry III. and his successor, the first Edward. The year as well as the place of his death has been a subject of controversy; but according to the generally received tradition, he was buried in the Abbey of Melrose, and the mysterious incidents of William of Deloraine's midnight visit to the grave, worked up into a tale of wonder in the "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*," are but the echos of the popular legend, which survived down to the last generation.

In addition to his fame as an Orientalist, Michael Scott offered another provocation to the vulgar suspicion. His works related almost exclusively to subjects of mathematical and physical science. He was one, if not the chief, of the "*eminent men*" (*viri lecti*) by whom was executed, under the patronage of Frederic, the Latin translation of Aristotle's philosophical works, "partly from the Greek, partly from the Arabic," which was published at Venice in 1496. Several original treatises—"On the Sphere," on the "Nature of the Sun and the Moon," and on various subjects of natural history—attributed to him, were published in the beginning of the sixteenth century, either separately or in the various collections of the time; and they are represented as displaying lights and habits of inquiry quite in advance of what is popularly regarded as the spirit of his age.

Thus, Michael's philosophical pursuits, as well as his general studies, were precisely those which might best give a colour to the vulgar prejudice which represented him as a magician. He was a skilled Orientalist, and especially familiar with Arabic—the mother

tongue of the dreaded Moorish enchanters. He was a cultivator of this Arabian philosophy, which even in the schools was an object of suspicion. He pursued, it is supposed at the charge of Frederic, a regular series of observations of the sun and stars, which, however purely scientific in itself, had no other purpose in vulgar estimation than as a key to the secrets of judicial astrology. And finally, the evil reputation of his patron, Frederic himself, must have had a great influence in determining the direction of the popular estimate of the studies of Michael Scott.

Dean Milman renders a tribute to the enlightened liberality of the Popes of the thirteenth century, which rose superior to this vulgar prejudice, and recognised the true intellectual position of this great scholar. In repeated communications from the Holy See to England during two successive Pontificates, that of Honorius III. (1216-1227), and that of Gregory IX. (1227-1241), Michael Scott is mentioned with high commendation of his learning. On the 16th January, in the 8th year of Honorius's Pontificate (1223), the Pope directs the Archbishop of Canterbury (who was no other than the celebrated Stephen Langton), to give a benefice to Michael in consideration of his singular eminence in knowledge among the scholars of his day (*quod inter literatos dono vigeat scientiæ singulari*), and in the same year is found recorded a Papal dispensation, enabling him, for the same reason, to hold a plurality of benefices.

But Honorius's favour to him did not stop here. In the same year Michael was presented by the chapter of the Archbishopric of Cashel to that see, which was vacant at this time, and for which the Pope had refused to confirm the candidate who had been presented by the chapter in the first instance. The Pope confirmed the election of the chapter, and moreover marked his approval of it by a special manifestation of his favour, Michael Scott being permitted to retain his other benefices in conjunction with the see.

So far, therefore, we find the appointment of the "Wizard Archbishop" an "accomplished fact." But the "Caprice of History" stops here. Although nominated and elected, the "Wizard" never actually became an archbishop. If the reader will turn to "Ware's Catalogue of Archbishops of Cashel,"* at the year 1223, he will find the name of Marianus O'Brien as translated to Cashel in that year from the see of Cork; and in Theiner's "Vetera Monumenta Hibernorum et Scotorum," the circumstances of his succession are fully explained. It appears from the brief of Honorius to the new archbishop, Marianus O'Brien, there printed,† that O'Brien had been previously postulated for as archbishop, but that the Pope had set the postulation aside, not from any personal objection to Marianus, but because of some irregularity in the

* Ware's Bishops, p. 471.

† Vetera Monumenta Hibernorum et Scotorum, p. 23.

procedure. The canonical right of nomination having thus lapsed, Michael Scott was directly named by the Pope himself, but being ignorant of the language of the country, he declined to undertake the responsibility. From the reason alleged for his refusal, it may be at once inferred that in Michael Scott's case the name Scotus is to be understood not in the sense of a native of Ireland, like John Duns Scotus, but of the kingdom still known under that name.

On Michael Scott's resignation of the preferment, it would seem from the Pope's letter that a new postulation for the see was sent forward; but this also proved irregular and inadmissible, and Honorius returned to the original postulation, which, although irregular in point of form, was in substance unobjectionable, and appointed Marianus O'Brien to the see, which he continued to hold for about fourteen years.

It is interesting to find that Michael Scott did not forfeit the favour of the See of Rome by thus declining the offered preferment. The successor of Honorius, Gregory IX., continued to bestow his patronage upon him. Dean Milman refers to a letter of this pontiff to the Archbishop of Canterbury urging Michael's claims to a benefice; and this letter may be cited as a significant commentary on the black picture, unredeemed by a single light, drawn by historians of the Robertson and Hallam school, of the literary and social condition of the Dark Ages. Michael Scott, in the very midnight of this age of darkness, is commended by the head of the mediæval Church himself to the patronage of his archbishop, not for those "external observances," that "stereotyped formalism," that "empty superstition," which these writers represent to have been the essence of the mediæval religion, but for a degree of learning and culture which might be not unworthy of honour even amid the pretentious scholarship of our own self-satisfied age; "because, not content with a knowledge of the Latin language, he devoted himself laboriously and successfully to the study of Hebrew and Arabic, and thus, while thoroughly learned in each, he was distinguished by an agreeable combination of various and diversified attainments."

C. W. R.

NORAH'S LILIES.

"NORAH, little Norah ! whither art thou hieing ?"
Keep the sad voices of the winds calling eerily.
"Aha ! for the water, for the blue shining water !"
Rings out the answer from her glad heart cheerily.

Still snatching wildly at her curly brown locks streaming—
"Linger on the heath awhile and revel with us merrily !"
"Hie ! for the lilies, for the white floating lilies !"
Leaping from the clinging of their light hands airily:

"Tarry, little maiden, the waxen cups come drifting"—
Dragging in terror at her light flowing drapery.
"Oh ! they are for Mary, and the dawn-star is fading,
Morn is breaking o'er the hills, pallid and vapoury."

"Tarry, little Norah ! thou'lt drown unless thou tarry !
We will blow the flowers, so thou may'st grasp them easily !"
"They must be on the altar at Mary's feet ere sunrise,"
Stretching o'er the margin of the lake curling breezily.

Rest thee, little maiden, thou art drifting 'mid the lilies,
Down among the lilies with thy dead eyes closed dreamily,
Clasping to thy bosom all the snowy waxen blossoms,
While upon thy pallid face the sun smiles beamily.

"Norah, little Norah ! it is sunrise on the mountains !"
Wail the sad voices of the winds calling drearily ;
"Mary wears the lilies in her diadem in Heaven,"
Weird Echo answers, through the mist falling eerily.

R. M.

A CITIZEN SAINT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EUGENE O'CURRY."

II.

"Grande cittadino, grande anima, scrittore grande."

FORTUNATELY for S. Catherine she had that "cell of the soul" to which she could retire amidst the pressure of varying circumstances, and the throng of people of every condition and degree by which she was surrounded. To this is due the outward serenity and the interior peace which she maintained throughout a life of constant agitation, grave anxieties, and extraordinary responsibility. We hardly ever find her alone. Even when she is engaged in prayer we see people standing not far off, waiting to take her to some quarter of the city where there is trouble to be relieved, or to carry her away to a distant part of the territory to end a feud between rival families, or to reconcile a hostile faction to the state. Within the wider circle of citizenship there was the nearer circle of friendship and discipleship; so that if the Sienese as a body did not on all occasions claim her services, she would still have had enough to do with the men and women who formed her spiritual family, ruled their lives by her counsel, and were never satisfied to be separated from her. Naturally many of her most ardent disciples as well as her dearest friends were among the Mantellate of S. Dominick. As we have had already occasion to mention, these members of the Third Order did not live in community, but continued to reside with their parents or their children as the case might be; and were free to accompany Catherine in the many journeys she had to make into the country parts of the territory, to other Tuscan cities, and to far distant countries. Family ties appear to have been in no way loosened when the Sisters of Penance were clothed in the habit of the order. On the contrary, each member, without shuffling off her own domestic cares, shared the anxieties of the rest. Catherine's clear head, helpful hand, and efficacious prayers were relied on in every emergency; and occasions were not few: for many of the Mantellate belonged to the class of the *nobili*, who were constantly under a cloud of suspicion, or were actually in strife with the democratic party in the republic.

The Sister with whom S. Catherine was most closely united in friendship was Monna Alessia, the youthful widow of one of the Saracini family, a man of rank and education. Alessia became so much attached to Catherine Benincasa that she left her own

residence and took a house at Fonte Branda. She lived with her father-in-law and her mother; spent her fortune in helping the poor; kept very close to her friend; and, desiring to wear the same habit, soon became enrolled among the Mantellate. Catherine used to spend days and weeks and months with Alessia. One day the latter saw as she stood at the window two criminals led through the streets to execution, and heard them blaspheming as they passed. Moved with compassion she called to Catherine to come and see the unfortunate men, who were tied to a stake on a cart while the executioners tortured them with red hot pincers. She saw them—turned away—and retired to pray. When the procession arrived at the city gate an extraordinary change came over the bandits. They thought the Saviour met them there all covered with wounds and blood, and exhorted them to confess their sins and be converted. Suddenly their imprecations ceased; they asked the priests, whose ministrations they had obstinately refused, to help them; humbly acknowledged their crimes, and thanked God aloud for having showed them mercy. The spectators were astonished; and the executioners, marvelling at what they saw and heard, could not bear to torture the criminals any more. Some who knew Catherine intimately felt convinced that so singular a conversion must have been due to her intercession; and having gone to ask Alessia whether the saint had been concerned for those men, ascertained that she had wrestled, so to speak, with God for the poor sinners, and that at the very moment the long constraining prayer was ended, they had given up their souls in peace.

On another occasion Catherine remained a long time in the same house for the sake of Alessia's father-in-law, Francesco Saracini, an old gentleman of eighty years who had only been once at confession in his life, had never received Holy Communion, and was still full of the outrageous fury and vengeful spirit of the time. Alessia had often, but without effect, besought him to give up his enmities and be reconciled to God. At last the thought struck her that if Catherine would come and stay with her some impression might be made during the long winter evenings by the conversation of her friend. She was not mistaken; for though the old gentleman at first made a jest of the good counsels of the saint, he was in the end attracted and persuaded by her touching eloquence. One day he told her that he was resolved to make his peace with God; but at the same time acknowledged that he entertained so great a hatred for a certain prior that he was daily on the watch for an opportunity to take his life. However, after Catherine had reasoned with him he said he would do whatever she recommended. "I wish then," she said, "that for the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, and that you may be pardoned yourself, you would go and be reconciled with the prior." Francesco rose early next morning, and taking a falcon of which he was very fond, went to

the church to seek the prior; who, seeing his enemy approach took to flight. The old gentleman sent a priest to say that no injury was intended; that on the contrary Saracini was the bearer of good news. Whereupon the prior understanding that his enemy was unarmed, and taking with him a number of persons for greater security, consented to an interview. Francesco then told the prior how the grace of God had touched his heart; and offered the falcon as a pledge of peace. Returning to Catherine he told her what he had done, and said he would obey her again if she had any thing more to command. She then advised him to go to confession to one of the Frati whom she named; and this he did. But the confessor being at a loss what work of satisfaction to assign a man of his great age, who was moreover far from rich, gave him some trifling penance, desiring him to return to her who sent him and do whatever she should tell him. For some time after this the old man was to be seen every morning at early dawn taking his way in silence to the Duomo, and reciting a hundred *Pater* and a hundred *Ave*, keeping the reckoning by means of a cord with a hundred knots which the saint had given him for that purpose.

Whenever it happened that Alessia did not accompany her friend on a journey, she felt the separation very sensibly, and appears to have had no hesitation in saying so. The saint would then have to write; rebuking her for cherishing too strong an attachment, and counselling her to raise her thoughts to a higher standard of renunciation. This lesson, which is given with great tenderness and force in the letters to Alessia, is also inculcated in a most impressive manner in a letter written to two other Sisters who remained in Siena during the temporary absence of Catherine at the Castle of the Salembeni. "Love and obedience," the saint writes, "have power to free us from our troubles and to dissipate the darkness that overshadows us; for obedience destroys the very root of our troubles, namely, our own perverse will, which is literally annihilated in the virtue of true and holy obedience. The darkness that obscures the spirit is dispelled by charity and union with God; for He is love indeed and light eternal. No one who takes this light as a guide need fear to wander from the right road. And, therefore, most dear daughters, it is my desire, since the necessity is so great, that you should learn to renounce your own will and take this light for your guide. And this I well remember is the doctrine I have always taught you, though it seems to have made but a slight impression. Do now, I beseech you, what you have hitherto neglected; otherwise I, who am truly deserving of every punishment, shall be grieved exceedingly. For the honour of God we have now to do what the holy apostles did when, having received the Holy Ghost, they were separated one from another and taken from their sweet mother Mary. Well may

we indeed believe that their delight would have been to remain together ; and yet they gave up their own will, seeking the honour of God and the salvation of souls. And though Mary was taken from them they did not for that suppose that she ceased to love them or that they should ever be forgotten. Let this be the rule we take for ourselves. I know very well that my presence is a source of great comfort to you ; nevertheless in the spirit of true obedience you must renounce your own consolation for God's sake and for the good of souls, and not listen to the suggestions of the devil, seeking to persuade you that you are deprived of the affection. I have for your body and soul. Otherwise there would be no true love in you. And of this be very sure that I love you for God alone. Why then should you be unreasonably afflicted about what must necessarily be done ? Oh ! how are we ever to accomplish great things if we thus fall short on slight occasions ! God separates us, or lets us stay together, according as circumstances require. Our dear Saviour wishes and permits that we should part from one another for his honour. Take courage then, my children ; begin to sacrifice your own will to God ; and do not always be looking for the food of infants when you should rather have strong teeth to eat hard and even bitter bread, if need should be."

In a letter to Alessia, and alluding to the trials she has herself to endure in the place she is staying at, Catherine expresses her readiness, nay, even her desire, to suffer if it should be God's good pleasure still further to afflict her. She will have sorrows for meat, and tears for drink, and the sweat of labour for refreshment. Troubles will cure her, and pain will make her strong. Let suffering then be a light to her steps, and trials clothe her as a garment, when she shall have been freed from every vestige of self-love, spiritual and temporal. "The pain I have endured," she says, "from seeing myself deprived of every human consolation has shown me how destitute I am of real strength and virtue. Therefore, most dear daughter, I entreat you for the love of Jesus crucified not to cease praying, but on the contrary to redouble your supplications in my behalf ; for I have much greater need of your help than you can imagine. And give thanks to God for me also. And beg of Him that I may have grace to lay down my life for Him ; and that if it please Him he will deliver me from the burden of this body ; for indeed this life of mine is little use to any one : rather is an incumbrance and offence to every one here and elsewhere by reason of my sins. May God in his mercy deliver me from my many faults ; grant me during the short time I have to remain in the world to be enflamed with the love of virtue ; and give me strength to offer Him, while I suffer, longing and ardent and painful desires for the salvation of all men and for the reformation of the holy Church. Rejoice, rejoice in the cross with me ; for the

cross is a couch on which the spirit finds repose; a table where the soul partakes of the food and fruit of patience, with great peace and unalterable calm."

Alessia was not the only member of the noble Saracini family among the Sisters of Penance at that time; there was also Francesca, the widow of Clemente Gori, who devoted herself to works of charity, and whose four children in the course of time entered the Dominican Order. One of her friends speaking of Francesca, says, "her soul was tenderly united to God and to blessed Catherine:" a not unusual term of expression in the memoirs before us; for we constantly find it said that such a one was "a most pious man and greatly devoted to the saint;" or that such another was "most faithful to God and the Church, and strongly attached to Catherine." Francesca, or "Cecca," as she is generally called in the letters, was rarely separated from Catherine. Lisa di Colombini, the widow of Catherine's brother, Bartolo, was likewise constantly in the same company; and so, also, were another Catherine, the daughter of Schetto of Siena, a second Francesca, and a certain Giovanna Pazza. These devoted friends and inseparable companions often acted the part of amanuenses to Catherine. The familiar letters were dictated to them, and we not unfrequently trace the secretary's hand when in the concluding paragraph of the missive she sends a friendly greeting to the correspondent, bringing in her own name in a playful, disparaging way. That "foolish creature Cecca," or "Cecca who is always losing her time," desires to be remembered a thousand times. That "stupid Catherine" sends some other message. "Alessia wonders much that you have never written to her;" or that "negligent Alessia would greatly like to be folded in this letter and sent to you." Generally all who are of the family for the moment are mentioned together—"Monna Lisa, Francesco, ed io;" or "Alessia, ed io, e Cecca," as the case might be, send an affectionate greeting or a pious remembrance to the absent friend.

Thus we seldom see the saint except surrounded by her companions; nor do we often find her on her journeys or engaged in any serious work without one or more of the Frati di San Domenico being of the company. The Friar Preachers, as we have said, were the spiritual directors of the community to which S. Catherine belonged, and they had always been on intimate terms with the Benincasa family. Moreover, the presence of a priest was often required in the affairs that she was concerned about; while her assistance was constantly important to the Dominicans in their labours among the people. Catherine's confessor till her twenty-fourth year, was Father Thomas della Fonte, already mentioned as the orphan youth who had been brought up in her father's house. He was afterwards more intimately connected with the family by the marriage of one of his relatives with Catherine's sister, Niccoluccia. He was a man of great piety, but was

not considered so learned as many of the other Frati. We have a few very graceful letters addressed by Catherine to Father Thomas.

Another of the Friar Preachers, Thomas di Siena, when quite young became acquainted with the family, and always continued closely allied in friendship with Catherine. He has left an interesting account of the saint to which we are indebted for many of the little traits that enable us to realise in some degree the impression she made on those who happened to be brought into relationship with her. For instance he lets us see that she was never idle; that when not actually in prayer or performing some work of charity, she was either instructing her neighbours or dictating letters to her secretaries. He describes how courteous, kindly, and even gladsome her manner always was; and speaks of her delight in singing sacred canticles, and of her singular love for flowers, which she used to arrange with great skill in bouquets, in the shape of coronets or crosses to decorate the altars with, or give as a remembrance of the love of God to Father Thomas or some other friend.

Father Bartholomew Dominici, who also knew the saint long and intimately, has left a memoir which strongly supports Father Thomas's testimony. He, too, speaks of Catherine's patience and cheerfulness. No matter how acute her sufferings were he never saw even a shade of melancholy cross her face. Her conversation, he says, charmed every one. The people surprised at her learning and eloquence supposed that the Friar Preachers must have taught her what she knew; but Father Bartholomew says that it was quite the contrary in fact: that it was Catherine who instructed the Frati. In this again he only supplements the testimony of Father Thomas, who says it would be impossible to describe the effect her example and her exhortations produced among the Friar Preachers. Father Bartholomew, who was at one time her confessor, had unbounded confidence in the power of Catherine's intercession. When away from Siena, if any trouble befel him, he could not help mentally invoking her assistance. On one very distressing occasion, he records his belief that she actually became aware of his great need and obtained him succour. He was not the only one of S. Catherine's spiritual family who made the same appeal under similar circumstances and was alike befriended. Father Bartholomew's disposition was singularly affectionate; but he appears to have been often much tormented with scruples. We see this clearly in the letters written to him by Catherine, when he was called from Siena to preach at Asciano, lecture at Pisa, or profess theology at Florence. "Put away," she writes, "every uneasy thought that stops you in your course, and take other people's opinion rather than your own. And if the devil should strive to disturb your conscience tell him that he will have to answer to me for that as well as for many other

things besides ; for a mother, you know, must be responsible for her child." And again : "I have received your letter and understand what you say concerning the doubt you have. Before long, please God, we shall be able to talk the matter over together. I am quite convinced that Divine Providence will not allow your labours to be fruitless ; you shall have the fruit without knowing how, and in virtue of profound humility. I wish you to go on, and with all tenderness entreat you as a son ; and I, your poor, unworthy mother, will offer you and keep you in the presence of our Father, the everlasting God. And if ever I was anxious about your soul I am certainly more so than ever this day. You were able to perceive this at Easter : and now we have the Easter every day. Therefore you can never be left without me, for I am always near you in holy desires." When he expresses anxiety to have her come to Asciano to help in some affair, she answers that she would gladly do so if God permitted it, either for His honour or for the father's satisfaction or her own. which would be very great. But she tells him the weather has been very rainy, and she has been so ill for more than ten days that it was as much as she could do to get to the church on Sunday. And in the same letter she says, "put all your strength into everything you have to do ; chase away the darkness and attain to light ; not dwelling upon our human weakness, but remembering that in Christ crucified you can do all things. And I shall never leave you, but will stand beside you by means of that unseen vision which the Holy Spirit can bestow."

But the Dominican father who was most intimately, and for the longest time, associated with the saint, was Blessed Raymond of Capua ; a man of high rank, of the noble race of the Delle Vigna, and descended from Pier delle Vigna ; the chancellor of the Emperor Frederick II. Having been for four years director of a convent of Dominican nuns at Montepulciano, he was sent to profess theology in Siena in 1373. Doubtless he had already known the saint by reputation. He cannot but have heard of her from Father Thomas and another of the Frati of San Domenico, who not very long before were overtaken by robbers on the road between Siena and Montepulciano. There was no convent of the order in the latter city, and Father Raymond having but one companion with him was always delighted to receive a visit from any of his friends from the neighbouring convents. The two Frati had set out to visit Father Raymond, and as Father Thomas could not remain long away from Catherine, they had taken horses which had been lent to them for the journey. They had been imprudent enough to stop to rest at an inn ; and the people of the place seeing they were alone and unarmed, conceived the design of robbing them ; went on before them ; and, when the travellers arrived at a lonesome part of the road, robbed them and dragged them into the forest with the intention of murdering them, so as to

leave no traces of the crime. The friars had appealed in vain to the compassion of the brigands, when Father Thomas, remembering the saint his penitent, began to pray to her, saying : " O Catherine, meek and devoted servant of God, help us in this peril." Suddenly the robber who was nearest to Father Thomas, and appeared to have been charged to kill him, turned to the rest and said : " Why should we kill these poor friars who never did us any harm ? It would be a dreadful crime ! Let us release them ; they are good-hearted men and will not betray us." The rest agreed at once, and restoring to the friars their garments and horses, and all that had been taken except a small sum of money, set them on the road to Montepulciano, where they arrived the same day, and related their adventures to Father Raymond.

When settled in the convent of San Domenico Father Raymond became acquainted with Catherine, who believed that he had been specially given to her as confessor by the Blessed Virgin. He was himself particularly devout to Mary, and has left among his works a treatise on the Magnificat. In Catherine's letters to Father Raymond we see more frequently invoked than in other parts of her correspondence "*quella dolce madre Maria.*" He soon felt the attraction and strengthening influence of her sanctity ; and at the same time that he was her spiritual father he was thankful to God to be counted among her disciples, and allowed to be much domesticated with her. He always addressed her as "Mother," and entertained the strongest affection for her : "*molto e santamente la amasse.*" The plague which raged in Siena during three years, and carried off the Podesta and his son, six judges, and a third of the population, was at its height when Father Raymond came to San Domenico. All who could leave the city had fled away, and he was dismayed by the horror and desolation that reigned around. But Catherine, who with several of the Sisters succoured the plague-stricken people, taught him that we should love our neighbour's soul more than our own body ; and, astonished at her devotion, and stimulated by her example, he resolved to sacrifice his life to the care of the sick and dying. He found himself almost alone in this work, and hardly allowed himself time to eat or sleep. One day he was seized with the terrible symptoms which he well knew foreboded an attack of the fatal disease, and he thought his own summons had come. With difficulty he dragged himself to Catherine's house. She was out attending a sick person, and before she could be found and told of his condition he had become so ill that he was obliged to lie down. Returning and seeing him in such suffering she knelt beside him, and placing her hand on his forehead began to pray interiorly, as was her wont ; while he, seeing her enter into an ecstasy, began to hope he should obtain some great good for soul or body. After an hour and a half Catherine rose up from her prayer, gave him some nourishment with her own hand, and desired him to sleep a little. When he

awoke the pains had left him and he felt as well as if nothing had happened. "Now go," said Catherine to him, "and labour for the salvation of souls, and render thanks to the Omnipotent Lord who has delivered you from this danger."

By this time Catherine's fame had spread far beyond the walls of Siena, and when the plague had ceased the people began to come in crowds to hear her and to see her. Pope Gregory XI. hearing of the great influence she exercised and the number of conversions effected by her means, desired her to go through the country parts of the republic, and gave Father Raymond and two other priests the powers reserved to bishops for absolving all who went to Catherine, and afterwards confessed their sins. Father Raymond says he often saw more than a thousand men and women hastening to her from the mountains and the surrounding country. She could not possibly speak to them all; but such a light of sanctity shone in her countenance that her presence sufficed to convert them. The multitude was so great the confessors were sometimes discouraged and often exhausted with fatigue, as they frequently had to remain fasting until evening. But Catherine, always telling the Sisters to take good care of the Frati, never interrupted her prayer and never seemed to grow tired. Her joy was indescribable; and her companions seeing it were consoled and encouraged to bear the labour and fatigue they had to go through.

Meanwhile Catherine, attended by some of the Sisters and accompanied by one or more of the Frati, had frequently to visit the towns, convents, or castles of the territory under somewhat different circumstances. Though her object was always some great good, such as the arrangement of important business, the reconciliation of enemies, if not actually the saving of souls, the rulers of the republic were not invariably satisfied to have her absent from the city; they were even at times uneasy until they had her back again. This was particularly the case whenever she remained for a considerable time, as not unfrequently happened, at the Rocca di Tentinnano, the castle of the Salembeni, which was situated in the beautiful valley of the Orcia, about twenty-three miles from Siena. Here in the fortress castle of the patrician family dwelt great friends of the saint: the Countess Bianchina; her son Giovanni d'Agnolino Salembeni, a man remarkable for courage and capacity: his sisters and children. Agnolino's grandfather who had been captain of the Orvietani, was considered one of the richest men in Italy; and his father, Giovanni, Councillor of Charles IV., had splendidly entertained at his house the emperor and all his court. The connections of the Salembeni were influential in Italy, and they headed the nobles in Siena, though they were not always at peace with the other aristocratic families of the republic, any more than with the popular party when at the head

of affairs. Much of their own blood as well as that of their rivals was spilled in contests with the Tolemei: and many of them perished in war with the republic itself. A frightful occurrence had shortly before taken place in the city, when one of the family who had been guilty of an atrocious murder having been spared by the too timorous senator whose office it was to pronounce sentence on the offender, the *popolani* revolted, and taking the sword of justice into their own hand, beheaded Salembeni in the piazza.

These events did not sweeten the relations between the parties. The citizens did not like Catherine's visits to La Rocca, and dreaded that she might take the part of the Salembeni against the republic. Even when she went there to endeavour to settle the disputes between the popular party and that powerful family the governors seem to have been unable to control their apprehensions. Catherine's position on such occasions cannot have been either easy or agreeable; and accordingly in her letters from La Rocca we find allusions to many trials and difficulties. She says in one place that they are living in the midst of brigands: in another, that they are surrounded by incarnate demons; or she speaks of herself as dwelling in the island of La Rocca beaten by all the winds. Of course she was not left, even at the worst, without her consolations, any more than without her friends. On one occasion there were with her Father Raymond, Father Thomas della Fonte, Lisa and another Sister. Alessia was of the company another time. As usual the people of the surrounding country would come to claim a share in Catherine's interest and charity. She would heal and comfort them; and the Frati would have enough to do ministering to their spiritual wants. Once it happened that while Catherine and her friends were thus occupied at La Rocca she received a letter from one of her correspondents, Salvi, the son of Messer Pietro goldsmith in Siena, informing her of the uneasiness her absence created, and of the suspicions excited against Father Raymond, and urging her to return to the city without delay.

This message provoked a characteristic reply. After speaking of the inutility of faith without works, and of the impossibility of coming to the Father except by following the footsteps of the Son whose path was strewn with briars and thorns, S. Catherine tells Salvi that she believes it to be the will of God she should remain where she is. She had felt some anxiety lest she might displease Almighty God by staying when she and Father Raymond were the object of such complaints and suspicions; but divine Truth had given her to understand that she should keep her place at the table of the holy cross in the midst of sufferings and murmurs, seeking the honour of God and the good of souls. The people here were entrusted to her hands that she might snatch them from the grasp of the evil one and reconcile them to God and to one

another. She must continue as she had begun; convinced that all this mischievous interference was the work of the devil. "I shall therefore do all I possibly can," she continues, "for the honour of God, the good of souls, and the welfare of our city; even though the task may be but indifferently accomplished after all. And it is a delight to me to follow the footsteps of my Creator, and receive evil for good; to seek the honour of others and be put to shame myself; to be ready to sacrifice my life for those who would willingly compass my death. For what they call death is life to us; and their contempt we account as glory. The disgrace remains with him who does the evil deed. Where there is no sin there is no shame nor dread of punishment. My trust is in *Domino nostro Jesu Christo*, and not in men. I shall go on therefore; and if they insult and persecute me I will answer with tears and ceaseless prayers for them as long as the grace of God remains with me. And whether the devil likes it or likes it not I shall devote my life to the honour of God and the salvation of souls and to doing good to the whole world, but most of all to my own city. And what a shame it is for the citizens of Siena to think, or for a moment imagine, that we could be employed hatching conspiracies in the territory of the Salembeni or anywhere else in the world! They suspect the servants of God, and seem to entertain no distrust of the wicked; but they prophesy aright unknown to themselves. They prophesy after the manner of Caiaphas when he said that one man should die that the people might not perish. He knew not what he was saying, but the Holy Ghost knew well and spoke by his mouth. Just in the same way my citizens think that I and those who are with me hatch conspiracies; and they say what is true without understanding the meaning of their words. They are prophets in their way. For the only object I and those who are with me have at heart is to discomfit the devil, and deprive him of the power he has acquired over human beings by mortal sin. I want to take hatred out of the hearts of men and reconcile them with Christ crucified and with one another. These are the plots we are engaged in, and these are the things I desire to see those who are with me busy about. All that I have to complain of is that we are not working heartily enough; we are getting on too slowly. And you, my dear son, I beg that you and the others will pray to God that I may be full of zeal for this work and for all that may contribute to the honour of God and the good of souls. I must conclude now, though I could say a great deal more. The true disciple of Christ is not he who says: *Lord! Lord!* but he who follows in His footsteps. Tell Francesco to be of good courage in Jesus Christ. Father Raymond, poor calumniated man, begs you will pray for him that he may do everything that is right and have the gift of patience."

It was no trifling matter to incur the jealousy or displeasure of republican rulers in those days. Nicolo Tuldo, as we have seen,

fared badly in consequence of incautious words ; and we find that another gentleman was sentenced to death because, having given an entertainment in his house outside the city, he had not invited the Reformers. In this, however, the Sienese were not worse than the Venetians. The former beheaded the suspected ; the latter drowned them. At any rate it is no wonder that Catherine's friends were anxious for her return whenever the Defenders of the people showed symptoms of uneasiness. Sometimes the troubled magistrates wrote to the saint themselves. On one occasion while she was staying at Montepulciano they sent her a letter asking her to hasten her return, and saying that she was wanted to settle some dispute. In her reply she exhorts them to be true and manly rulers of the city that belongs to them : that is to say of their own soul ; and likewise of the earthly city confided to their care : the State which they should govern according to the laws and customs of the country. She warns them of the evil of self-seeking, and desires them to beware of servile fear. When a man's conscience is obscured by sin he knows neither God nor himself. He is not in a position to govern others with justice, to punish the guilty with discrimination, or effectually protect the innocent. And then she continues : " This servile fear and culpable self-seeking it was, my dear brothers, which caused the death of Christ. Pilate was blinded by the fear of losing his power—he could not see the truth, and murdered Christ. But not for that did he save himself from what he dreaded ; for when the time came that it pleased God (not that God was pleased with his sin), he lost his soul and his body and the signoria. And indeed it appears to me that the world is full of such Pilates, who in their cowardly blindness pursue the servants of God, hurling stones at them, and following them with insults, injurious words, and persecutions." Farther on she says : " Act so that when the account shall be demanded you may be able to surrender your trust without danger of eternal death. I wish, therefore, that you would regulate your conduct with a true and holy fear. And I must tell you that the men of the world have no possible way of preserving their spiritual goods and their temporal possessions except by leading a virtuous life ; for nothing causes their destruction but their own faults and vices. Remove the evil and the fear will cease ; and you will then be full of courage and strength, and not afraid of your own shadow. I shall say no more, only beg you to pardon my presumption. The affection I have for you and for all the other citizens, and the grief I feel when I think of your spirit and your acts so little in conformity with the law of God must plead my excuse to Him and you." And then referring more particularly to herself and answering their request that she would return to the city, she says : " I must now reply, most dear brothers and signori, to the letter you sent to me by Thomas di Guelfuccio. I thank you for the kindness you show your fellow-citizens and for your anxiety to procure them peace and quiet : and

am grateful for your affection for my unworthy self. I do not deserve that you should hold me in such esteem as to desire my return, or ask me to be the means of procuring this peace, since I am incapable of this or any other even the least thing. Nevertheless, I shall leave all in the hands of God, and will bow my head, and, according as the Holy Spirit permit, will obey your orders and do as you wish; for I must always consult the will of God rather than that of men. At present I do not see how I could leave; for I have an important matter to settle in the convent of S. Agnese, and I am staying with Messer Spinello's nephews for the purpose of reconciling the sons of Lorenzo. You see it is now a long time since you began to wish to arrange this matter, and yet nothing has been done. I should be sorry if through any negligence on my part, or in consequence of my abrupt departure, a stop should be put to progress; for in that case I should fear to offend God. But I shall return as quickly as I can: the very moment the Lord enables me to do so. And now do you and the rest have patience; and do not let your mind and heart be filled with these thoughts and fancies which all proceed from the devil striving to hinder God's glory and the salvation of souls, and to destroy your peace of mind. I am sorry my citizens give themselves so much trouble thinking and talking about me. One would think they had nothing else to do but to speak ill of me and of those who are with me. As far as I am concerned they are quite right, for I am full of faults; not so my companions. But we shall overcome by bearing all with patience; for patience is never beaten, but always remains in possession of the field. What afflicts me is that the blow rebounds on the head of those who strike it; so that very often theirs is both the sin and the punishment."

Even before S. Catherine travelled beyond the boundaries of the republic her correspondence had become a very important part of her work. Her letters, of which we have nearly four hundred in the volumes before us, are worthy of being treasured not merely as the remains of so remarkable, so gifted, and so saintly a woman, but for their historical interest, their great value as spiritual writings, and their literary excellence. They are considered a model of style even among the works of an age when the Italian language was in all the freshness and vigour of its youth and prime. It has been said that her diction was as pure as her life was faultless: "*Fu non meno pulita nello scrivere, che incontaminata nel vivere.*" In form the letters seldom vary, whether addressed to popes, kings, military commanders, or to her own disciples, relatives, and intimate friends. Invariably they begin in the name of Jesus and of Mary, "*Al nome di Gesù Cristo crocifisso e di Maria dolce,*" and end with the words "*Gesù dolce, Gesù amor.*" There is hardly one of them in which we do not find an eloquent discourse on some particular virtue, a denunciation of some sin or folly, or a practical instruction clearly and forcibly worded. The subject is

always applicable to the position in life of the person addressed, to his particular circumstances at the moment, or to the situation of public affairs. The familiar letters conclude with a friendly remembrance or graceful valediction; the more important epistles with a strong word of counsel, an earnest request, a prayer. Simplicity, conciseness, force, an elegant turn of expression and a harmonious disposition of the words are the characteristics of the style, and are noticeable even in short sentences. To cite two or three examples: S. Catherine in one place says it is a scandalous thing that the Lord should stand knocking at the door and we not open to him:—"Grande villanea é che Dio stia alla porta dell' anima tua, e non gli sia aperta." In another place she observes that the more unbounded our hope is the more munificent will be the providence of God:—"Chi più perfettamente spera, più perfettamente gusta la Provvidenza di Dio." Gratitude, she somewhere says, keeps the fountain of piety full to the brim, while unthankfulness dries up the spring:—"La gratitudine nutrica la fonte della pietà nell' anima, la ingratitudine la dissecca." And could there be anything more gracefully expressed than this sentiment: My soul rejoices and exults in suffering; I do not heed the thorns, for I feel the fragrance of the opening rose?—"L'anima mia nel dolore gode et esulta, perocché tra le spine sente l'odore della rosa che è per aprire."

S. Catherine's letters were seldom written by her own hand. The more important were generally dictated to the Sieneſe gentlemen who were her disciples, and were proud to be her clerks and secretaries and her messengers to courts and governments. We are told that she often dictated three or four letters at one time. Can we not fancy the scene? In the centre of the group the saint with her fragile black-and-white-robed figure, and her delicate face ready to break into that gracious smile which her disciples are always talking of, and by which they knew her when, after her death, they believed they saw her in vision among the saints in glory; Sister Alessia, and "Cecca," and Lisa, the personification of friendship and fidelity, always near at hand; Father Raymond, confessor and disciple, standing on one side; or Father Thomas, the kinsman; or Father Bartholomew Dominici, so delicate of conscience, so tender of heart; or "Fra Santi," the old hermit, who left his peaceful cell to labour for the good of others, affirming that he found greater tranquillity and more profit to his soul in following Catherine and listening to her than he ever enjoyed in his solitude. And then the young men pen in hand waiting to know what the "cara, dolce, veneranda madre" desires to say to Gregory or to Urban; to the Queen of Naples or to Charles of Anjou; to the Senator and Bannerets of Rome; to the Lords Priors of the people and commune of Perugia; to the Consuls and Gonfaloniers of Bologna.

S. Catherine's secretaries form a very interesting group, and

were among the most cherished of her disciples. Neri di Landoccio de Pagliaresi, who had been converted by her, was one of the first to leave his father's house and all he possessed to follow the saint. He had asked her to let him be numbered among her sons, and she wrote to him in reply: "I am unworthy of this, for I am only a poor miserable creature; but I have received you and do receive you with tender affection. I promise before God to be responsible for all the sins you have committed and may yet commit; but I beseech you satisfy my desire, make yourself conformable to Jesus crucified, and separate yourself entirely from the world as I told you; for in no other way can we become like to Jesus." From first to last Neri acted as her secretary, sometimes carrying her messages to the Pope and to the Queen of Naples.

Barduccio Canigiani, of a Florentine family settled in Siena, gave up everything to serve Catherine, by whom on account of his singular innocence he was greatly beloved.

But perhaps there was not one of all the faithful band more devoted to the saint, or more dear to her than Stefano di Corrado Maconi. He was seldom absent from her side, and the others, he at least believed, were sometimes a little jealous of her affection for the enthusiastic and indefatigable secretary and disciple. The way in which the friendship began is characteristic of the saint and of the time. A great enmity existed in those days between the Maconi and two other powerful families of the republic, the Rinaldini and the Tolomei. The fault appears not to have been on the side of the Maconi, who were the least powerful party, and were anxious that a reconciliation should be effected, as were also many influential citizens. All negotiations having failed, Stefano, who was leading the ordinary life of a young man of the world at the time, was told of Catherine's extraordinary success in managing affairs of this kind, and it was said to him that if she were asked to undertake the negotiation peace would certainly be obtained. Accordingly he went to a gentleman, a friend of his, for whom Catherine had once done a similar good office, and told him what he wanted. The gentleman remarked that there was no one in the city more capable of effecting a reconciliation between enemies than Catherine, and offered to go at once with Stefano to see her. The young man was astonished at the reception he met with from the saint, who attracted and interested him so much that he told her what sort of life he was leading, and at her request promised to go to confession and adopt a more Christian course of conduct. She told him to have great confidence in God, and that she would take the matter in hand and do all she could to procure him a good peace. An appointment was arranged, and the hostile parties were to meet in the Church of San Cristoforo to be finally reconciled. However, the pride of the Rinaldini and the Tolomei got the better of their good dispositions, and they were resolved not to keep their engagement. Catherine being told of this, simply re-

marked, "They will not listen to me, but willingly or unwillingly they shall have to listen to God." And thereupon she went to the church where she had appointed to meet Stefano, his father Corrado, and other members of the family; went straight to the high altar, and began to offer up there most fervent prayers. Meanwhile the parties who had refused to go to San Cristoforo happened to enter unknown to one another the church in which S. Catherine was praying and their enemies waiting on her. As soon as they saw the saint in prayer before the altar with a divine light shining in her countenance, their obduracy melted away; they addressed her when she had finished her prayer, and begged of her to regulate the conditions of peace between them and the Maconi. Presently the enemies asked pardon of one another, and embracing in token of reconciliation, left the church with tranquil hearts. After this Stefano went often to visit Catherine. Her words and example produced a total revolution in his manner of thinking and in his life. The whole city was astonished at the change, and none were more surprised than he was himself when he found he loathed the things he had formerly desired, and felt the love of God becoming enkindled in his heart. When she asked him to write some letters under her dictation he gladly assented; and from that time forth he was one of her most devoted friends, one of her most ardent disciples. He says himself that he studied her words and actions with the greatest attention. He never heard an idle word pass her lips; and she had a way of instantly turning the most frivolous expressions of those about her to their spiritual good. He and the others were so charmed with her conversation that they often forgot to take their meals. Sometimes they would come to her with some secret trouble in their mind; but the moment they found themselves in her presence they would forget the cause of their uneasiness, and think no more of their pains. Her penetration was so extraordinary that she seemed to know souls as others know faces; and he one day said to her, "Indeed, mother, it is very dangerous to be near you, for you discover all our secrets."

Stefano Maconi joined a confraternity attached to the great Hospital della Scala, and took part with many gentlemen of his acquaintance in the religious and charitable works of the association, which, under the title of the "*Compagnia della Vergine Maria*," had been celebrated in Siena almost from the earliest Christian times. The hospital itself was one of the most ancient in Europe, and was supposed to have been built on the site of a temple of Diana. In the lower part of the building the confraternity had a chapel and apartments. It so happened that soon after Stefano joined the confraternity, the members, who were of the *nobili* class, began to plot against the government of the hated Reformers, used their offices in the hospital as a place of meeting for the malcontents, and drew the young man into the conspiracy. Catherine appears to have supernaturally divined what was going

on ; and one day when Stefano came as usual to visit her, before he had time to utter a word, she rebuked him in the strongest terms for turning the house of God into a den of conspirators against the republic ; warned him that he was placing in danger his own soul and body ; conjured him to rid himself of the treasonous poison, and assigned him a very severe penance in expiation for his offence. From that hour Stefano had done with plots, and dedicated his life to works of virtue and charity,

Besides these three secretaries, Neri, Barduccio, and Stefano, there were other friends who gladly rendered the same services to Catherine at different times. But it would be impossible to name all who were on terms of intimacy with her, and stood beside her, ever watchful to help her in her undertakings and carry out her wishes. Her disciples formed a very remarkable and varied class, including members of different religious orders, fathers and mothers of families, young men and women of all ranks. They used to apply to her in every need, and seek her counsel on all occasions. When they could not come to her they wrote, and the correspondence thus involved must have given the secretaries at times quite enough to do. Among the disciples was a certain Cristofano di Gano Guidini, whose mother was one of the Piccolomini. He was introduced to Catherine by Neri di Landoccio, and had an idea of entering a religious order ; but not considering it right to leave his mother he made up his mind to marry. Catherine not being in Siena at the time he took this resolve he despatched a messenger to her with a letter, asking her which of three ladies whom he named she would prefer for his wife. It is quite evident from the answer that the saint thought it would have been much better for him to get over the scruple about his mother and follow the first inspiration he had received. But since the question was settled she prayed that the hand of the Lord might guide him, and counselled him under every circumstance to keep his eyes fixed on God, seeking always the divine honour and the good of his fellow-creatures. As for choosing a wife for him, she was very reluctant to interfere in such a matter, which was more suited for seculars than for such as she. But as she did not like to refuse his request, she told him that though all three were good it would be best for him to take the one that was first named, if he did not feel that her having been married before was an objection, and she prayed that God might greatly bless them both. When he had the saint's answer he was satisfied. He married ; and it is on record that he proved a good husband. Having been left after some years a widower, he assumed the habit of the Brotherhood of the Hospital of Santa Maria della Scala ; a black soutane and mantle with a hood, having on the left side as badge a little bit of yellow silk. He was the first to write about the Blessed Giovanni Colombini, and left memoirs, including an account of S. Catherine, whom he survived a great many years. He expired in the arms of Stefano Maconi with *her* name on his lips.

Andrea di Vanni, one of a race of artists, and himself a painter of eminence, was also among her disciples. We have a letter written to him when he held the highest post in the republic, and was Capitano del Popolo. It makes a picture in itself to fancy Andrea dressed in the fiery splendour of the commander—all, save the ash-coloured tunic, crimson and gold from cap to shoe—receiving the saint's letter from the hand of one of the other young men her envoys. In this letter she says she does not see how we can ever govern others properly unless we first learn how to rule ourselves: "Non veggo il modo che noi potessimo ben reggere altrui, se prima non reggiamo noi medesimi." She instructs him how to prepare himself for Holy Communion; how to administer justice truly; and lays down rules by which he may keep his own soul and Siena in peace. She earnestly desires to see him an upright governor, and to know that justice is maintained in "our city."

Vanni was sent on embassies from the republic to Avignon and to Naples. While in the latter city he painted several pictures. The portrait picture of the saint, still on the wall of San Domenico, is by the artist disciple. It is said that he also painted a head of Christ, representing the Saviour as he appeared to S. Catherine in her visions; but of this work there remains no trace.

In company with S. Catherine's friends and disciples Father Raymond used frequently see a young man of noble family, Francesco Malavolti by name, who, having been left independent of control at an early age by the death of his parents, fell into all kinds of temptations, and though married led a wild life. He used to listen with great attention and admiration to the saint when his young friends brought him to see her, and for a time his conduct would improve; but afterwards he would fall back again into his old habits. She often prayed for his conversion, and once said to him, "You come to me, and then you fly away; but one day or another I shall weave you such a net that you can never spread your wings again." In a letter to the unstable youth she says she writes in the anxious desire of seeing him return to the nest with his companions. She fears that the enemy of God has carried him so far away that he cannot now be brought back. And she his poor mother goes about seeking and calling for him, whom she would willingly take on her shoulders in the sorrow and compassion she has for his soul. "Open, then, most dear son," she says, "the eyes of your intellect and free yourself from the darkness that surrounds you. Acknowledge and reflect on your sins; not that you may despair, but that you may know yourself and hope in the goodness of God. Just see what a wealth of grace, received from your heavenly Father, you have miserably squandered. Do now, like that prodigal son who wasted all his substance living riotously, but who, being reduced to necessity, confessed his folly and went to his father to ask forgiveness. Yes, do you also this; for you are poor and needy, and your soul is famishing with hunger."

Run, then, to your Father and sue for mercy; for He will relieve you, and will not despise your desires founded on sorrow for sins committed; He will even receive you with affection. Alas! alas! where have all your good desires flown to? And how am not I to be pitied to see the demon carrying away your soul and all your noble aspirations! The world and the slaves of the world have snared and held you in their seductive toils and sinful pleasures. Come, now; hasten and take the remedy: awake, to sleep no more. Bring some comfort to my soul; and be not so cruel to your own as to tarry in the coming. Let not the devil deceive you by fear or shame. Break the bonds that bind you, and make haste to come, dear son of mine. And truly I may call you dear, considering all the tears and sorrow and infinite bitterness you have caused me. Yes; come now home to your nest. All the excuse I can offer to God is that I can do more. And whether you come or whether you stay all I ask of you is that you do the will of God." The wild bird tarried long on the way, but flew home at last.

Those whom Catherine had charmed away from a perverse generation to live unspotted from the world; those whom she led to clearer heights upon the narrow path they had already chosen, constituted her friends, her disciples, her family. Those are they whom she speaks of when she says to God: "I offer and recommend to Thee my most dear children, for they are my very soul." She held them for life, for death, and for eternity. The blessed in heaven, she says in the "*Dialogo*," participate in a particular manner in the happiness of those with whom they were most closely united in affection while on earth. Their love made goodness grow in them. They were for one another an occasion of glorifying the name of God in themselves and in their neighbour; and as the affection that united them is not destroyed in heaven they enjoy it in a fuller measure, and this very love augments their blessedness.

DOWN BY THE DODDER.

NATURE I love in all her moods,
 But I more oft have sought her
 Where on the silence of green woods
 Breaks in the rush of water.
 The noise of streamlet's ceaseless flow
 Has soothed my spirit ever—
 Blank seems fair Nature's fairest show
 Without some gleaming river.

Had I to own a grand estate—
 (The notion makes me shiver)—
 For these three things I'd stipulate :
 A lake, a hill, a river.
 Your dull, flat, woody parks may be
 Baronialler and broader—
 A glen for me 'twixt hills and sea,
 With a live stream like Dodder.

Too long have I thy neighbour been,
 Dear Stream, without exploring
 Thy course amid the meadows green,
 Thy purling and thy roaring :
 For thou, too, placid Stream, hast roared,
 While in wild, wintry weather
 Thou hast thy mountain torrent poured
 Between the crags and heather.

Thy mountain cradle's far away,
 Thy race is run ; and mine is
 Nearer perhaps—ah ! who can say
 How near ?—unto its *finis*.
 And so from Life's loud, dusty road,
 A somewhat jaded plodder,
 I steal to this serene abode,
 And thee, suburban Dodder !

I lean me on this orchard wall
 And smell the pears and cherries—
 Each shrub and tree, both great and small,
 Stoops 'neath its load of berries.
 That redbreast thieving yonder, see !
 Poor innocent marauder,
 The Seventh Commandment binds not thee
 A-robbin' near the Dodder.

And now our seaward ramble meets
A rustic, quaint, and still town,
Which you must spell with double l—
God bless it, dear old Milltown!
Yet here, even here, one likes to dine
Rich scenery's poor fodder
For poet going up the Rhine,
Or going down the Dodder.*

My song must cease, but thine goes on—
Thy musical, meek murmur
Broke Nature's silence ages gone—
Thy voice has but grown firmer.
In shade and shine, grave, gay, sing on,
And scoop thy channel broader;
From dawn to dark, from dark to dawn,
Flow on, sing on, O Dodder!

Flow on! Poor Moore once warbled here
"Flow on, thou shining river!"
Thy race is run, the sea is near,
My muse grows sad—forgive her.
And as we've strewn upon thy banks
Our very softest sawder,
Flash back thy sunniest smile in thanks
Upon thy Laureate, Dodder!

I leave thee. Shall it be for aye,
A river's long Forever?
"I will return," we often say,
And yet return, ah! never.
Well, on Life's road, through dust or flowers,
A not less useful plodder
I'll be, please God, for these calm hours
Spent on the banks of Dodder.

M. R.

* "I think I'll go up the Rhine this summer," said a certain Baronet.
"And I," rejoined a certain Alderman, "will go down the Dodder."

A PEARL IN DARK WATERS.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

It was a few days after the secret conference between Marguerite and Philip; night had closed in; the noise and stir of a large household had died away; all had retired to rest, and Father de la Colombière was, as usual, wrapt in prayer before the Tabernacle, when he was startled by a low knock at his door. A little boy stood on the threshold who bore a note.

Father de la Colombière unfolded it and read the following lines in Margery's handwriting:—

"FATHER—Rita is going. In half an hour it will be too late. Laure has only just discovered it. They are to meet in the garden; he has by some means procured a key to a side gate. She will fly with him and be married by the Protestant rite. O Father, save her! Laure and I are waiting for you in the garden; the side door by the fountain is open. Dismiss this child."

With a few kind words the child was sent away. Father de la Colombière wrapped himself in his cloak, drew a low Spanish hat over his brows and descended to the garden. At the spot appointed he met Margery and her waiting maid, the former pale and trembling. She pointed to a tree at some distance from them, where stood two closely veiled and muffled figures. They were Marguerite and her attendant.

Just as May and her two companions reached this spot, Philip Engleby with rapid steps entered the garden from a side gate and approached the party, saying: "There is no time to be lost, Rita."

He started back as he saw the intruders. "Ha! what means this?" he cried.

"That you cannot take Lady Marguerite Clymne at this unseemly hour from those who are bound to protect her," said Father de la Colombière.

"Mon Père," exclaimed Marguerite, "I pray you, do not interfere. I am mistress of my own actions. I go with my cousin and future husband by my own free act and will."

"Hearest thou what the lady says?" said Philip, his face darkening with rage. "We want no spiritual fooling and priestly domination here. Stand back, Monsieur l'Aumônier, or by Heaven I'll make you repent it."

"I shall not yield," said the priest. "I am parleying thus,

only to shield Lady Marguerite's name from scandal ; but if you do not instantly withdraw and allow her to regain her chamber in safety, I will alarm the Household."

Philip paused a moment as if irresolute. Father de la Colombière turned his gaze on Marguerite, to see the effect of his words ; but Margery's eyes were fixed on Philip.

The priest moved nearer to Marguerite. In an instant something glittered in the moonlight. May threw herself upon his arm. A low cry burst from her lips, and a gush of warm blood welled from her side. The blow aimed at the Father had struck the faithful child.

With a gasp of horror Marguerite started forward and caught her sister in her arms. Philip, not even yet losing his self-possession, whispered to Marguerite : " Leave her to her maid and fly. In the confusion we shall escape."

Marguerite did not answer even by a glance. With sobs of anguish she hung over the apparently lifeless form, while Father de la Colombière assisted by Laure and Victoire endeavoured to stanch the life-blood that was ebbing fast away.

Muttering a curse, Philip bit his lip and turned away. " The game is up," said he between his teeth, as he let himself out at the garden gate.

Victoire succeeded in bandaging the wound ; and then Laure, a strong, vigorous woman, lifted May's light form in her arms and carried her towards the palace. There was a sort of unspoken consent among the four actors in this strange scene to keep the occurrence if possible secret. They had been standing upon soft earth, and the rain which was beginning to fall would soon efface all evidence of the fray.

Father de la Colombière regained his room unobserved, changed his dress, and anxiously awaited a summons to Lady Margery's chamber.

In about an hour came the expected knock, and Monsieur Bonjean, the little, fat, good-natured French doctor to the Duchess of York entered.

" What ! up again, Mon Père ?" said he, rubbing his hands ; " if all the world thought as little of their lives as you do, my occupation would be gone. I have come to tell you that Lady Margery Clymne is very ill."

" Indeed !" said the Father, " that is very sudden."

" Very much so," returned the doctor : " stabs in the side have not, as far as I know, any premonitory symptoms. Now sir," continued the little man, dropping his tone of banter, " I can keep a secret, if need be, as well as a priest. Lady Margery did not stab herself ; that is certain from the position of the wound. Neither do I think the little angel that she is would tell a lie to save a life. 'Tis a wonderful creature that. With those great eyes of hers fixed on you with a pleading look, a man feels he must do what

she asks and not cross her. Well, when I had dressed her wound and bade her lie still, she would speak to me alone. Then stretching forth her little hand, she said: 'Doctor, you will keep this secret?' I answered: 'Chère demoiselle, a man cannot hold his tongue and see foul wrong without opening his lips. You are too generous. Your father is bound to punish this midnight assassin. I know you do not want the court to ring with your name, but Lord Edenhall must know.' 'If Père de la Colombière agrees with me, will you consent?' she said. 'Yes,' I replied, 'I will leave the matter to his decision.' 'Go then to him,' she said, 'he will tell you all, and pray him to come to me when the morning breaks. I shall live till then; shall I not?' I nearly answered that she would live to laugh at her adventure, but somehow the words stuck in my throat. I could not deceive those truthful eyes. So I simply answered 'there is no pressing danger if you obey my directions,' and I hastened here."

"Then there is no hope?" demanded Father de la Colombière."

"None whatever," replied the doctor. "She has had her death-blow. She will not do more than get through the day that is dawning this very Friday on which we have entered."

"The first Friday of the month," said Father de la Colombière to himself in a low tone; and then he told Monsieur Bonjean the whole story.

"I see," exclaimed the doctor, when it was finished; "we must not drag Lady Marguerite's name through the mud. A precious rascal that fellow must be. I should like to wring his neck. Well, well! there will be another angel in heaven before night. I do not know but that it is the only fit place for such as that fair flower. She is not meant for this world's gibes and turmoil. We must say it is bleeding at the lungs, and conceal the rest, I suppose."

So saying he rose and wished Father de la Colombière farewell.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE day passed on and the gentle life of Margery Clymne was passing with it. The Duchesse de Marigny and Alethea Howard watched by her side. Merry Kate Howard came with beating heart and swollen eyes to press a last kiss on the pale brow. Mary Beatrice wept over the attendant she had fondly loved. Beside the bed knelt Marguerite immovable to all save the sufferer. Not a word, not a look did she lose. She hung upon each syllable, she treasured up each glance. The love of their childhood, the affection of their riper years, which had seemed to be dried up and withered in her heart, sprang forth in life and vigour. No one

dared to disturb her, no one save Father de la Colombière ventured to speak to her, and he addressed her in few words. He knew the hour for human help and consolation had not yet come; God was doing his own work in that agonized soul.

The Father spent much time in the sick chamber; but more than once the sisters were left alone. May could not speak often, for the loss of so much blood had brought on great exhaustion; but the watchers in the adjoining chamber knew that she spoke to Marguerite. They could hear the low tones and the smothered answer.

Neither Lord nor Lady Edenhall came to break the peace of this death-scene. They were at Edenhall for a few days, and the swiftest courier could not let them know in time.

"'Twas a pity," said the Ladies Howard and the Duchess.

"That dying saint," exclaimed Kate, "might convert harder hearts than even the stern Earl and the worldly Countess."

"She lies there, looking like a broken lily," sobbed Alethea; "what shall I do without her?"

Oh! cry of anguish that has burst from so many hearts in this weary vale of tears. Blessed are those of whom it is said. It tells the certain tale that they have done their work, that they have comforted the hearts of others, and shed a bright light of example amidst the weary maze of this world.

The belief that May was a saint had for long been growing up in the minds of her intimate friends. She spoke little on spiritual subjects, and her life was unmarked by any extraordinary action. But sanctity is an atmosphere, and in it May dwelt.

Well, she was dying now, and still her words were few, her actions simple. There was nothing thrilling or exciting around that death-bed. A stranger would have deemed May did not know she was dying. But she knew it well; only, for *her* death had no fears. She was going to Him in whom her life had been hidden, on whom all her thoughts were set, to whom she had given her heart.

But May was a child of earth, and even her death was not without its suffering. She was a follower of the Crucified, and she must needs feel the shadow of His cross. He had to part from His sinless mother; May had to bid farewell to her erring sister.

"O May!" wailed Rita, "do not leave me. Too late I know what you are to me. The glamour is gone, the devil is cast out. Could I dwell by your side, I should be safe. Without you, what can become of me? Oh! May, ask God to let you stay?"

Father de la Colombière was in the room. May turned her pleading eyes to him, and he answered the mute question in these words: "She shall be my special care. As long as God suffers me, I will never forsake her."

"Life is short, Rita love," said the dying girl; "and to me it

seems but a day since mine began. Your's will soon pass, and we shall be together—for ever.”

Her voice grew weak. A sudden grey shade crept over her face.

Father de la Colombière made a sound which brought in Alethea, the Duchesse, Laure, and Victoire. He began the prayers for the dying, and the women responded.

Early in the day May had been anointed and had received the Viaticum. Prayers were all she needed to help her in her passage home. As Henriette de Marigny and Alethea looked up, they fancied they could almost see the bright company of angels coming to meet her; they could almost hear the choir of virgins singing jubilees who were to receive her. Did May see them, hear them too? Or were her wondering eyes fixed on a greater sight? They were open wide, like a child's that sees for the first time some marvellous and beauteous spectacle. A look of astonished rapture transformed her face. The colour came into her cheeks. Her hands dropped the crucifix and were locked together. Yea, Margery, oft hast thou meditated on Him, oft hast thy heart pictured His “mild and festive aspect.” Those thoughts were shadows; this is the reality. Thy eyes have seen the King in His beauty. Thou hast entered the land that is very far off.

Lord and Lady Edenhall returned to London with all speed, and their first meeting with Marguerite took place in the chamber of death. Nothing could induce Marguerite to quit the corpse. She never slept and never tasted any food save a few drops that Mary Beatrice herself, standing by her, cup in hand, compelled her to swallow.

Margery was most beautiful in death. A smile hovered on her lips, and her features looked as if chiselled in ivory. A crucifix was between her clasped hands, and on her breast lay a little picture she had drawn herself, of the Saviour opening His side and showing His Sacred Heart. She was in all probability the first person on whose death-cold breast the image of the Heart of burning love, her refuge in life, her rest in death, was laid.

By the side of the corpse sat Marguerite nearly as pale and as silent as her dead sister.

Many wondered that Lady Edenhall came at all. She was known not to be fond of being brought face to face with death. The truth was she wanted to get over her first interview with Marguerite, and she thought it would be easier to do it on an occasion when both would be under a sort of unwonted excitement, and when surrounding circumstances would make the change in their relative positions less obvious.

Marguerite endured her father's kisses, though she never answered him when he asked kindly after her health, and never rose to her feet. But when his wife approached, her eyes flashed fire; and Lady Edenhall, cowed for once in her life, drew back.

The suddenness of May's death did not excite much surprise. It had somehow been said she had broken a blood-vessel on her lungs; and people repeated this, while no one could trace the quarter from whence the report sprang. May had always been a fragile creature, and her untimely ending therefore was looked upon without surprise. Lord Edenhall made a few inquiries of her maid and seemed satisfied.

Lady Edenhall was anxious to get away. As she entered the corridor, she met Father de la Colombière so suddenly that involuntarily the priest raised his eyes, and his glance of deep compassion fell on the Countess. He started back as a look of deep, burning hatred answered him.

"Yes," she said in low tones, "I have done wisely to escape the snares in which you have entangled those poor girls. One lies there a victim to your power; the other, I suppose, will follow in her steps. Doubtless," she sneered, "you think the sight of the pale corpse decked out with flowers, and with some horrible picture lying on her bosom, would move me to repentance. Pardon, Monsieur l'Aumonier, I am not so easily caught. Hear me," she continued, in hard, eager tones, "by that dead girl I vowed that I will drive you from the place. This cursed devotion you practise shall not gain ground in this free land. Beware, beware in time. Yield, or my vengeance is sure."

Lord Edenhall's step was heard in the distance approaching, yet she looked eagerly in the priest's face for an answer. But the Father did not reply to her. He only said in a low tone: "I will fear no evils, for Thou art with me."

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

O H! there are times when love will speak,
 And memories crowd, and feelings throng,
 And words rush upward to the lips,
 And shape themselves in tones of song.

As streams will flow when wells grow deep
 And music make along their way,
 So kneeling here at Mary's feet,
 My heart o'erflows with love to-day.

O gentle Lady! gracious Queen!
 O Lady! good and kind to me,
 I'd give my blood, I'd give my life,
 To gain one glory more for thee!

Ah me! the foolish words and vain—
 Thou couldst not be more sweet and fair,
 And I, so full of sins and faults,
 That wants must make my daily prayer.

O gentle Lady, gracious Queen!
 Forgive a sinner's lay like mine,
 When saintly hands write well thy praise,
 And poet-hearts throb in each line.

And so 'twill be for evermore,
 As swift the ages roll along;
 Love's pulse will thrill the burning rhyme,
 While flows for thee the tide of song.

God wills it, and it must be so,
 The lesson sweet Himself first taught—
 He lisped thy name, He sought thy care,
 To thee His childish sorrows brought.

He hid His face oft in thy robes,
 And played with thee as children play;
 He watched thy smile, He caught thy sigh,
 He thought of thee by night and day.

His eyes have lingered on thy face,
O Lady, beautiful and fair ;
His boyish hands with fond caress
Have pressed thy brow, and stroked thy hair.

He knelt to seek in manhood's prime
Thy blessing and thy leave that day,
Ere yet He went to give for us
The life He owed to thee away.

And so 'twill be through endless years,
As swift the ages roll along—
Love's pulse will thrill the burning rhyme,
And wake for thee the tide of song.

M. MY. R.

TOM HOOD, ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM, AND
MOTHER M' AULAY.

THE connecting link between these three who have certainly never been linked together before, is nothing less than the Precious Leg of Miss Kilmanseg. In one of the pensive passages with which the pathetic humourist who sang the "Song of the Shirt" relieves the drollery of that incomparable burlesque, these lines occur:—

"And oh ! when the blessed diurnal light
Is quenched by the providential night,
To render our slumbers more certain—
Pity, pity the wretches who weep,
For they must be wretched who cannot sleep
When God himself draws the curtain."

Poor Hood beyond all doubt never read St. John Chrysostom's treatise on Compunction, yet here he keeps very close to the very words of the following passage towards the beginning of the second book in which the same idea occurs:—"When mothers wish to put their little ones to sleep, they take and rock them gently in their arms, then hide them away under curtains and leave them quiet. So Providence spreads darkness as an immense curtain over the world to hush nature to silence and invite men to rest from their labours."

It is highly improbable, as I might show from an examination of dates and circumstances, that Mother Mary Catherine M'Aulay, Foundress of the Sisters of Mercy, ever saw either in Hood or Chrysostom this idea which she herself in turn uses as an illustration when recommending to her nuns a certain graceful quietness of tone and manner. "See (she says) how silently and brilliantly the lamp of the sanctuary burns before the most Holy Sacrament when the oil is pure and good: it is only when the oil is bad, that it crackles and makes a noise. See, too, how quietly the great God does all His mighty works. Darkness is spread over us, and light returns again, and there is no noise of drawing curtains or closing shutters."

JOHN RICHARDSON'S RELATIVES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NANCY HUTCH AND HER THREE TROUBLES."

PART IV.

WHEN the thread of this story was broken short two months since, we left Mrs. George Richardson and Miss Travers taking a cup of tea at day-dawn by the fire in Mr. Tottenham's dressing-room, after having sat up through the night together by the old man's side.

"But," Mary George resumed, after a silence long enough to allow of her thoughts returning leisurely from her own sick bed to Uncle Tottenham's, "I dare say the old man himself was not without more ready money in the house?"

"I don't exactly know indeed," replied Miss Travers.

"It isn't likely that he was," rejoined the former, as she surveyed a substantial, brass-bound, Bramah-locked desk that stood on one end of the table at which both ladies were seated.

"Anything but that!" said Miss Travers to herself, as she observed the look so directed.

"I wonder where she is going! Is it to get the key?" thought Mary George, as the young girl, having said to her: "Excuse me a moment!" hastily rose and left the room.

It was to her that her employer would look for finding things as he had kept them, was Miss Travers' thought, as she went back to the room in which he lay. She could make Mrs. George Richardson welcome—heartily welcome so far as *she* was concerned, to all the other keys—but this key was quite a different matter. Having then searched for and found it in the sick man's old-fashioned fob, she secured it in her own purse; and steadily determining that so far as in her lay there it should remain, she returned to the room and seat that she had quitted, and silently finished her cup of tea. By this time it had occurred to her that by pointing out other ways and means of supply she might, at least for the present, evade all question of reference to Mr. Tottenham's desk. With this end in view she said to Mary George:

"Perhaps you do not know that it is Mr. Frazer, the attorney, who manages Mr. Tottenham's money. I dare say he would advance Mr. Richardson any you may want."

Mary George made no response aloud. "Mr. Frazer!" thought she. This was an odd way in which two and two were brought together. It was awkward, to say the least of it, as she shrewdly guessed that he was not the person to whom George would be readiest to go for money. "But no matter," she argued, after a few moments' reflection upon her side, "a week or so's expenses

—should the old man hold out through a second week without coming to sufficiently to act for himself—could not come to so very, very much, particularly if managed as she meant to manage matters. It might be well worth risking, or even losing, if by so doing others were kept from putting their fingers in the pie here. By the end of that week they, that is to say herself and George, probably should see their way before them. After all, then, what was it but a sheer waste of time to sit still, thinking of what might have to be done that day fortnight?"

This querying conclusion was spoken aloud. But it was Miss Travers' turn to hear and say nothing; or, what is more likely, to say nothing because she had not heard. While her companion speculated on the future, she was looking back upon the past; and with her face now turned towards the fire, and eyes seemingly fixed on it, she sat still and silent, as if fallen asleep. Seeing which, Mary George, being by no means given to talking for talk's sake, contentedly reverted to thoughts of how George and the nursery would get on at home without her, as she tidied up the tea cups, then took off the night-cap, put on (as if for bed) precisely as the clock struck eleven the night before, and proceeded to make her morning toilet in anticipation of an early visit from the doctor.

Miss Travers, meantime, was dwelling on that occurrence of the day before which so strangely had brought her and Mrs. George Richardson together. Old Nurse Nelly had pronounced off-hand that her master could have got no shock; and Doctor Franklin had agreed with her. "But how could they know?" asked Miss Travers of herself. She had, or at least thought she had, good reasons for holding the contrary opinion. How often did those very papers that she daily read to the old man supply instances of other men, believed by their friends to be prosperous and happy till suddenly found shot or poisoned, in mad endeavour to escape distress they were not Christian enough to live through! And if it really was true that Mr. Tottenham could get no shock, how was it that she sometimes had seen him look out anxiously for letters, seem nervous as he opened and relieved when he had read them? Since he had no children to be anxious about, no friends so valued as to make his hand shake or his breath come short in anticipation of ill tidings of them, then the letters that so moved him must be on money matters. Could she suppose that it was simply as news of the day that he took so lively an interest in the share-lists that he sometimes bade her read to him, sometimes looked over himself, before her task began, seeming now to dwell on one item, now upon another? That he had at least glanced at this very list a moment before the fit prostrated him was not only possible but probable. Could she be certain that he had looked at it, she would feel all but certain that in it might be found the immediate if not the sole cause of his sudden seizure. Whether he had or had not, she vainly endeavoured to decide. There

seemed a for and against in particulars that she had as yet told to no one ; and these she now thought over, considering and reconsidering them one by one again.

Mr. Tottenham had been looking, talking, and walking just as usual, she remembered, up to the time at which the morning's post and a local newspaper were brought together into their sitting room. Two letters and a newspaper made up the post. Both papers were laid upon the table ; the letters she herself passed on to Mr. Tottenham. These plainly contained nothing of an agitating import ; nay, more, she judged that they were nearly alike, of no material import whatsoever. The first opened was, as she knew by the familiar handwriting of the address, from Mr. Frazer, who, she felt assured, would have brought instead of writing any tidings that could thus affect so old, so valued, and valuable a client. Moreover, Mr. Tottenham after running his eye over the few lines enclosed, thrust it carelessly into his coat pocket. If of consequence he would without delay consign it to his desk. The second was but a bill which he handed back to her with—he was in all things a systematic man—a request to file it at once, and to put him in mind, should he happen to forget, to pay it before the week's end. These then, she considered, might be set aside as in nowise touching on the cause—if cause there had been—of his illness. Between the two newspapers it was that her thoughts went to and fro.

That she had left him seemingly quite well when going to put the bill given her on a file that hung in the pantry ; and returning, after an absence of perhaps five minutes, found him lying back in his chair in that fit in which he still remained, was what she had told freely to all inquirers. What she had not told, and did not for the present mean to tell, was that the local newspaper opened out before she left the room in readiness to begin her customary morning's task of reading it aloud, lay upon the floor beside him ; having, no doubt, fallen from his hand at the moment of his seizure. He must have stood up, or at least leaned forward, purposely to take it. He then could see the unopened paper lying where she had placed it underneath. Its direction was not to the old man, but to his dead wife. This was why she had taken the precaution to put it for the moment—as she fancied she was doing—safely out of sight, purposing to open it herself and, if asked no question, to let him suppose, as a thing of course, that the address was to him. That he had had the opened paper in his hand she looked upon as certain. And now the questions she vainly strove to settle with herself were these : Had he taken notice of the one unopened ? Had he got the shock that, despite the nurse and doctor's reasoning, she held that he had got from anything in print on the one paper, or from sight of the address upon the other, bringing, as it well might, suddenly together to his mind the remembrances of what had been, and of what never again

could be in his lonely life? Limited as were her own experiences she had once felt the force of that sharp shock that seems shot through and through us when put to the question for our dead as though they yet lived. And she might have rested satisfied that in this she had found the most likely cause, but for the fact that Mr. Tottenham had himself being speaking of his trouble, sadly indeed but calmly, a few moments before; saying, as he bade her file the bill (which was from the undertaker): "When that is closed I shall have seen the last of my poor Sarah!"

Now, the young girl fancied that those recollections of his wife as dead made it most unlikely that the mere sight of her name, written by any hand, could five minutes after so affect him. And then again she almost decided that they were the very thoughts to fore-run a revulsion of feeling strong enough to overpower an aged and solitary man.

But when again and again she had gone over the incidents of the previous day, as well as those of many other days of her four years' residence in the house, and taken into account, one with another, all probabilities, it was but to find herself, whether she would or not, returning with more and more belief in it to her first instant conviction, as she saw the opened paper lying by Mr. Tottenham's chair, that in that column, which she could as easily interpret as she could read off so much short-hand, an initiated eye would find what struck the old man down.

Left much to her own thoughts day after day during the four years passed within her present home, and with few sources of amusement within reach, Miss Travers very naturally had taken pleasure in seizing, as they came her way, odds and ends of information about the previous lives of the lonely old couple to whom she seemed to stand in stead of family and friends. Those acquisitions she stored up as she did the bits for the old lady's favourite patchwork: to be, like them, taken out and pieced together on occasion. As a whole they formed a something different from what was known to or imagined by Mr. Tottenham's relatives, or his nearest and most prying neighbours.

Long before the present time she had come to the conclusion that he already had had losses. More than that indeed, she was persuaded that he once had been, or to himself and some few others seemed to be, upon the very brink of ruin; and that during those dark days had come to pass—a nine days' wonder in their circle of acquaintances—that sudden departure for India of Giles Tottenham the younger, to which the old lady would at times refer as "the banishment of her poor, dear lad," and Nurse Nelly more darkly allude to by "those were them transported that did nothing to deserve it."

Outside the family Miss Travers had sometimes heard this occurrence talked over. By some, who plainly knew little or nothing of young Giles, it was attributed to the natural desire of a

brother to see an only sister. By others, rather better informed as to his character, it was set down as the whim of a spoiled and extravagant young man, anxious to escape even the lax restraint imposed on him by foolishly fond adopted parents, and secure of the welcome of the prodigal whenever it should please him to return. But she long since had felt assured that he had gone in search of fortune, and gone unwillingly. The old people, to a certainty, had been loath to part with him. The voyage, then, she argued, needs must at the time have been a measure of necessity.

"That happened in times you know nothing of, child—how could you? Nobles don't be long 'coming to ninepence.' But there are ups in the world as well as downs, thanks be to God! 'All isn't lost that's in danger;' and if my advice was asked, maybe them that are lying low where they had no call to go would be here to enjoy their own. Marriage isn't the only thing people do in haste to repent at leisure."

These oracles, and many of the same sort, were delivered at different times and *apropos* to various circumstances, by old Nurse Nelly. Sometimes they were spoken to Miss Travers herself, or to the younger servants; but more frequently at one or both of her employers. Occasionally "the wind of a word" exchanged between the old folk themselves, not always—especially on the lady's side—marked by the softness of the zephyr, followed up Nurse Nelly's saws and instances, and confirmed the impressions they had made.

From such materials (scanty enough, she well knew, to be scouted by others as groundwork of a belief in which she stood alone) had Miss Travers by slow degrees built up for herself the story of how old Giles Tottenham had, mainly at his wife's desire, retired from business earlier in life than men making money are often seen to do; how, weary of inactivity, or urged by a renewed desire to realise that "enough" which has been shrewdly defined as "always something more than what a man has," he soon, without leave asked of his wife, turned his thoughts and funds to speculation; how he had won, and won; and then lost, or nearly lost, his all; and how he since had won again. And now the question, "Had he indeed once more lost?" seemed, as to its probability, to hang upon that other question: Had she rightly construed all those little things which one by one might appear so many nothings, but which taken together had proved sufficient to convince herself?

Fresh from a boarding school, which she quitted to become Mrs. Tottenham's companion, Miss Travers could have little knowledge of the world of business beyond that made up of scattered gleanings throughout the world of books. Amongst these she had picked up the fact (which perhaps her speculations upon old Tottenham's life had helped to keep in mind) that there come crises in

men's lives when a mere rumour of their losses will ruin the credit which those losses taken alone may but endanger; when an indiscreet word spoken by friend or foe may prove a word of doom. It was therefore not simply as a curious question that the cause of the old man's illness presented itself to her. It touched, or appeared to her to touch, on a more pressing one, called up by Mary George's cross-examination-like survey of his writing-desk: Were his private papers to be pried into whilst he still lived, and whilst possibly—if not altogether probably—he might yet live on, and recover to be angered, perhaps injured, by such an inquisition?

With this unsettled and unsettling question troubling both her head and heart, she sat on, wrapt in thought, and motionless, opposite Mary George's vacant chair long after that busy housewife left the room; till the fire which, useful and cheerful though it was at first, had not been made with lavish hand, burned low and lower, and at last burned out. But as the risen sun had brought with it the warmth of a June morning, no fresh chill came to make her conscious of how long she had been there, and she still continued to think out her thoughts.

"Pity it was," she said to herself, "that it had not struck her to send for Mr. Frazer on the previous morning when the doctor was the only person thought of. Then she might have taken it on herself to do so. It would have seemed a most natural and prudent thing to do; all might be kept right without further interference upon her part, and she herself be free of the responsibility that weighed upon her so. But now her own position was altered. With the old man's next-of-kin in actual possession of the house, how could she, a stranger, call in another stranger, old and trusted friend though he may be?"

She might yet indeed write to him and no one be the wiser; and, perhaps, so devolve on him a trust which at present she held to be her own. But again, she thought, if—as was quite possible—Mr. Tottenham's illness had arisen out of any step taken without or against Mr. Frazer's counsel, was it for her to arouse suspicion of the fact? And, to cap the climax of her perplexities, she remembered that an advice once given her by Mr. Frazer himself, as the golden rule for her guidance in the house of her employer—"Hear, see, and say nothing,"—ran counter to her speaking even to him on Mr. Tottenham's affairs.

At long last one happy thought flashed across her mind, showing a practical way out of her difficulty. What Mr. Frazer would most probably have done if called on yesterday—set seals upon Mr. Tottenham's desk—she herself might manage to get done to-day. In many books that she had read (she could not tell how many) when the rich man of the story died, leaving his friends uncertain as to who should be his heir, the persons concerned, or others acting for them, jointly set their seals upon chests, desk, &c., supposed to hold effects of value, and so kept all safe for the right

owner. Now, though poor Mr. Tottenham was not dead, he was helpless as the dead to protect his secrets, which (as she judged from a something besides books) might be what he would most desire to set a safeguard on, and keep unknown to all the world.

Suppose, then, she were to ask the doctor and Mr. George Richardson to put their seals on the desk, curiosity, whether idle or interested, would be barred out once for all while Mr. Tottenham lived. They might indeed wonder at a little girl like her proposing such a thing. But that she wouldn't mind a bit, if they should but consider it a right thing to do, and do it. She did not think either gentlemen likely to look on it in any other light. Dr. Franklin was just what one might expect him to be from his name: an honest, straightforward man. He spoke little for a doctor (at school she had seen a good deal of other doctors who talked ten words to his one); but when he did speak, it was to say what he thought, and not what other people wished him to say. There was a something about Mr. George Richardson, too, that she felt inclined to like—much better than she did anything in Mrs. George except her cleverness.

Her course thus decided on, though not without a little fluttering at the heart as she faced the prospect of so bold a step, she resolved to watch for and seize the very earliest opportunity that might present itself; as she did not know what moment she might be called on to give up the key. One of the Mr. Deanes, she knew, was an attorney. He might think that he had a right to see to everything; even should Mrs. George Richardson make no such motion upon her part.

Whilst thinking these last thoughts she was already on the way to her own room; just stopping for a moment to look in on the sick man and make sure that there was still no change. She quickly brought back with her a taper, matches and sealing-wax; and with these at hand she purposed staying by her charge till the arrival of one or both the gentlemen. The doctor, the clock gave warning, could not be long in coming. Instead of again sitting down meantime, she kept walking to and fro. By walking quickly and trying to think of something else, she fancied she best should keep her courage up. At all but the first sound of the doctor's carriage-wheels she was out on the stairs, running quickly, though very softly, down. And before the doctor's man could reach the door she had it open. Fortune, she then saw, had already favored her more than she had had any reason to count upon. George Richardson, picked up half-way on his early walk to learn how his grand-uncle had passed the night, was stepping from the carriage, the doctor following. Having ascertained from her report that no apparent change had taken place in the condition of the patient, both gentlemen alike lent a willing ear to her request that they would "step in here a moment," on coming to the door of the old man's dressing-room.

"This," she said, steadying herself by laying her hand on it, "is Mr. Tottenham's private desk. His papers are in it, I believe. I have the key. It is to me he will look for it, if he recover. I should like, if you both would be so kind, to have your seals on it. I think it would be right."

Had Miss Travers not been too pre-occupied, and almost agitated by timidity and nervous anxiety at once, she might have noticed something like a smile, repressed by habitual prudence, pass over Dr. Franklin's face; and something like a blush, which could not be repressed, upon George Richardson's: the same thought possibly glancing through the mind of each.

Feeling that as "next-of-kin" present it was his part here to take precedence of the doctor, George replied at once, with an almost eager readiness, more than answering to Miss Travers' expectations. He said—"Quite right, I think, too, Miss Travers. You," to the doctor, "will not object?"

"No; after you. And as you also wish it, I do not think I need," the doctor said, replying at the same time to entreaty in George's voice and Miss Travers' countenance.

With all appliances before them, it was but a moment's work. The desk was sealed; thanks given for their ready kindness; and both gentlemen were again on their way to see the patient after a delay so short from the moment of the carriage drawing up, as not even to have arrested Mary George's notice. Miss Travers following more slowly, with a lightened heart, took her customary place in the sick room, whilst the nurse attended to some fresh directions given by the doctor.

"I am going a little way out of town to make my next call, or I should be glad to take you home," Dr. Franklin said to George, as they quitted Mr. Tottenham's room; "but I can give you a seat as far as Cross-street."

"Thank you," returned George.

"But he had much better walk, doctor," added his wife. "He can't be got to take exercise enough."

"I dare say I had," agreed George, understanding that, care for his constitution apart, his wife wished him to outstay the doctor. "I am in no haste. The day is young; and I've got nothing particular to do before twelve o'clock."

"I wish I could call so much time my own," rejoined the doctor, who probably understood this bit of by-play as well as the performers. "Good-day, then;" and with smile and bow to Mary George, whom he expected to see again by and by, he departed.

Left to themselves, the pair entered the room in which Miss Travers had passed so much of the morning, and in which the sealed desk now stood witness of her occupation.

"Who did that?" Mary George said, stopping suddenly before it.

"Franklin and I," responded George.

"Why so?"

"Well, Miss Travers asked us."

"Well!" echoed his wife, but in a tone that to George's ear meant ill; "I didn't think that girl had so much——"

"She was quite right," George said, briskly, as his wife paused to find a word to convey her thoughts not too strongly. "That is one part of women's rights that every man of business would wish conceded to them."

"What! to seal up other people's desks?"

"To be taught to know how matters of business should be managed, in the proper, business-like, straightforward way; as men of any sense would see at a glance they had better be managed. And then they would not be led into the underhand, childish courses they sometimes take, bringing trouble on themselves and others."

Saving a significant "'Hem!" Mary George let this speech pass without acknowledgment. The thing itself was done. She understood its matter-of-course irreversibility. Let money come or come not whence it might, that possible resource was closed. She would waste no words on it, just then at least. Setting aside, probably for after-thought, Miss Travers' share in the transaction, she turned without delay to the next item on the list that she had mentally made up for settlement with her husband; it seemed, indeed, the best possible "Roland for his Oliver."

"Mr. Frazer—I suppose the Frazer you had to do with—is the old man's attorney?" she said.

"Is he? I didn't know!" George exclaimed with a start. "You didn't ask anybody, surely?" he added, doubtingly.

"No; I found it out by chance: settling about—about what might be wanted with Miss Travers. She told me it is to Frazer the old man always sends to get his orders cashed. You may have to go to him for money if your uncle holds on long as he is now. Unless he had it in his desk, there was very little in the house."

"I shouldn't like it," George returned, more decisively than was his wont in meeting his wife's suggestions. "Frazer might think what isn't the case—knowing how I was pushed for money not long since. Besides," he added, after a moment's silent thought, including (his wife judged from a side glance cast upon the desk) at least a half regret for his precipitate and unadvised action thereupon, "that might be a cross kind of business. Frazer would probably require a guarantee from some one or more of us—the Deanes, John, and myself—before advancing money; unless Uncle Tott has made a will in favour of any one of us and he knows of it. But," he said, after a moment's silence, and brightening up as if with a happy second thought, "couldn't Miss Travers go to him, that is, when 'tis really wanted of course?"

"I suppose she could," returned his Mary. "Whether she would, or not, seems to be another thing. Perhaps she might

at *your* desire, as you were so very ready to obey hers. She appears to be a little too high-handed, considering her position, for me to like to have much dealing with."

"High-handed? not a bit of it!" George thought; "he could pledge his life on that." But he wisely kept to himself this difference of opinion, and said merely: "Well, *I* have no objection to try if she will when you want it."

"Oh! well, I don't want it yet. There's no immediate call for it: and we had better try to manage without him as long as we can."

"No doubt of it," agreed George.

"Whether or not indeed," pursued she, "I have been thinking it would be as well to keep down expenses here. We might not be thanked for having made an open house for all comers."

"You forget," George said, "that all comers likely to come have as good a right to come and stay and spend as you and I."

"Not quite, if we have all the trouble—of everything. And *I* don't intend to stay in an expensive way—nor to let others do so either," she added, but only in her own mind—not quite sure that George would approve of her projected tactics, and "seeing no earthly use of her being so simple as to explain all to him just then."

"At all events," George said, following out the line that his own thoughts had taken from his wife's starting-point, "I dare say the Deanes must be let know how poor old Uncle Tott is?"

"*I* dare say they'll hear it soon enough; and come bothering soon enough, too. You don't think it will give them much trouble of mind?"

"Not more than it gives us, very likely. But appearances—if nothing else—must be kept up. It would look strange if you and I seemed to take possession of the old man, and keep his illness secret. John, too——"

"Strange!" echoed his wife, interrupting him. "I declare I don't understand your family! You spend your lives wide asunder and as if nothing to each other. But when Death shows his face, you must get together, all of you—as if that would mend matters."

"Well," returned George, whose mind had taken somewhat more of the tone befitting the apprehension of that awful visitor, "after all, isn't that natural enough? Does not Death bring all men together?"

"Oh! you'll just give me the blues; and I want to keep up," rejoined his Mary, rising abruptly to break up the conjugal conference.

"I'll call on Achilles, and he can let Giles know," concluded George.

"If you will, you will, you know," replied his wife. This was a not unusual mode of signifying that she had come round to his opinion, or at least did not, for reasons of her own, choose to give

further opposition ; and was fully understood as such by George. She now had indeed just reflected that if the Deanes were to come (and come they ultimately would no doubt !) it was perhaps as well to know precisely when they might be looked for. This point George's call on them would fix within, probably, an hour or two. "But I am sure," she said, as her husband, seeing her about to quit the room, prepared to leave it too, "I am quite sure there's no occasion for your going to-day. To-morrow will be soon enough. You must see yourself, and so would they if they were here, that there's no use in any one but the few that are wanted coming about a poor man that knows nobody yet."

"You may be right on that point," George said, reflectively; probably not altogether sorry to be provided with a feasible plea for not doing to-day what he might put off till the morrow.

Upon this understanding, then, they parted. To give George his breakfast there would, economy apart, be inconsistent more or less with the course that his wife had laid down for herself. Therefore she now let him go without even an allusion to that meal. She knew that it would be comfortably served to him at home ; and so, of course, did George. If he had indeed thought that his stay would be expected or desired, he now said to himself as he turned his face homeward that "this *was* cutting things close !" He perhaps was, on the whole, not ill-pleased to find himself on the way back to his own cheerful room, easy chair and morning paper, and freedom to *appear* as well as *be* in spirits to enjoy them all.

On her side, Mary George, intent on something more than the hastening of her own breakfast, proceeded to the kitchen, where her favour and influence were notably on the increase. The early morning hours that Miss Travers had spent in reverie *she* had given to action. Such was her habit of mind that she hardly could see anything anywhere wanting to be done without a wish to do it. And thus, perhaps without a special motive urging her to what she did, she had gone hither and thither through the house, putting a hand to everything not likely to lessen her fitness to present herself at a moment's warning before Dr. Franklin. So that when the servants came down stairs it seemed to them as though the Fairy Good-will had been at work while they were sleeping. And now all that was needed to complete the conviction that "she was a clever, kind, considerate lady as ever they met" was added by the carefully pre-arranged little speech with which she followed up her directions for breakfast. "First," she said, "the strange nurse must get hers ; and when she has done, Miss Travers and I will have ours. And as soon as breakfast is over, I'll go to market. Mrs. Timmany will want her dinner at a regular hour and early. And if Miss Travers won't mind having hers about the same time—a chop or steak for her can be done with the nurse's. You will have no cooking to do for me," she added, after a moment's pause to em-

phasize the announcement; "I'll dine at home with the children when I go to see them every day. I don't understand anyone in good health giving servants unnecessary trouble where there's a sick person to be attended to."

No sooner had she got outside the kitchen door than her praises were sung with one voice by cook and housemaid. Nurse Nelly alone preserved a dignified and distrustful silence. So rarely, however, was she known to praise anybody but herself (while making constant profession of "giving everyone his merit") that neither of her kitchen mates so much as thought of asking her opinion. Now she listened, her head a little on one side, and a twinkle in her eyes: both of which signs were perfectly intelligible to her companions. Anyone familiar with her peculiarities might now foretell the coming, at the first sufficient pause, of her favorite exclamation: "Ver-y fine oysters!"

"An angel down from heaven wouldn't please you!" the cook said, angrily.

"He didn't come to try me yet," returned Nelly. "But 'let everyone praise the bridge as he passes over it.' She's sweet to you: and you do well to be sweet to her—[*aside*] 'Too sweet to be sound,' like a frost-bitten potato—that's all Nelly has to say to it."

J. M. O'R.

THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S. J.

XI. EDUCATION.

HAVING spoken of the professional knowledge and professional studies of the clergy, of the application of that knowledge and those studies in the confessional, in public and private instruction and advice on religious matters, including whatever belongs to Faith or to Morals, I must not omit to speak of the rights and duties of the clergy with reference to education. How does the Church—the teaching and governing Church—stand towards education—towards the intellectual training of Catholic youth?

It is the direct business of the Church to secure the *religious* instruction of the rising generation of every time. Whatever else they learn, care must be taken that they learn the true doctrines of Faith and Morals under the guidance and direction of the clergy. No doubt, parents and other lay persons can and do communicate this kind of knowledge, and their co-operation is much needed—indispensably needed. Yet, the work they do is the work of the Church, and must be done under the presidency and direction of the Church. The Church is entitled and bound to insist on this branch of education being effectually attended to, on children being taught and taught correctly. The clergy must take part in the work themselves, and guide the efforts of secular teachers in this regard. The spiritual interests of children, with which interests the Church is charged, strictly demand the exercise of this care on the part of the clergy, abstracting from all merely temporal advantages to the children and to human society. But it must be remembered that the temporal advantages thence derived are exceedingly great. Indifferent Christians may sometimes be tolerable citizens, but rarely so good, so useful citizens as if they were better Christians; whilst really good Christians are sure not to be bad citizens. If some among them do not do much for their country, they will do nothing against it. It stands to reason that those who are carefully brought up in the knowledge and fulfilment of the law of God should be faithful in the performance of those duties which the law of God imposes, and therefore of all social duties, which are assuredly comprised in that law. Conscience, in the long run, reaches much further than any amount of civil coercion and police vigilance.

But educational teaching is not universally confined, nor nearly confined, to religious truths of any kind. Arts and sciences and literature are to be cultivated, not indeed by all, and by *comparatively* few to any considerable extent; but they are to be cultivated,

and, as I have said elsewhere, the Church is very far from discouraging such studies. What then is the office of the clergy in their regard?

I need not repeat that ecclesiastical students are encouraged and even required to apply themselves to the branches of which we are speaking. It is well known that both in the past and in our own time many members of the clerical body have distinguished themselves in the various departments of natural knowledge. Popes and bishops have established splendid schools for the promotion of secular learning. All this is matter of undisputed history, but does not afford an answer to the question proposed: namely, what is the *office* of the clergy in regard of these studies? Is it, for instance, the duty of the Church to teach human science and literature? Is it the duty of the Church to provide laymen with the opportunity of cultivating these branches of knowledge? I am not asking what bishops or priests may do in this respect, nor even what they may, in certain circumstances, be more or less bound to do on the score of charity, with a view to meeting the wants of their fellow men—with a view to conferring on them a natural benefit, which they would otherwise either not possess at all or would not possess without a considerable amount of accompanying spiritual danger—with a view, too, to furthering remotely the interests of religion. I am inquiring whether the Church is directly charged with the training of the laity, or any of them, in merely human arts and sciences and literature. This query must be answered in the negative. The obligatory teaching commission, so to speak, which the Church has received from her Divine Founder, regards religious doctrine only. She is not debarred from promoting, fostering, encouraging merely human studies, even among the laity; nay, she has a *right* to this, as a subordinate means towards the attainment of her own proper end; but it is not one of her essential functions.

Has the Church, then, any office, any duty imposed on her, with reference to secular education? Undoubtedly she has. It is an essential function of the Church to watch over secular education; to protect the faithful from the dangers incident to it; to insist on the use of those safeguards which are required for this purpose. Whatever belongs to Faith or Morals is within the competence of ecclesiastical authority, and nothing is more obvious than the connection of secular education with Faith and Morals under the respect just stated. Some portions of secular education concern subjects which have, from their nature, a bearing on religion, while other subjects can with no great difficulty be so treated as to have a bearing on it likewise. Indeed, there is scarcely any branch of human learning, if there be any at all, that does not admit of this.

The *vigilance* of the Church with reference to education is exercised in various ways, according to circumstances. The pastors

keep themselves informed of the nature of the instruction given to Catholics, partly by observation, partly by reports made to them, partly by inquiry. They ascertain by the same means the character of those teaching institutions which are frequented by Catholics. They watch, too, the laws of the state, proposed or enacted, regarding colleges and schools. The *authority* or control of the Church with reference to education is exercised over the Catholic heads of schools and colleges, over Catholic teachers, in or out of schools and colleges, and over Catholic parents and children. The amount of interference is regulated by the necessity of the case, the opportunities afforded, and prudential considerations, which sometimes commend the toleration of what cannot be positively approved. Any intelligent and tolerably fair man, of whatever creed, or of no creed, will admit that Catholics, to be consistent, must take their religion into account in connection with the secular teaching of their children, and that the Church is, on Catholic principles, entitled and bound to watch and, in a certain degree, direct that teaching. A Protestant, and still more an infidel, may condemn or ridicule this course, as he condemns and ridicules Catholicity itself; but he cannot deny that, Catholics being Catholics, and the Church being viewed as they view it, no other course is legitimately open to them or to it. And yet, unfortunately, there are professing Catholics who do not seem to see things in this light. We may trust they are but few. They are influenced partly by simple ignorance, partly by superficial and illusory reasonings, and partly, no doubt, by certain worldly interests, which are, or appear to be, more effectually promoted by setting aside what these men persuade themselves to be mere scruples.

At the present time, in these countries—and not only in these countries, about which, however, we are most concerned—there are two un-Catholic doctrines extensively prevalent among Protestants and others who differ from us in religion: namely, that secular learning should be entirely disconnected from religion, and that education should be *mixed* and not *denominational*. These two doctrines though not identical nor inseparable are closely allied to each other. For Catholics, the second—which regards mixed education—is far the most practically important. For, besides other reasons, where Catholics are educated on the thoroughly denominational system, there will not be, as a matter of fact, any undue separation of secular learning from religion. I have said *thoroughly*, because a school might be, and very often is, under the exclusive care of good Catholics, and yet not simply a *Catholic school*. I will therefore make a few remarks on mixed education, introducing as much as need be said about the disconnection of religion from secular teaching.

By *mixed* schools and colleges for Catholics, I mean those in which the official positions of heads, directors, teachers, or some

of them, are, *as a matter of course*, held by or open to non-Catholics. I have worded my description thus, because if the Catholic head of an otherwise Catholic college were to avail himself occasionally, or even permanently, of the services of a Protestant teacher in some particular branch, the college would not thereby become a mixed one. This course is not commonly advisable; but the nature of the subject, the personal character of the master employed, and a proper amount of supervision, might render it safe in a special case.

I am speaking here, as I have expressly indicated, of mixed schools or colleges *for Catholics*, that is as regards Catholic scholars, who would be thus educated on the mixed system. I am not, at present, concerned with establishments in which there are no Catholic pupils. I am not at present concerned either with the fact of there being or not being non-Catholic pupils mixed with Catholics under a purely Catholic staff.

Having sufficiently stated what I mean by a mixed school or college, and consequently by a mixed education, which is that received in such an institution, I come to the grounds of objection to the system. In a mixed college or school, either Christian doctrines enter into the common teaching or they do not. Either all allusion to Faith and Morals is studiously avoided, or they are at least partially dwelt on by the masters in the instruction they give. If they are introduced, *so far* religion is taught—taught officially by non-Catholic masters to Catholic youths. Now, assuredly, this is not a legitimate source whence Catholic youths should derive any part of their religious knowledge. There is for them but one religion: that religion is the Catholic, not any other, not common Christianity, which is not *a religion* at all. A non-Catholic master, professing no subordination to the Catholic Church, is no authority for them in such matters. This is true, even where nothing is said at variance with any Catholic tenet. But what guarantee is there, or can there be, that no aggression will occur? The non-Catholic teacher cannot be expected to know the precise doctrines of the Catholic Church,—the exact boundaries of common and particular religious doctrines. He may, even quite unintentionally, broach what is heterodox for us.

If, on the other hand, all allusion to religion and to those subjects which are comprised under religion, as I take it here and am entitled to take it—if, I say, all such allusions are to be completely avoided, we shall have not only a bald and jejune teaching, hardly possible for a continuance, but a teaching intensely non-Catholic and non-Christian. I do not say *un-Catholic* nor *un-Christian*, but *non-Catholic* and *non-Christian*. Now this, for Catholics, is very bad. The thorough ignoring of religion, the exclusion of it as a forbidden subject, must have a positively bad effect. It serves to make scholars study to forget that they are Catholics. It puts God out of their sight; it fosters the idea that religion is a totally

separate thing from the business of life—their business of life being their lessons. How can they realise to themselves that their whole lives are to be spent in the service of God, not, of course, by an uninterrupted succession of spiritual exercises, nor in a way to interfere with the exact study of any useful branch of knowledge, but by a religious intention of doing all they do for the glory of God, referring everything to Him? Experience and history teach that a religious spirit, far from impeding secular studies, helps men forward in them. If boys and young men are taught on a system professedly exclusive of religion, though not professedly opposed to it, they will learn to think but little of their religion and of God. Their lives will not be seasoned with Christian thoughts. Breathing an exclusively secular moral atmosphere, they will become in a great degree secularists; that is, persons who care nothing about religion.

Further, it is thoroughly impossible that anything like a full course of secular education can be gone through without involving the influence of religious principles or irreligious principles on the manner in which it is taught—on the teaching itself. This is obvious with regard to history and with regard to mental philosophy. It is true even of classics, if the true meaning and spirit of the authors are to be dwelt on and developed. It is impossible for a teacher not to put forward, one way or other, his moral views, for instance; and moral views, according to Catholic notions, belong to religion. Even if it were possible to avoid this, it could not be avoided without extreme circumspection and extreme self-control, such as are to be expected from very few men, and cannot be counted on. Even if allusions connected with religion could be abstained from, and easily abstained from, it is absolutely certain that, among a number of masters, and during any long lapse of time, they will not be abstained from. It is certain that cases of direct or indirect religious or irreligious teaching will be very frequent. This is a necessary result of the moral nature of men, and whoever really thinks otherwise must be strangely ignorant of that nature.

Further, the relations between teachers and scholars naturally lead to a considerable personal influence of the former over the latter. If a teacher is all that he ought to be as a teacher, he will be admired and looked up to by those under his charge. It may easily happen that a Protestant teacher will avail himself of this moral power to draw his pupil towards that religion which he himself professes, and to warn him against what the master considers the delusions of Popery. This work need not be done during class hours. But, even without any intentional attempt of the kind, the scholar's feelings towards his instructor are not unlikely to recommend, in some degree at least, the latter's religious tenets, or to diminish that abhorrence in which all Catholics ought to hold sectarian doctrines—not, of course, *the men*, but *the doctrines*

only. Boys and girls and young men and women are easily wrought on and easily warped.

It is quite consistent with all I have just said that many instances may be found of those who have passed unharmed through mixed schools or colleges. No one has ever said that mixed education is *essentially destructive* to every individual so educated. It is calculated to be pernicious, but several may escape injury from it. It is still more consistent with the alleged danger that comparatively few abandon the Church in consequence. Indeed the upholders of the system for this country would deplore any considerable number of such defections resulting from it; since their favourite scheme would thus become patently intolerable, and could last but a short while longer. The great evil to be feared is not apostacy, but a kind of unsoundness which may readily be found in professing Catholics. A certain undesirable class of them are an easy fruit of such training—a class distinguished by doctrinal looseness joined with a very imperfect allegiance to the Church, and, as a necessary consequence, a commenced proclivity towards unbelief. Even those who have been educated at Catholic schools too often become later infected with this pestilence, which is found floating in the moral atmosphere of society. But mixed education is naturally adapted to communicate it, and insert it more deeply, while, on the other hand, the old principles of a sound training will often rise up and assert themselves and dispel the malady more lately contracted.

It is contended by many outside the Church that Catholic education unduly restricts the scholar, confines the range of his speculations, cramps his intellectual energies. The Catholic hierarchy and priesthood are hostile to progress, they fetter intelligence on principle. What is a Catholic to say to this allegation? I, as a Catholic, ask whether this pretended illiberality of priests and bishops and popes is the effect of Catholic doctrine, whether it is precisely because they are *Catholic ecclesiastics* that they take the view imputed to them? Is it merely an accidental coincidence? This may happen in one or two or twenty cases, or even more. There may be priests or bishops who are narrow-minded about education, or about anything else, as there may be priests or bishops who go astray culpably or inculpably in various ways. But it is simply unintelligible that Catholic priests and bishops should all, or nearly all, take a particular line, such as that pretended, unless the line in question is substantially dictated by the Catholic religion. And, no doubt, those who support mixed education on this ground do, expressly or tacitly or virtually, attribute the supposed fact to the Catholic religion, at least in their own minds, or if any do not, this comes from the imperfect and confused character of their perceptions concerning the Catholic religion, and the relation between it and the clergy. I should like to hear any reasonable, educated man controvert this conditional

proposition: If the Catholic clergy through the world uniformly, or almost uniformly, habitually and persistently, hold to a system of undue restriction and illiberal shackling of the intelligence and studies of scholars, they derive this system from the doctrines of the Catholic religion. I go further, and I say that, in such hypothesis, they *correctly* derive the system from the doctrines of the Catholic religion—that it is no mistake. For, assuredly, if the clergy as a body do not understand the Catholic religion, no one understands it. The argument then for mixed education taken from the evil influence of the Catholic priesthood cannot, in the first place, be accepted by a Catholic, as it would commit him to the condemnation of his Church and Religion. Secondly, that argument comes to be available against those who use it. That is to say, whatever there is in it tells in a Catholic's eyes against them. I will put the thing thus: Either the Catholic religion does call for a restriction, which these gentlemen would get rid of, or it does not; if it does, then their position in the mind of a Catholic, must militate against their system and serve as an objection to that system; if it does not, then the argument is worth nothing, and is no argument at all. If they shift their ground, and say *some* Catholic bishops or priests would shackle the intelligence of scholars, I reply, so, probably, would some parsons and some Protestant bishops, and some Deists and some Atheists. As a matter of fact, some men of each of these classes are intolerant of whatever is at variance with their own theories, and would, to the best of their ability, shut out a student from the danger respectively of Popery, Christianity, Theism. I admit there is a certain restraint desired and imposed by the Church as regards students or scholars. It will be well for us next to consider briefly what is the nature and amount of this restraint.

A CHRISTMAS BOOK AND OTHER BOOKS.

- I. *Puck and Blossom*. A Fairy Tale. By ROSA MULHOLLAND, Author of "The Wicked Woods of Tobereevil," "Hester's History," "The Little Flower-seekers," &c. Marcus Ward and Co., Belfast.

THE Christmas-box season has set in with its usual severity. Let us trust that all the good things Father Christmas brings for his children may be half as good in their kind as this fairy picture-book of pretty stories. We opine that the travels of many an Irish child in search of a Christmas book will come to a happy conclusion at the counter which introduces "*Puck and Blossom*" to his notice; and we may say the same for English and Scotch children also, and for young America. Nothing can well be more attractive than its general daintiness of get-up, even the initial letters and tail-pieces being little works of art. The chromographic illustrations in gold and colours are simply marvellous, when taken in connection with the circumstance that the price of the volume is not gold also but only a piece of silver. Daintier binding, creamier paper, rounder or clearer printing, funnier or sunnier pictures, child's heart could not desire, even at Christmas time; and under the sacred name of Child we include here such "children of a larger growth" as are happy enough to preserve "a young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks."

All this, however, is but the setting of a jewel rich and rare as the gems worn by the brave maiden in the Irish melody. Here is a fairy tale quite after the heart of that true poet (albeit a joker) who not only sang the "*Song of the Shirt*," but also framed so eloquent "*A Plea for the Midsummer Fairies*;" nay, we are sure this delicate phantasy would please the poet of poets who dreamed the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," from which Master Puck Meadowsweet derives his name. Perhaps it would have been better to be original in this point as in all the rest; for the mere nomenclature of the fairies and goblins in this book is in itself a triumph of ingenuity—monosyllabic, like Chinese proper names, and all roughly significant of character. Puck himself is certainly a very sturdy, manly little fellow, but not half so good as Blossom Barley-corn, a gentle, merry, soft-hearted little maiden of seven years old. After they have escaped from the City of the Discontented Children, it is very nice to see how thoughtful they are for those ugly wee brats, putting in a good word for them with the fairies. No doubt they enjoyed the ball much better when the fairy Frisk gave them, just before it began, this piece of good news:—

"You'll be glad to hear that all the children who were sorry in the hospital of the City under the Sea have been rescued from the goblins, and are now safe at home with their fathers and mothers."

"Oh! I am so glad," cried Blossom.

"How did your friends manage it?" asked Puck.

"I cannot exactly tell you," said Frisk, "but I know the lobsters had a claw in it."

"And are the naughty children there still?" asked Blossom.

"Of course they are," said Frisk.

"But some day they will get sorry too," said Blossom, "and then there will be nobody to help them."

"We can't be expected to provide for that," said Frisk.

"Ah, do ask the frog to go down under the sea every now and then, and see if there are any more children getting sorry!" said Blossom.

It is Blossom, too, who, when the little hunchback living up on the Dom has told his very touching story, and ended with the comforting thought that in Heaven his limbs shall be straight and strong—while Puck asks a rather awkward question about a new back, Blossom pats her new friend's cheek tenderly with her tiny hand and pays him the nice compliment: "You won't want a new face; the one you have will do for Heaven very well, I think." And even when "the Old Lady who kept the village in hot water" gets into well-deserved trouble, Blossom again has a cry of compassion for her.

Whoever wants to know all about this little girl and boy and their wonderful adventures, and the story of the Little Spinster and the other folk they encountered, must consult this voracious history for himself. That a book which deserves higher praise than we have given to it should be one of "Marcus Ward's Five Shilling Series" is "a revealed truth which we cannot comprehend." If our people would but bestir themselves and encourage their fellow-countrymen and fellow-countrywomen in the exercise of their gifts at home by taking special interest in a work like this, produced in all its parts in Ireland, they would display their patriotism very practically, and contribute something towards the fulfilment of the aspiration which we notice on the trade-mark of these enterprising publishers—*Floreat Hibernia!*

- II. *Spicilegium Ossoriense*. Being a collection of Original Letters and Papers illustrative of the History of the Irish Church from the Reformation to the year 1800. By the Right Rev. PATRICK FRANCIS MORAN, D.D., Bishop of Ossory. First Series. Dublin: W. B. Kelly. 1874.

THE Bishop of Ossory has paid to his diocese the same compliment which Dom Guéranger paid to his Abbey of Solesme in choosing a name for the *Spicilegium Solesmense*. Although, however, by no means confined to matters concerning that diocese, the collection begins with such papers as the "Order of Episcopal Visitation in the Diocese of Ossory," "Patron Saints of the Churches of Ossory," &c.; and throughout the volume we meet with most interesting local documents, like the address of the priests of

Ossory on the promotion of the distinguished Dr. James Phelan from the parish of Callan to be their bishop.

These historical gleanings have been gathered in fields in which the spoiler rather than the reaper has been at work; and, when we consider the course of events in Ireland during and since the years to which the documents contained in this elegant quarto refer, the wonder grows upon us how so many interesting papers have survived, and how the Bishop of Ossory has been able to compile them (two hundred and sixty-two in number) from so many different sources often very recondite and inaccessible. Although these sources are indicated in each instance, it is to be regretted that a general introductory dissertation has not given us some of the valuable and interesting information which the editor alone could furnish as to the nature and history of the materials here amassed. Fortunately, however, this volume is only the first of (let us hope) a long series which will afford opportunity for numerous *prolegomena* and *excursus*. Of the latter there are several scattered up and down in the course of this volume, which relieve with a page or two of English the respectable Latinity in which most of the letters and reports are couched. Perhaps the most interesting of these are the pages relating to Richard Creagh, Archbishop of Armagh, and his two escapes from prison. Extracts from the State Paper Office are contrasted with Froude's false account of the "poor wretch," as he styles the Primate rather through contempt than compassion; and further proof is thus given of the already well-proven point "how little reliance can be placed on the unauthenticated statements of that flippant historian."

A glance along the columns of the very clearly arranged table of contents is enough to show that the *Spicilegium Ossoriense* is a precious addition to the historical literature of the Irish Church, throwing light on the records of almost every diocese, as well as on the labours of all the religious orders that have helped the faithful bishops, priests, and people of Ireland to make and to keep our beloved country the most Catholic spot on God's earth.

III. *Expostulation in Extremis; or, Remarks on Mr. Gladstone's Political Expostulation on the Vatican Decrees.* By the Right Hon. Lord ROBERT MONTAGU, M.P. London: Burns and Oates.

THIS is one of the most effective additions to that literature of expostulation, under which the booksellers' counters are likely to groan for some time. For expostulation is quite the rage at present. That feminine phrase describes accurately enough the sort of expostulation that is current. Olive branches are once more discharged from catapults.

The history of Mr. Gladstone's religious opinions has not followed the course of that wonderful narrative, of which the opening phrase of this sentence recalls the amended title. A closer parallel

for this part of his career might be found in an incident from a popular farce of other days, in which Mr. Box seems to meditate the fatal plunge, approaches the edge of the precipice, lays his hat down on the brink, takes one look into the yawning gulf beneath, and walks off in the *opposite* direction! Mr. Gladstone appeared at one time to be on the very point of saying with a different hero, "Festus, I plunge!" but he thought better of it; and now, like Mr. Box aforesaid, he is walking off in the opposite direction; and very fast indeed. "How changed from that Hector," whose high theories of Church and State disgusted the Whiggish soul of Thomas Babington Macaulay.

•Those who did not before dislike or distrust the fallen chief are inclined to chide him now more in sorrow than in anger. Personally, this escapade has not improved his chance of ever yielding to the entreaty which Pius IX. is said to have addressed to a certain Anglican who spoke of waiting for some future "coming over in *globo*." "Save your own soul, my child!" Politically, we have nothing to say here to the matter, unless, perhaps, an "intelligent outsider" may venture on the remark that the Liberal subalterns must be sorely tried at seeing the recuperative energies of their party all wasted by this blunder on the part of their leader: a blunder, indeed, which is politically worse than a crime, since it renders all their opponents' blunders harmless to the Ins and useless to the Outs. Lothair may indulge in any amount of heedless rhetoric about domiciliary visits and arbitrary arrests, and may then, at one angry hiss from Berlin, eat his words with abject alacrity; but his rival is secure, nevertheless, against having his Homeric studies interrupted by a recall to power.

The trenchant pamphlet, whose subject (rather than its substance) has suggested these remarks, will not be translated into Welsh, nor circulated to the extent of a hundred thousand copies like the original "Expostulation." In this wicked world answers are always duller than attacks; and, besides, the expostulator has the special privilege of always catching the Speaker's eye and monopolising the ear of the public. But he himself at least has read and studied Lord Robert Montagu's eloquent arguments, and cannot but feel their cogency. Let us hope that they may help him to perceive that "it is excellent to have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous (or at least foolish) to use it like"—the *late* Lord John Russell, or his correspondent, the Bishop of Durham.

THE WORKHOUSE CHILDREN.

A TRUE TALE.

BY THE LADY HERBERT OF LEA.

IT was a cold, drizzling, wretched evening in November. People hurried along the slippery, muddy streets of London, intent on their work or business, and only anxious to get home out of the wet.

But there was one whose step was even quicker than the rest, though his grave countenance and downcast eyes showed that he was the bearer of *Something* that kept him recollected amid his hurry. We will follow him past the broad gaslit street and down a narrow passage, till he pauses at a house in a wretched court, of which the entrance was half choked with rags and bones. He does not speak, but hurries on up the dirty, broken staircase, and some of the lodgers in the same house follow him, awe-struck and silent too, till he reaches one particular door. It is opened by a crying boy of ten or twelve years old, who instantly kneels, while his sister, a little older than himself, lights a candle, and together with their visitor approach a bed in the corner of the miserable room, on which is lying a woman, still young, but in the last stage of decline. Her poor wan features light up with joy as she sees her Lord approaching; and for a short time nought is heard but the voice of the priest, who is come to soothe that dying bed, and give the one great strength for the last dread journey.

A quarter of an hour passed, the service was over, and in a faint and feeble voice the dying mother spoke: "Father, I could go in peace, and gladly, too, but for one thing. What is to become of my poor children? They must go to the workhouse. Sad enough to think that *his* children should come to this! But it isn't only that—you know what I mean! If they go, they will lose their faith. It's no use telling me the contrary. I know the law is on our side, and the law says that children are to be brought up in the religion of their parents. But the guardians don't care about the law; they'll *force* them to be Protestants, as they did Mary Green's children last year. And when I went to see 'em, the poor little boy, he cried so! and said they beat him if he made the sign of the cross or said his own prayers. O sir! would that I had buried them with their poor father! I would rather see them die this minute than become Protestants!"

"And does not our Lord know this, and will not He provide, O you of little faith?" replied the kind old priest, gently taking her hand. "Do not fear, my child; we will all look after them.

And the newspapers have taken up the matter, and now the guardians *dare* not keep the children as they used to do. Only commend them to *His* care who never yet forsook the widow and the fatherless."

"I would be beaten to death sooner than give up being a Catholic, mother!" exclaimed the boy, who had been eagerly hanging on his mother's words. The little girl was silent; but she drew nearer to her mother and imprinted on her forehead one long, long kiss. It seemed as if this silent compact were understood by both mother and child. "God bless you, my darling!" murmured the poor woman. They were her last conscious words. Soon the death struggle began, and before morning dawned, the poor children were orphans and alone.

We will pass over the misery of the few intervening days. A kind neighbour took pity on the children's misery and desolation, and shared with them her scanty meals. But this could not last; and the morning came when the terrible separation was to take place from all they had ever loved or known. The pauper funeral over, the brother and sister found themselves somewhat roughly, yet not unkindly, dragged down the street by a policeman, and brought to a big stone building with a high wall, and an iron gate at which he rang. After a few words with the porter, they were shown a long passage into a bleak, large room, in the corner of which was a stern man sitting behind a high desk, who looked up at them with a cross, disagreeable expression of face, and exclaimed to their guide: "What! more brats? the house is chock-full already! What's their names?" "Mary and Arthur Duncan, sir," replied the policeman, touching his hat respectfully to that awful functionary, the master of the workhouse. "Their mother was a very respectable widow, sir, but who had been ill a long time, and so got behind-hand with the rent and everything. She lived in King's-head Court, and was buried by the parish this morning, leaving the children quite destitute. They are Catholics, sir," he added, in rather a deprecatory tone.

"Papists are they?" exclaimed the master, in an irascible tone. "Oh! we'll soon knock that out of them," ringing violently, as he spoke, for one of his underlings, who received orders forthwith to take the children to their respective quarters. Before they were separated, Mary threw her arms round her brother's neck: "Remember poor mother and your promise!" she whispered. Arthur nodded; his heart was too full to speak, and he followed his conductor down the cold stone staircase to a large room where boys of all ages were sitting huddled up together, looking too cowed and miserable to play, although the tasks were over; and dressed in the workhouse livery of brown holland pinafores, which added to the sallow and unwholesome look of most of their faces. Even Arthur's arrival amongst them excited scarcely any remark or comment, except that one of them, with a nicer face than the rest,

made room for him on the bench where they were sitting, and began to speak to him in a low voice. His name, age, and the like were the first questions; and by degrees Arthur was led on to speak of his mother and his faith. An expression of terror passed over the face of his interlocutor. "Keep it dark as you value your skin!" he whispered eagerly. "I was, like you, a Catholic, and they nearly murdered me—and now . . ." What more he might have said was stopped by the loud and angry voice of the master summoning the boys to dinner; but poor little Arthur's heart sank within him, and he thought to himself, "Shall I ever be brave enough to be one of those confessors mother told us about?"

We must leave Arthur and Mary to their fate for a few weeks, and introduce our readers to another room in the same building, where a large number of persons are assembled. It was "board day," and there was evidently an unusual excitement among the guardians, who spoke to one another in low voices, and occasionally looked first towards the chairman, and then towards the door.

"The lady is waiting down stairs, sir," said the clerk, addressing a pompous-looking individual seated at the end of a long table covered with green baize, round which about fifteen other men were assembled.

"Show her up," was the reply; and in a few seconds the door opened and admitted a lady, very simply dressed, who, in accordance with the chairman's invitation, took a seat near him, and then remained silent.

"May I ask you, madam, for what reason you have wished to see the board to-day?" inquired the chairman.

"I am come," replied the lady, "to ask for two children now in this house, Mary and Arthur Duncan. They are the children of Catholic parents; and, as such, I wish to have them transferred to one of the Catholic industrial schools certified for that purpose by the Government."

Complete silence followed this speech, which was broken by the chairman sending for the master, and inquiring into the particulars of the case.

"Duncan, sir? Yes, sir. Two children—boy and girl. Boy as obstinate a little Papist as ever you saw, sir. He had been taught by the 'Christian Brothers' (as they call 'em) before he came here; and they had made him make the sign of the cross when the clock struck. And we can't cure him of it, sir, tho' we've tied his hands and feet, and beaten him scores of times for it.* And the girl's just as bad, the mistress says."

The lady's colour rose, but she simply said: "Are these children's names entered as Catholics in the Creed Register?"

* A fact.

"No, ma'am," replied the master. "We keep no Creed Register here."

"Are you aware, sir," continued the lady, "that this is in direct contravention of two distinct Acts of Parliament?"

The chairman fidgeted, and looked at a fat, red-faced man seated a little lower down, who replied:

"Very sorry, ma'am; but, in *my* opinion, a Creed Register is quite unnecessary. These children are orphans, and should be taught without sectarianism. Such children, *I* say, should be brought up in the established religion of the country. What's good enough for us is good enough for them, I should think."

"Are you a father?" replied the lady, quietly.

"Yes, ma'am, I am."

"Well then—supposing (which I allow is very unlikely) that in the fluctuations of trade you were to be unfortunate, as some are, and then die, and leave your children unprovided for, would you like to think that they would be brought up as Catholics?"

"I would sooner see them in their graves!" eagerly exclaimed the red-faced grocer.

"There's an old proverb," replied the lady, smiling, "that 'sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.' Now, I knew the parents of these poor children. Their mother died when I was present. One only thought embittered her last moments: the terror lest her children should be brought up as Protestants. She made use of just the same words as you: 'I would sooner see them in their graves!'"

"But, ma'am," continued the speaker, "we guardians don't recognise them as Roman Catholics, or anything else. The children here are simply taught what we believe to be the truth. We've got to keep them and feed them, and it's our duty, I take it, to try and make something better of them than would have been the case if they had been left to their Popish parents."

"But you forget," replied the lady, "that this is not a question for you or me to judge or decide upon. The law says: 'No child shall be instructed in any other religious creed than in that of its parents.' (Act, Victoria, 1862, sec. 9.) And further, that 'No child shall be compelled to attend any religious service contrary to the religious principles of its parents.' (Act, William IV., 1834, sec. 19.)"

"But surely," interrupted the chairman, "these Acts are permissive, not compulsory, on the guardians?"

"I may be wrong in my knowledge of English grammar," replied the lady; "but I consider although '*may*' is permissive, the word '*shall*' is peremptory; and the clause says: '*No child shall* be sent under this Act to any school which is conducted on the principles of a religious denomination to which such child does not belong.'"

The chairman, seeing that the argument was not going in favour of the board, interposed with the question—

"May I ask, madam, by what right you come here to claim these children?"

"By my right as godmother," answered the lady, firmly, "in pursuance to the 14th section of the Act of 1866, which has been again confirmed by the Act of 1868. I have brought with me all the papers required by this Act—the certificates of their baptism, and of the marriage and deaths of their parents. It is a clear and straightforward case according to the law of the land. But I would rather appeal to your feelings as gentlemen, and ask you to let me remove the children quietly, without having recourse to extreme measures."

The lady, hereupon, was asked to withdraw for a short time while the board discussed the matter.

"I really know nothing of the law of the case, gentlemen," said the chairman, testily, when the door was closed.

"Mr. May," he added, turning to the clerk, "what do you say in this matter?"

"That there's no denying the lady has the law on her side, sir. She put it as neatly as possible, and there's no escape from it, I'm afraid, do what you will. Here are the words as plain as a pike-staff," he added, unfolding the Acts of Parliament as he spoke, and pointing to the clauses before mentioned. "I see no alternative but that you should let the children go."

"Besides, that woman has influence, and is capable of putting the whole thing into the newspapers if we resist," grumbled another of the board, who had a righteous horror of being "shown up" as the narrow-minded bigot he really was.

"What with the Poor Law Board interfering one day, and a radical press the next, I don't know what use guardians are of, any longer!" angrily exclaimed a conservative corn-chandler, who sat next him. And so the discussion waxed hot and angry, with the consciousness on the part of the speakers that their case was indefensible.

Meanwhile, the lady, having asked for the matron, was occupying herself in visiting the house.

"Which is Mary Duncan?" she asked, on coming into the girls' school-room.

The mistress coloured. "She's in disgrace, ma'am, for obstinacy and disobedience."

"I am very sorry to hear that," replied the lady. "What has she done?"

"She wouldn't say the prayers, ma'am, in the morning with the others, and she wouldn't learn her Catechism, leastways that bit about the sacraments. She *would* say there were seven instead of two; so I just boxed her ears, and locked her up in the black hole."

"Are you aware that she is a Catholic?" asked the lady.

"I know nothing about that," answered the mistress, sulkily. "My business is to see that the children say the prayers and learn the Catechism, and don't set themselves up to be wiser than their betters."

The lady sighed. "I must ask you, for my sake, to let Mary Duncan out this time, so that I may speak to her. I knew her mother, and I promised that I would look after her child."

The mistress reluctantly complied, and Mary was brought down. She was very pale, and looked ill and exhausted; but her face brightened at the sight of the lady. "O ma'am! O poor mother!" was all she could say, as the recollection of the last time they had met came across her, and then burst into a violent fit of crying.

"My poor, dear child!" whispered the lady. "I know all. Keep up your heart; I am doing my best, and soon I hope to have you out of this place." Then, turning to the matron, she said: "I should like to speak to this little girl in your parlour for a moment, if you will allow me."

The matron acquiesced; and Mary, holding fast by her protector's hand, soon found herself alone with her old friend in the matron's room.

"Are there many Catholic children in the house?" was the first question asked by the lady.

"There were a great many, ma'am," replied Mary, "but now they daren't own to it. The mistress is so cruel, and puts such extra work on them if she finds out that they're what she calls 'Papists'; and half the time they don't get their dinner or supper; so they're just starved and beaten into being Protestants."*

"And my poor little confessor here has borne all this?" said the lady, smoothing the hair off the child's forehead, and looking at her lovingly.

"I tried to think of Jesus, and how He bore pain and shame for us, as poor mother used to tell us," said the child, simply; "and then it didn't seem so hard. And I pray to Him and to our Lady every day to give me strength to bear it; and if it may be, to get me and Arthur away from this terrible place."

A messenger here interrupted the conversation by summoning the lady to reappear before the board.

"Courage, and hope on!" whispered she, as she left the little girl to obey the summons.

"We have considered the case you have brought before us, madam," said the chairman, gravely, "and though you must allow me to say there is no legal right in the matter of removing the children to the district schools, which is left to the discretion of the board, yet we think, considering all the circumstances, it will be well to grant your request. You are therefore at liberty to

* A fact.

remove the children when you please, and we have desired the necessary forms to be prepared for the purpose."

Reader, my tale is told; and unlike some tales it is a true one. If it should induce you or any one else to take up the cause of these poor children, and to second the measures which are being set on foot to deliver these little ones from the cruel persecution they are now undergoing for their faith, or from the still more irreparable wrong of their being robbed of it altogether, and forcibly brought up in error, my object will be attained.*

A LIFE GRIEF.

NOW the lights are out, and the crowd is gone,
And the organ hushed in a tender wail;
And the pensive shades from the East creep on
Through the Gothic arch and the marble rail;
They creep and they pause by the empty shrine,
And the unlit lamp, and the open door,
Where the clusters green, and the rosebuds pine,
And the soft leaves fall to the crimson floor.

Why kneel I to stay while the rest depart,
And only the incense lingereth near,
With a prayerless voice, and a hungry heart,
And a love that dareth not love through fear?
Ah! He was there and they bore Him away,
And the white-stoled priest left the door ajar;
And my sorrow waked, and I kneel and stay,
When the rest all go to their homes afar.

It waked and it wailed on the music's tone,
And it cried out strong when the Lord was gone;
And I list in fear to its troubled moan,
And I trembling wait till a calm comes on.
Ah! the once bright hope that grew pale and died,
When I never grieved in the morning hour—
And I came at noon, and I wept and cried,
Till it started up with a life-grief power.

* * It is certain that Catholics in these countries are quite too indifferent to the losses which the Church, alas! is suffering in England and the United States by the anti-Catholic influences brought to bear on Catholic orphans and other poor children in workhouses and similar establishments. We have seen most harrowing statistics on this question put forward lately in American journals. The foregoing little tale may help us to realise the fate of some of these wretched little creatures. It has been before in print, but not in a public journal; and we use it now with the kind permission, and indeed at the suggestion, of the noble Writer.—ED. I. M.

A Life Grief.

Oh! the hope that's dead, and the grief that slept,
Till it waked just now with a thrill of pain ;
And the longing years, and the vigils kept,
And the buried joy, and the prayers all vain.
Oh! the deepening shades, and the clouded heart,
And the light that steals from the West afar ;
And the Virgin's tenderer look apart,
And the altar lone, and the door ajar.

Will a sorrow speak though the voice is low,
And hardly a word or a prayer can say ?
Will it reach His ears in its plaining woe,
Where anointed hands have hid Him away ?
Will she not whisper a pleading word,
His mother and mine with the tender brow ?
His mother and mine ! Oh ! pardon me, Lord,
For my sorrow but waked and wailed just now.

Yet the night will pass, and with morning's light
They'll leave Him here in His home once more ;
'Mid the tinkling bells and the tapers bright,
And the crowd that kneel by the prison door.
But this thing shall stay like a spirit grieved,
And never a morrow or sunshine feel,
Till the last pulse beat, and the sigh be heaved,
And the darkness grows, and the death-tear steal.

" May His will be done," now I murmur low,
" Though it seemeth harsh in its stern decree,
Let this trouble stay since He wills it so ;
One day I shall know it was good for me."
With a mournful grace doth the day depart,
While the slow shades darken the aisles around ;
And the sorrow sleepeth now in my heart,
Till it starts again at a sight or sound.

M. MY. R.

A CITIZEN SAINT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EUGENE O'CURRY."

III.

"Caterina avea in se una forza contro ogni maniera di ostacoli. Volle vincerli e li vinse."

THE Babylonish exile of the Popes in Avignon had lasted more than sixty years, when the desire which Dante had put into terrific words, and Petrarch had with pathetic eloquence expressed, seemed at length about to be accomplished. Pope Urban V., in spite of the determined opposition of Charles of France; in spite of the reluctance of the College of Cardinals—French, all but three, in nation; in spite of his own well-founded apprehensions, resolved to renounce the peaceful splendour of the court of Avignon, and restore the apostolic seat to Rome—all revolutionized and ruined. The cry of the Italian people had been listened to and the counsel of the saints received. In the month of May, 1367, Urban left Avignon; and in the following October, after receiving a magnificent welcome in Genoa, and tarrying some time in Viterbo, he entered Rome attended by the ambassadors of the Emperor, the King of Hungary, and the Queen of Naples; and surrounded by the princes of the Italian states, the representatives of the free republics, and two thousand bishops, abbots, and churchmen of eminence. The emperors of the east and of the west hastened to Rome to pay respect in person to the restored pontiff. On every side there was rejoicing; Italy was full of hope; and before long Urban had regained all the lost territory that had once belonged to the patrimony of S. Peter. Three years, however, had hardly passed away when the great hope which had so nearly reached fulfilment was scattered to the winds. The Pope, discouraged by the difficulties that beset his path in Italy, or yielding to the Cardinals' importunities, or hoping, as it is believed, to effect a reconciliation between the kings of France and England, who were then at war, made up his mind to forsake Rome and return to inglorious retirement on the banks of the Rhone. The Italians bitterly felt the defection of their head; the servants of God mourned over the widowed See. Peter of Aragon, the saintly Franciscan who had strenuously counselled the Pope's return to Rome, now poured forth remonstrances and threatened the divine displeasure; and S. Bridget of Sweden raised a warning voice, and announced to Urban that if he left the city of the apostles he should speedily die. The pontiff, though a man of sincere religious feeling, disregarded all these representations. He removed

once more the Papal court into Provence, and in two months' time was dead.

Immediately the conclave assembled, and the Cardinal of Villanova, a native of France, was elected. The new pontiff, who took the name of Gregory XI., was hardly thirty-six years of age. He was of a peaceful, studious disposition, and had led a pious life even from his earliest days. With unfeigned reluctance he accepted a dignity which the unusual difficulties of the time rendered exceedingly burthensome to one of his mild, conciliatory, but somewhat irresolute character.

The unscrupulous conduct of the French legates, who were distrusted as foreigners and hated as tyrants, had long kept Italy in a state of disaffection and disturbance; while the Visconti, lords of Milan—the greatest enemies of the Popes in those days—seized on every opportunity to fan disloyalty into revolt. Barnabas Visconti, a man of remarkable talents and a patron of letters, but most of all distinguished for his military capacity, had carried on a war against successive pontiffs with perfidiousness and pertinacity. For armed attacks he was well prepared, and he only laughed at spiritual chastisements. Having received information that Urban V. had placed him under the censures of the Church, he met the Pope's messengers on the bridge of Lando, and made the legates who carried the Bulls eat the parchment on which they were written, threatening to throw them into the river if they made any delay. He dressed up the ambassadors of the Sovereign Pontiff in white, and led them through the streets to be a laughing-stock to the people; and told the archbishop of Milan that Visconti was Pope, emperor, and king in his own territory, and that God himself could not make him do what he was determined not to do. Barnabas and his brother having in 1372 seized on Reggio and other possessions of the Church, Gregory excommunicated the lord of Milan, who on hearing the step the Pope had taken avenged himself by treating those who remained faithful to the sovereign pontiff with unheard of indignity and cruelty. His hunting dogs, five thousand in number, were billeted on the monasteries; and ecclesiastics who resisted him were torn to pieces by wild horses.

All other means having proved unavailing, the Pope declared war against Visconti; formed a powerful league by the aid of the Emperor, the King of Hungary, and the Queen of Naples; and took into his service the famous *Condottiere*, Sir John Hawkwood, and his well-trained army of mercenaries. The lord of Milan having being defeated, despatched an ambassador to Avignon with instructions to bribe the Pope's counsellors; and, desiring to secure an influential ally, sent a message to Catherine of Siena. In the end, Gregory earnestly desiring peace, a truce was obtained.

When S. Catherine received Visconti's message, she wrote to the Cardinal of Ostia urging him to do all that was possible to

restore peace to Italy and put a stop to the evils that afflicted the servants of God; begging of him at the same time to represent to the Holy Father that the ruin of souls was of much more account than the destruction of cities. To Visconti she writes on the necessity of self-knowledge, and on the sin of pride. Even if a man were to possess the whole world, he ought to acknowledge his own nothingness. Death will as surely find him as the meanest of mankind; the intoxicating joys of the world may forsake him as they do others; and he, no more than the rest of the race, could prevent life, health, and all earthly treasures disappearing like the wind. She does not think that any one ought to be called Lord; for the most powerful ruler is only a dispenser, for a time and according to the Creator's pleasure, of the good gifts of the Sovereign Lord. Then she speaks of the means of reconciling the sinful soul to God, of the treasure of the blood of Jesus confided to the Church, and of the dignity of the vicar of Christ. A man must be mad, she says, who departs from the Lord's vicerent, and lifts his hands against him who holds the keys. "I entreat you," she continues, "to do nothing against our head. Be not surprised if the devil tries to deceive you under false appearances, and incites you to take into your own hands the chastisement of bad pastors. Pay no heed to the tempter, and do not concern yourself with causes that come not under your jurisdiction. Our Lord forbids this; He says these are His anointed; He will not suffer any creature to exercise a judgment He reserves for Himself. How culpable a subordinate would be who would want to take the power of bringing a malefactor to justice out of the hands of the judge! It is no business of his; it is the judge's part to act in the matter." And in conclusion she says: "Yes: I must tell you, my very dear father and brother in Christ, that God will not permit you nor others to become the chastiser of His ministers. He has reserved to Himself this right, and entrusted it to His vicar; and if the vicar neglect the duty (he ought to fulfil it and would do wrong to neglect it), we must humbly await the decision and sentence of the Sovereign Judge, the eternal God. . . . I conjure you, in the name of Jesus crucified, to meddle no more in these affairs. Keep your cities in peace; punish your own subjects when they deserve it; but do not sit in judgment on those who are the ministers of the glorious and precious Blood."

Siena had been no unconcerned spectator of current events; nor had S. Catherine been less than keenly alive to interests affecting the welfare of Italy, the well-being of Christendom, and the peace of the Church. For the evils that afflicted the Church and the world she saw a remedy in three things: the proclamation of a crusade against the Turks; the reformation of the clergy and the appointment of worthy pastors; the definite return of the Pope to Rome. On the question of the crusade, Gregory XI. was of one accord with the saint. Both saw in such an enterprise an occasion

of rallying the forces of Christendom for the defence of Europe, protected by no bulwark from the formidable and aggressive power of the Sultan Amurath, save what the ill-defended kingdom of Hungary afforded; an opportunity of engaging in a worthy cause the restless ambition and warlike impetuosity of kings and nations; a means of saving the states of Europe from profitless and desolating wars, and preventing the extinction of republics in fratricidal strife. The Pope early turned his attention to the organization of a holy war, and the saint supported him with earnest zeal: employing her powerful pen in kindling the enthusiasm of princes, commanders, and republics, and upholding in his resolve even the Pope himself.

Gregory wrote to the King of England, the Doge of Venice, and the Count of Flanders, urging them to lend their aid in defending Christendom against the Turks; ordered Berengario, Grand Master of the Knights of Rhodes, to hold Smyrna as a garrison against the infidels; and commanded a council to be held at Thebes to make the necessary preparations for the crusade. At this council were to appear in person, or represented by their ambassadors, the princes of the East; Leonardo da Tocco, ruler of Lucalia; Francesco Cantalusio, Prince of Mytilene, and many others who had men and ships capable of serving in the war; and it was directed that Eleanor, Queen of Cyprus, should entrust the conduct of the military affairs of her kingdom to the Prince of Antioch. The Pope, moreover, required the sovereigns to whom he had already written, as well as the Doge of Genoa, the King of Trinacria, the Queen of Naples, and the Prince of Taranto, the so-called Emperor of Constantinople, to attend the council or send their representatives. All appeared to be going on well when a war broke out between Venice and Genoa, and the latter republic sent a fleet to attack Cyprus. The council was thus rendered impossible, and the Turks, emboldened by the delay, assumed a still more threatening attitude. Nevertheless, in 1373, the Pope proclaimed the crusade, leaving nothing undone to stimulate the enthusiasm of princes; to induce the faithful to pray for the success of the enterprise; and to obtain money to carry on the necessary preparations. Great exertions were made to procure an efficient naval armament, and Smyrna was given for five years to the Knights of Rhodes that they might establish there a centre of communication and be in a position to assist the crusaders. Encyclical letters were sent to the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem in Bohemia, France, Navarre, England, Portugal, and other countries, urging them in moving terms to take up arms against the infidels.

The success of the contemplated crusade would, it was believed, greatly depend on the part taken by Joanna, Queen of Naples, who was connected by ties of relationship and friendship with the court of France, and could strongly reinforce the arma-

ment with ships and men. But it did not appear an easy task to enkindle a noble enthusiasm in that woman's heart. Beautiful and fascinating, the queen loved pleasure more than virtue; and, careless of the welfare of her own subjects, it was hardly to be expected she would evince much zeal for the interests of the Christian world. Her early career had been more remarkable than edifying. The first of her four husbands, Andrew of Hungary, had been murdered, not without her connivance it was believed; and his uncle Louis having invaded Naples to avenge his death, the queen, who held her kingdom from the Pope, repaired to Avignon to defend herself from the accusations that had been brought against her. So effective was her eloquence and so moved with pity were her auditors at seeing a queen thus obliged to undertake her own defence, that she obtained all she desired. Clement VI. with the consent of Louis restored her kingdom to her. At the same time the sovereignty of Avignon which belonged to Joanna, was made over to the Pope, and a certain sort of independence thus secured to the exiled pontiffs.

To leave nothing undone at this crisis, Catherine of Siena in a letter to the queen, said that she had great pleasure in announcing to her that the Pope had sent a Bull to the Minister of the Minorites, the Provincial of the Friars Preachers of San Domenico, and to another of the order, commanding them to unite under the standard of the cross all who were willing to lay down their life for Christ and take arms against the infidels; and entreated, nay, even constrained her to manifest a holy zeal for the undertaking. Joanna having returned a favourable answer, signifying her readiness to do the Pope's pleasure, Catherine wrote again, expressing her delight at having this assurance; reminding Joanna that, as she enjoyed the title of Queen of Jerusalem, it was only fitting that she should take a leading part in the present expedition; and adding that this was the time to show herself a faithful daughter of the Church. The Holy Father is anxious to know what the queen intends to do, and Catherine begs of her to write to the Pope expressing her desire, and asking his permission, to undertake the crusade; for if she declare herself and take the initiative a great number will follow her example.

To the Queen of Hungary, mother of Louis the Great, the reigning King of Hungary and Poland, who was called the *Gonfaloniere* of the Holy Cross, Catherine wrote in a strain of more tender eloquence. She says we ought all to hasten like ardent lovers to rescue the Church in the hour of her distress. "It is therefore necessary," she continues, "that you and I and every creature should love and serve her on all occasions, but especially in time of need. I, wretched creature that I am, have not wherewithal to give her help; but if it would do her any service to shed my blood for her, she should willingly have it to the last drop. But this I will do: I will give the little that God

has bestowed on me, though I have nothing to offer her but tears, and sighs, and ceaseless prayers. But you, my mother, and the lord master, the king your son, can aid her not merely by prayers and holy desires: you can freely and for love's sake, lend her temporal assistance also. Do not, for the love of God, neglect this opportunity." And then the saint begs the queen to urge her son to listen favourably and offer his services in case the Holy Father should ask him to take the command of the expedition. The Turks are making inroads on the Christian territory every day, and it is a scandalous thing that the infidels should be in possession of places that belong to us by every right and title. If one of the queen's cities were taken from her, assuredly she would put forth all her strength, and fight to the death to get back her own possessions. Should we not strive now with greater solicitude, considering the souls that are at stake and the place that is in question? Catherine goes on to say that she has written to the Queen of Naples, and to several other sovereigns, and that they have answered favourably and promised aid in men and money. She hopes in the goodness of God that the standard of the Holy Cross will be soon unfurled, and she entreats the Queen of Hungary to follow the example of the other princes.

In the meantime it became impossible for Catherine to remain undisturbed in her own city, or to limit her charitable visitations to places within the confines of the Sienese territory. Her name was now well known throughout Italy, and especially in the other cities of Tuscany whose inhabitants, becoming very anxious to see her, soon found out that there were many ways in which the Saint of Siena could befriend them also. Her first journey of importance appears to have been undertaken in 1374, when she went to Florence in obedience to the command of the General of the Dominicans at the time the Chapter of the Friar Preachers was being held in that city.* While there she added to the number of her friends the Archbishop Angelo da Ricasoli, Nicolo Soderini one of the most influential of the citizens, and Buòncorso di Lapo, whom she had probably become acquainted with, when, shortly before, he had gone to Siena to effect a reconciliation between the Salembeni and the popular government.

* Three of S. Catherine's brothers were then settled in Florence. The family had been reduced from its prosperous condition owing to the injury trade had sustained in consequence of the workmen engaged in the woollen manufacture having revolted against their employers. Jacopo Benincasa, shortly before this migration, died a most happy death, affectionately attended by Catherine, who, not being able to endure the thought of the father, who had brought her up with such care and been so good to her, passing through purgatory, besought the Lord to suffer the divine justice to be satisfied in her. She believed that her prayer was heard, and joyfully bore a new and acute pain from that hour to her death. After some years her mother, Lapa, received the habit of the Sisters of Penance, and literally became a disciple of her daughter.

The citizens of Pisa now sent pressing invitations to Catherine to visit their city; and Pietro Giambacorti, a rich merchant and head of the democratic party, then supreme in the republic, was urgent in his request that she would comply with their desires. She did not like journeys; and on this occasion she seemed to fear that scandal might arise in the event of her visit to the seacoast city, as the best understanding did not exist at the time between Giambacorti and the governors of Siena. In answer to a letter, in which he begged of her to consider the good she could do by coming, and the earnest wish of the nuns of a certain convent to see her, she said among other things: "I received your letter with affectionate welcome; whence I see clearly that it is not any merit or goodness on my part (for I am sinful and wretched enough) but only your own charity and the goodness of those pious ladies which induce you with such great humility to write and ask me to visit you. I would willingly comply with your desire and theirs; but just at this moment I must entreat you to hold me excused. My health is not strong enough for such an undertaking, and besides I see that it might give rise to scandal at present. But I trust in the goodness of God that if it should be for His glory and the good of souls, I may be permitted to take the journey some future day, when I may do so with an easy mind and without causing complaints of any kind: and then indeed I shall be ready to obey the commands of the Supreme Truth and to do your bidding. Remain in the holy presence of God, and may Jesus reward you with his precious grace. Remember me lovingly to those good ladies, and tell them to pray for me to God that He may make me truly humble and in all things submissive to the will of my Creator."

However, the nuns, the citizens, and Giambacorti finally gained their point. In the month of April, 1375, the plague having ceased in Siena, Catherine, though broken down by her severe penances and the sufferings she had endured in her attendance on the sick and dying, set out for Pisa. Father Thomas, Father Raymond, Father Bartholomew Dominici went with her to hear the confessions of the people who would be sure to crowd round the saint. She was also accompanied by her mother, Alessia, Francesca, Giovanna Pazza, and probably by other sisters. The Archbishop, the Mantellate of the city, Giambacorti and all his family, went to welcome her on her arrival; and immediately she was visited by persons of eminent sanctity, and religious of various orders who wished to converse with her on spiritual subjects. During her stay in Pisa, from April to September, she and her companions were the guests of Gerardo Buonconti, a man of great influence and particularly devoted to the saint. The house in which he so hospitably received the Siennese visitors is still to be seen near the church of S. Cristina, and the room once occupied by the saint is shown. Three of Buonconti's sons became her disciples, and held

themselves in readiness to take the cross as soon as the crusade should be organized. Gerardo himself appears to have sometimes acted as secretary to his venerated guest, for a letter written by her to a monk in the monastery of Belriguardo near Siena, concludes in these words: "that unworthy man, Gerardo, and Frate Raimondo, his Father, desire to be remembered to you."

Father Raymond and Buonconti were very anxious about Catherine, whose strength became even more than usually enfeebled during her stay in Pisa, and they used to consult together as to what remedy could best be applied. Father Raymond remembered having once heard that people subject to fainting fits had been relieved by having the wrists and temples bathed in Veruaccia wine; and he proposed to Girardo to try this remedy, since, owing to their patient's dislike to wine, eggs, meat, and such nourishment, it was of no use to prescribe a generous regimen. The kindly host had none of this wine in his cellar, and a neighbour who was applied to and who would have given a cask of it with all his heart for such a purpose, found his supply exhausted. The wine was in the end supplied in a very extraordinary manner, greatly to Catherine's confusion, as it attracted the attention of the citizens in a way that was particularly distasteful to her. We are not told what effect the prescription had; nor whether it was after its application that her friends and disciples became greatly alarmed lest they should lose her. Father Raymond called them all around her, and with tears they besought Almighty God to spare them yet awhile their beloved mother and mistress, and not leave them orphans amidst the tempests of the world before they were strengthened in virtue. Distrusting the efficacy of their own prayers, they besought Catherine to pray that God would hear them for the sake of their salvation. But she, not seeing the case in this light, would only pray that the Lord would do what was for the best. This made them more sorrowful than ever. However, before long their humble prayers were heard, and their mother was restored to her usual, though by no means robust condition.

It was while praying one Sunday after Holy Communion in the church of S. Crisfina that Catherine received the stigmata: the wounds being perceptible by the pain, but not visible to the eye. The spot where the saint knelt is marked by a little column near a small altar. The crucifix before which she was praying at the moment is now in Siena, having been sent as a pledge of peace to that city from Pisa.

Catherine's confessors, as had been anticipated, were fully engaged by the people who came to see and be instructed by her. Cardinal Giovanni di Domenico, Bishop of Ragusa, who was in Pisa at that time, says, in a letter afterwards written to his mother, that he saw Catherine speaking to certain sinners, and her instructions were so profound, and her eloquence so full of strength and ardour, that the most wicked men were converted. The monks of

the Carthusian monastery in the island of Gorgone, not far from Pisa, hearing so much of the saint became extremely anxious to see her; and the Prior Dom Bartolomeo di Ravenna, who regarded her with the highest esteem and affection, often pressed her to spend a day in the rugged little island which belonged to the Order, and asked Father Raymond to support his petition. Catherine consented, and accompanied by about twenty of her friends crossed over to the island, where the prior had a lodging prepared for them at some distance from the monastery. The party arrived at night; and next morning the monks having been introduced to Catherine, she was requested to speak some words to them. In vain she endeavoured to excuse herself, believing that it ought to be her part to listen to the religious instead of trying to instruct them. She had, however, to grant the prayer of the prior; and in doing so she spoke with such knowledge and feeling on the duties of those who lead a solitary life, and on the temptations with which the devil assails them, that all, even Father Raymond who knew her so well, remained in unspeakable amazement. One of the most eloquent of the saint's discourses, the subject being perseverance unto death, is to be found in a letter written to a Florentine gentleman of rank who had become a monk in that monastery.

Pisa was at that time a good centre of communication with the Christian world, east and west; and S. Catherine took advantage of her stay in the beautiful seaside city to bring her influence to bear on the important subject of the crusade. Just then arrived the ambassador of the Queen of Cyprus, who put into Pisa, and awaited a favourable wind to sail for France, whither he was going to seek an interview with the Pope. The saint's zeal for the enterprise was not cooled by the touching picture the envoy drew of the Christian isle with an infant king, and a weak woman as regent, exposed to the attacks of the infidels bent on its conquest. Though the Pope had confided the queen to the protection of the Knights of Rhodes, the danger became so imminent from day to day that Eleanor pressed with eloquent appeal for the succour which a general crusade would afford. Catherine, writing to her friends in Siena, tells them that there is a better prospect now for the crusade; says that she has been speaking to the ambassador of the Queen of Cyprus; and mentions that the Holy Father had meanwhile sent to Genoa to treat of the same affair. She wrote at the same time to Florence, urging Nicolo Soderini to be ready himself and to engage as many others as he could to take part in the holy war.

Among the dangerous elements which the saint wished to see engaged in the crusade, and thus diverted into a safe channel, were the companies of mercenaries with their *condottieri*, or hired captains, who ravaged Italy in every direction, either as unscrupulous troops in the pay of some chief or state, or as desperate adventurers, plun-

dering and massacring on their own account. These troops were of different nations—German, English, Breton, French. The most famous among them were the English and Breton soldiers commanded by Sir John Hawkwood, called by the Italians Count Aguto: the same whose monument in the form of a memorial picture even now attracts the attention of English travellers visiting the Cathedral of Florence. Hawkwood was an able captain; and his soldiers, trained in the wars between France and England, were a highly disciplined and formidable band. Anxious to free Italy from the scourge of their presence and to turn their military talents to the service of the good cause, Catherine wrote to Hawkwood and his companions, sending Father Raymond at the same time to the redoubtable *condottiere* to back up her appeal with his own personal influence. She begs Count Aguto to reflect for a moment, and to consider all the pains and hardships he has suffered while in the service and pay of the devil; and tells him that she anxiously desires he would change his course, and with all his followers and companions in arms, enter the service and shoulder the cross of Christ, now that the Pope has proclaimed a crusade against the infidels. War between Christians is often sinful; at best it is but a lamentable necessity. It is hardly credible that the children of the one only Church should pursue one another as it is the custom now to do. But since they take such delight in fighting, let them follow their inclinations in a way that will be profitable to their own and other people's souls. They promised to follow the Son of God unto death, and yet they go on fighting against Christ, thrusting their swords into the breast of His own children, and forgetting that a severe account will be required of the blood shed to no good purpose.

The saint's entreaty produced its effect. Hawkwood and all the *caporali* of his company promised Father Raymond, and confirmed their promise with an oath, that they would turn their arms against the infidels as soon as the expedition should be set on foot; and, not content with this, they sent Catherine a paper to the same effect and signed with their own hand in testimony of their good faith. She also wrote to other companies that were being organized in Tuscany, and particularly to the Count, the son of Monna Agnola, who was already preparing a troop for the expedition. This letter is remarkable for its chivalrous tone, the subject being the battlefield of this darksome life wherein we can never close our eyes without danger of death, nor lay down our arms without certainty of destruction. But what need we fear—how can we fear when Christ is our Captain, and our hope is fixed on the Creator of the world! Let us put away all fear, generously waging war and following the standard of the most holy Cross; taking in hand the two-edged sword of love and hate wherewith to overcome our foes. This is the combat that every one born into the world must sustain; this is the field into which all must de-

scend who have attained the use of reason. We are chosen by the ineffable goodness of God to fight like true soldiers against vice and sin, and gain the riches and the recompense of virtue. The Holy Father has called out the Knights of Rhodes (whose isle was threatened by the Turks) and all who are willing to follow them. Let the Count go at once and speak to Don Juan Fernandez (the Grand Master), and do what God, through his advice, will show him. "Have no fear, then, dear sons; put on the breast-plate of the Precious Blood, and let our blood flow forth with the Blood of the Lamb. Oh! how shall not this goodly coat of mail hold us safe from every hurt. You will strike with the sword of love and hate, and lay prostrate all your foes; and from this strong armour every thrust will glance away. Think, my sons, how wonderful this armour is, which conquers when it is touched, and wounds the arm that strikes it. It is a quiver full of arrows with unseen darts inflicting real wounds. But from each wound it gives, flowers and fruit spring up: flowers that bloom to the praise and glory of the name of God, and with their fragrance overcome the stench of unbelief. And after the flowers will come the fruit, when we shall receive the recompense of all our toil: the increase of grace in this our earthly life, the eternal vision of the Lord hereafter. No more negligence, then, but boundless zeal; lose not the harvest for the cost of a little labour: for in no other way can you show yourselves brave and noble knights. Therefore, I have told you that what I wish is to see you like true soldiers posted on the battlefield. Grant my prayer, I beseech you; fulfil the will of God, and my desire; let the blood of Jesus crucified inundate and inebriate your soul, for it is in this blood the heart is strengthened."

To the Judge of Arborca, who was virtually the ruler of the island of Sardinia, Catherine sent one of her disciples, Frate Jacopo. The mission was successful, for the judge promised to send to the war as his contingent for ten years, two galleys, a thousand mounted horse, three thousand foot soldiers, and six hundred crossbow-men. Catherine announcing this to one of her friends, Father William of England,* adds that the Judge of Arborca wrote most graciously to her, and said he would himself go to the war. In the same letter she mentions that Genoa takes the matter to heart and offers money and men. Still further to aid the cause she sent Father Raymond and Don Giovanni della Celle, monk of Valambrosa, to different cities of Italy to kindle the holy flame, proclaiming the crusade in the Pope's name and her own. To others as

* Frate Guglielmo Flete (Fleetwood?) of the convent of the Order of the Hermits of S. Augustine at Lecceto, about three miles from Siena. Catherine often visited the convent. Father William's life was wonderfully silent and austere, and he was held in great reverence by the people. He was an ardent disciple of the saint, who wrote him several letters.

well as to the saint it now appeared there was good ground for hope. Party strife began in some degree to subside, and preparations were being seriously made throughout Italy for the expedition to the East. But again enthusiasm was quenched in bloodshed, and the high hopes that had been cherished sank in disappointment.

One day Father Raymond, overwhelmed with affliction, came to Catherine to tell her that Perugia had broken out into rebellion against the Pope, having been instigated thereto by Florence, which was rapidly setting all Tuscany and the States of the Church in a flame. Considering the terrible evils that were now certain to ensue, and foreseeing the interruption of their cherished enterprise, the Frate's eyes filled with tears. But Catherine turning to him said: "Do not weep now, for there will be much worse things to lament over by-and-by. What you see is but a speck in comparison with what is yet to come." Father Raymond thought nothing could be worse than to see people losing all love and reverence for the Church and despising the papal censures. "This is the sin of laymen," she replied, "but before long you will see the clergy doing something much worse. The holy Church will be the scene of a great scandal, when a strong hand shall undertake to carry reform into the priesthood. I do not speak of heresy, but of a great schism in the Christian world. Be well prepared with patience, for you yourself shall see these things." All that she now could do was to use her utmost efforts to keep the cities where she had influence in obedience to the Pope. She had gone shortly before by command of his Holiness from Pisa to Lucca, where she had been warmly welcomed by the people and hospitably received by Bartolomeo Balbani. As usual she made many friends, and increased the number of her disciples during her stay in that free city. She now took advantage of what she had thus gained, and wrote in urgent terms to the Ancients and the Gonfaloniere of Lucca, entreating them not to join in the league against the common father of the faithful. At the same time she wrote to Gregory beseeching him to send to the citizens of Lucca and Pisa some words of paternal kindness and encouragement, and to invite them to remain firm and faithful. She has herself, she says, remained up to the last moment in these cities doing all in her power to persuade them not to league with the guilty subjects who had revolted against his Holiness. But they are placed in a position of great perplexity. They have received no assistance from the Holy Father, whose enemies beset and threaten them on all sides. She also begs the Pope to write still more pressingly to Messer Pietro Gambacorta, and to do so in affectionate terms and without delay. "Be not afraid, O Father," she writes, "of the storm that has burst forth and of the unnatural children who have revolted against you. Fear nothing, for the assistance of God is at hand. Keep a vigilant eye on spiritual things. Give good bishops and governors

to your cities ; for bad pastors and bad rulers were the cause of this revolt. Apply the remedy without delay. Trust in Jesus Christ and proceed without fear. Carry out the holy resolutions you have taken : return to Rome and set on foot a glorious crusade. Delay no longer ; your delays have already done much harm. I implore you," she adds, "to invite the rebels to a holy peace ; so that all their warlike ardour may be turned against the infidels. I trust that God in His infinite goodness will grant you speedy success. Courage, then, courage ! Yes, come, and console the poor servants of God, your children. We are expecting you with an ardent and affectionate desire. Forgive me, O my Father, all that I have said. You know it is out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

At last Catherine, whose stay in Pisa had been prolonged by the reluctance of the archbishop to allow her to depart, was able to return to her own city. In the autumn of 1375 she and her family of friends and disciples were at home again, not far from Fronte Branda and within sight of San Domenico planted on the hill. For a little space, possibly, the thunder clouds rolling over Italy sent only a distant echo into that hollow between the cathedral and convent-crowned heights. But Catherine had brought enough home in her heart from that convulsed and suffering world outside—enough to render still more insatiable her desire of suffering in sympathy with God's servants and in expiation for the sins of faithless men—enough to make every pulsation of life a breathing prayer. We are told that she spent at this time nearly the whole day in prayer ; her only repose being the little she allowed herself when she went into the fields to enjoy the poetry of nature of which we hear she was so fond, or with her companions sang canzoni in praise of the Mother of God. "Poetry and music," the author of the "*Storia*" remarks, "consort well with religion ; and Catherine followed in this the holy traditions not only of the Dominican Order, in which from the very beginning the Arts were held in honour, but of the Third Order itself. For the learned Padre Marchese, speaking of the Third Order of the Dominicans (whose greatest glory is undoubtedly the Virgin of Siena) says, that in it as well as among the Friar Preachers all the Fine Arts were held in great love and veneration."

Meanwhile the state of things progressed from bad to worse at Florence. To the imprudence and tyrannical disposition of the French legates, as already noted, was attributed the origin of the dreadful war that had now broken out. Shortly before this a rumour had spread through Italy that the Papal legates, and even the Pope himself, had determined to destroy the liberty of the Tuscan states. Florence was speedily in a ferment, and Visconti improved the occasion. The legate of Perugia was believed to have lent his aid to the Salembeni in their opposition to the popular party in Siena, and was therefore suspected of ambitious de-

signs against that republic. But the chief blame justly falls on the Cardinal of S. Angelo, Guglielmo Noelletti, legate of Bologna. Either to gratify an ill-feeling towards the Florentine republic, or to preserve his own territory from all danger of scarcity, he refused to allow the exportation of grain from the States of the Church. The Florentines, suffering greatly from the famine that had succeeded the pestilence, pressingy asked permission to import corn from the neighbouring territory. The legate sent a refusal to their demand. About the same time Sir John Hawkwood, who had been with his company in the service of the Pope during the war with Visconti, had, in consequence of the truce, been disbanded by Noelletti. The latter capped his refusal of the corn by intimating to the Florentines that if the *condottiere* entered the republican territory the cardinal could not prevent him. This warning the citizens received as a mockery of their distress; and when the adventurers pursued their devastating march and approached the very gates of Florence, the rage of the people knew no bounds; they saw in this nothing but a concerted measure between Hawkwood and the cardinal legate. Gregory XI. having received intelligence of these events sent letters to be forwarded from Florence ordering the legate of Bologna to supply the corn required by the citizens. But the cardinal refused to change his course. He would not even read the pontifical bulls.

Forthwith the Florentine government began to prepare for defence and aggression. A new magistracy was created for the occasion, in the form of a commission of eight citizens charged with the conduct of the war. They were called the *Otto della Guerra*—the Eight of War; and they soon showed they had been well selected for the work. Not only did they lash the fury of the citizens to the utmost, but they took measures to kindle the revolutionary flame elsewhere. They sent bands through the cities of Italy carrying a red flag on which the word "*Libertas*" was embroidered in letters of gold. The populations were to take notice that the Florentines did not want to interfere with the liberties of any state: their only wish was to set all free from the yoke of foreigners. Secret agents were despatched at the same time to stir up rebellion in the Papal cities; and with such success were their efforts attended that before the end of the year 1375 eighty cities and fortified places, including Viterbo, Monte Fiascone, Perugia, and Assisi had joined the republicans, into whose service was now taken the redoubtable *condottiere*, Sir John Hawkwood.

Another commission was appointed to regulate the internal affairs of the republic; to stir up the people; regulate public worship; appoint to ecclesiastical benefices; secularise Church property, and so on. This commission, like the other, was composed of eight members. They were determined Ghibelines, and such were the excesses and sacrileges they committed that the people with grim humour called them the *Eight Saints*. The Prior of

the Carthusians, who was then Apostolic Nuncio, was seized; his flesh was cut in pieces and thrown to the dogs in the presence of the shouting multitude, who finished the day's work by burying their victim before he had ceased to breathe.

When the intelligence of these atrocious proceedings was brought to S. Catherine she exerted all her influence to prevent the Ghibeline party prevailing at that crisis in Siena: and knowing that the French cardinals by whom the Pope was surrounded would counsel the most rigorous measures in regard to the undutiful Florentines, she wrote letters to Gregory XI. inclining him to mercy, and entreating him to consider at this moment not so much the necessity of regaining the possessions which the Church had lost as the duty of recovering the stray sheep—a treasure which sadly impoverishes the Church in the losing. The arms of benignity, charity, and peace would effect much more than weapons of war, and would be sure in the end to regain temporal territory and spiritual possessions. The patrimony of the poor is spent on soldiers who devour the blood and life of men. And this war is a great obstacle to the desire of his Holiness to carry out the reform of the Church, by giving her good pastors for her government. At such times as these, when it appears of importance to conciliate princes and great men, bishops are sometimes appointed according to the ideas of these magnates, and not according to the Pope's own judgment. And a great evil it is to give, from whatever motive, to the Church, pastors who seek their own selfish ends and not the honour and glory of God's name. Bad pastors are destroying the people of God instead of converting them; they see wolves carrying off the sheep and appear to give themselves no concern, so intent are they on seeking their own pleasures, and courting the honours and favours of the world. The Pope himself is like a lamb in the midst of wolves, and he must not be surprised if he should have to encounter great obstacles; if all human succour should fail him; and if those who ought to assist turn and conspire against him. But let the Holy Father hold fast to his good and holy desire of returning to Rome; realise his project; and carry on the crusade against the Turks who are now invading the Church's possessions.

The saint beseeches the Pope to pardon her presumption for speaking in this wise. But if she followed her own desire she would continue speaking as long as she had a breath of life left. She could say much more by word of mouth than by letter, and she thinks it would be a great comfort to her soul if she could do so. She begs the Pope to admit the bearer of this letter to an audience; to give full credence to his words; and to grant what he asks. And if the Holy Father have any secret matter to communicate to her the message may with all safety be entrusted to him. The envoy thus accredited was Neri di Landoccio, who was sent from Siena to carry Catherine's letter to the Pope at Avignon.

By this time an army had been got ready to support the Papal cause in Italy, including in its ranks a company of Breton mercenaries, who, having been asked whether they were hardy enough to enter Florence, replied that if the sun penetrated there, so should they. But Gregory, who naturally inclined to peace, listened favourably to the earnest and eloquent entreaties of the saint, whom he held in high esteem. In the beginning of 1376 he sent envoys to Florence with conditions of peace easy of acceptance. The well-disposed citizens, acknowledging that the terms were better than could have been expected, were satisfied to accept them. Not so the Eight of War. While the ambassadors were engaged in completing the treaty of peace, Count Antonio di Bruscoli was ordered by the Eight to enter Bologna and incite the inhabitants to rebel. This he did with such success that the Papal troops were driven out of the city, and the cardinal legate was taken prisoner. Such treachery was likely to prove too much even for Gregory's patience; and Catherine was deeply afflicted when she heard what had occurred. She sent to her friends in Florence entreating them to leave nothing undone to re-establish union with the Church; she saw no other way of saving the republic and all Tuscany. Surely, she said, war was not such a pleasant pastime that they should want to have it when it could be avoided. The preacher of the Friar Minors went to them on her part, and they would do well, she said, to listen to what he had to say concerning themselves and their city. The result of this embassy was that the Florentines deputed Father Raymond to go to the Pope; and Catherine sent by him a letter supplicating his Holiness not to refuse to grant peace on account of what had happened in Bologna.

Gregory, consenting to suspend hostilities; cited the Gonfalonier and the other representatives of the republic to appear in person before him to answer for their conduct. A month's delay was accorded. If they did not present themselves within that time, on the 31st March sentence of excommunication should be pronounced against them. The war party, not deeming it prudent to oppose the more peacefully inclined citizens, sent to Avignon Alessandro dell' Antella, Domenico di Salvestro, and Donato Barbadori. The ambassadors were admitted to a public audience, and on the very day that excommunication should otherwise have been pronounced against them they stood in the presence of the Pope. Barbadori, whose oratory was in high repute, spoke for all. His address was a burst of impassioned eloquence. But instead of seeking to excuse the conduct of the Florentines, he denounced the French legates as the cause of the war, forgot all prudence in the heat of patriotic ardour, and called on God to judge between the two. The speaker's voice, his impetuous flow of words, the deep feeling that prompted his expressions, produced a profound impression, and many of the audience were melted even to tears. Less oratorical was the Pope's discourse. His words were pronounced

with greater calmness. He would not at that moment give judgment; he would consult the Cardinals.

The Italian members of the Sacred College advised the adoption of conciliatory measures. The French cardinals, immensely in the majority, were all for war; the army should be despatched forthwith; the excommunication should be pronounced; if Barbadori's audacity were to be answered with proposals of peace, the Pope would soon be left without a foot of land in Italy. A few days after the delivering of the ambassador's ill-judged oration, and while the question of war or peace still remained under discussion, the very worst news from Bologna reached Avignon. Now, assuredly, the time for justice had come! The cardinals were assembled; the ambassadors were commanded to appear. The awful sentence of the Pope was read: the Florentines were excommunicated, and their city was placed under an interdict. Barbadori, excited by intense passion, burst into tears, threw himself at the foot of a crucifix that was in the hall, and raising his voice so that all might hear, called upon God to defend the republic against the cruel anathemas fulminated against her, and appealed to the Judge of the living and the dead from the sentence pronounced that day. So saying he departed, leaving the assembly overwhelmed with astonishment.

Thus at last broke the thunder-cloud over Florence. The citizens saw in the Pope's sentence the destruction of their prosperity, the ruin of their trade. They were now thoroughly alarmed, and the peace party began to gain strength. The Eight of War, who, since the return of the ambassadors, had committed greater excesses than ever, were obliged to yield to the pressure of opinion, and seek in this extremity an intercessor with the Pope. They remembered Catherine of Siena. A deputation from the Eight of War and the Priors of the Arts, in whose hands the government was placed, went to Siena to ask her to be a peace-maker between the republic and the Pope, and to repair without delay to Florence. She went at once. The magistrates of the city came out to meet her; and her friend Nicolo Soderini, now one of the Priors, with great joy received her into his house, and placed her in communication with the Eight of War and the principal citizens. A most difficult task she had to undertake in striving to bring the factions that divided the state to something like unanimity. Again she wrote to the Pope, and sent some of her trusted friends and disciples to Avignon with instructions to dispose Gregory's heart to peace, and mitigate his just indignation against the Florentines. But this was not deemed sufficient for the urgency of the occasion. The citizens implored of her in the name of God to go herself to the Pope and obtain peace for them.

This was a mission the saint could not refuse. She set out on her journey in search of peace; but unfortunately just at the very time that Robert, Cardinal of Geneva, left Avignon at the head of

an army of 6,000 cavalry and 4,000 infantry, including the indomitable company of Bretons, to let loose on Bologna a ferocious soldiery, and culminate the horrors of war in the massacre of Ceseme. Some of Catherine's disciples had already preceded her to Avignon. Father Raymond and some others of the Frati were there; and Neri di Landoccio was either there, or, if he had already returned to Italy after delivering the saint's letter to the Pope, he again set out in her company. We are told, at any rate, that she left Italy with twenty-two disciples, among whom certainly were three of the Sisters of Penance, Fra Giovanni Tantucci and Fra Felice da Massa, both Augustinians; Fra Guidone, three of the sons of Buoncorti of Pisa, Nicolo di Mino Cicerchi, and Stefano di Corrado Maconi.

Some time before this journey had been thought of the saint said one day to Stefano: "Before long, my dear son, your greatest wish shall be granted." He was astonished to hear this, for he was not conscious of entertaining any particular desire in the world; he was rather thinking of quitting it altogether. "My very dear mother," he said, "what is my greatest desire?" She told him to look into his heart. "I do not find, mother, that I have any stronger wish than to remain with you." "Then you shall be satisfied," she said. And yet when the journey to Avignon was decided on he never ventured to hope he might be allowed to go. When, therefore, he heard that he was among those chosen to accompany Catherine to France he remembered what she had said, and joyfully left home and friends to follow her footsteps.

Whether the saint and her disciples travelled by sea or land there is no way of ascertaining, for the account of her journeys, written by Don Giovanni delle Celle has been lost. All we know is, that on the 18th June she and her followers entered on foot the city of the Popes—Avignon—busy, splendid, luxurious: bristling with defences, beautified with innumerable spires and gigantic towers; majestically seated on the Rhone flowing rapidly by the battlemented walls and past the abrupt acclivity on which stood the cathedral and the fortress palace of the Popes. Gregory showed his esteem for the saint by ordering her to be lodged in the house of a certain Giovanni de Regio, a large tower-shaped mansion, having a richly adorned chapel attached; and directing that whatever she and her companions might require should be provided at his expense. On the very day of her arrival a short letter was brought to her from the Pope, asking her advice as to whether he should take counsel with the cardinals before he decided on returning to Rome. From Catherine's answer it would appear that they had cited for Gregory the example of Clement IV., who, when about to do the same thing, sought the advice of his brothers the cardinals. But Catherine observes that they say nothing of the course pursued by Urban V., who in doubtful matters consulted their opinion, but in clear and evident cases, like this question of

the Pontiff's return to his See, did not wait for what they had to say, but followed his own judgment, paying no heed to their opposition. She implores him in the name of Christ to hasten to make up his mind to depart, but recommends him to keep his intentions up to the last moment a secret. This letter was dictated to Stefano Maconi, and Father Raymond when he had translated it into Latin carried it to the Pope.

Two days after her arrival, having received a command to appear before the Pope and speak in the name of the Florentines, Catherine of Siena, attended by Father Raymond of Capua, stood in the presence of the Supreme Pontiff, who was seated on his throne and surrounded by the purple-robed cardinals. The saint spoke in her exquisite Italian—she knew no other language—and Father Raymond translated what she said into Latin for the Pope, who did not understand what was then considered a vulgar tongue. When she had finished speaking, the Holy Father, who seemed to be greatly impressed by her views, said to her: "In order that you may see how truly anxious I am for peace and concord, I leave all in your hands, only recommending you to have due regard for the honour and the interests of the Holy Church."

Catherine began with all the ardour of her nature to dispose matters so that when the Florentine ambassadors, who were to have immediately followed her to Avignon, should arrive, peace might be made without delay. She spoke with many of the cardinals, and with several temporal lords, and all seemed to promise well. But the Eight of War were in no haste to send the ambassadors. Their most earnest desire was to keep things in their existing state, and maintain their own position. They talked of peace merely to please the people, who were scandalized by the attitude the republic had assumed towards the Holy See. Gregory, noticing the delay, said to Catherine that the Florentines, who had evidently counted on deceiving the Pope; would in the end deceive even herself; they would not send any embassy, or if they did, no conclusion would be come to. Finally arrived three envoys from Florence, well instructed by the Eight to spend the time in fruitless negotiations, and not to let peace be made.

Meanwhile, however, there were other great interests claiming attention which Catherine's stay in Avignon gave her an opportunity of advancing. First among these, of course, were the Pope's return to Rome and the crusade against the Turks. On these and other subjects she not only spoke to Gregory, but, for greater convenience, as he did not understand her tongue, wrote letters to him from Giovanni de Regio's tower-like mansion. To Charles V. of France nothing was more repugnant than this project of the Pope's desertion of Avignon; and the king desired his second son, Louis, Duke of Anjou, who had gone to the Papal court about some matter in dispute with the king of Aragon, to dissuade the Holy Father from putting his resolve into execution. The Duke was by

no means prepossessed in favour of Catherine of Siena, but she had no sooner become acquainted with him than she recognised in the king's son the fitting man to be entrusted with the conduct of the crusade, and she proposed to Gregory that Louis should be named commander of the expedition. The Duke's distrust was, before long, changed to affection and reverence; he was anxious that the saint should visit the French court and try whether peace might not be made with Edward of England. She would not do this; but she wrote to the king a letter full of eloquent and wise counsel. There was no difficulty, however, in persuading Catherine to visit the Duke and Duchess of Anjou when their home, on account of an accident that had occurred at a banquet they had given, was a house of mourning. She went to their residence and remained three days with them.

One day the Pope sent for Catherine and asked her would she recommend him to carry out his intention of returning to Rome, notwithstanding the many and serious obstacles that opposed the execution of his design. She excused herself, saying it was not fitting that an insignificant woman should decide such a question. Gregory said he did not ask her counsel; he wanted to know the will of God. "How, then," she replied, "can you be ignorant of the will of God—you who vowed to him that you would return to Rome?" The Pontiff, greatly astonished at being thus reminded of a vow which he had indeed made, but had never spoken of to any one, became more than ever convinced that it was the voice of God that urged him to depart. He commanded that a galley should lie at anchor in the Rhone ready for an emergency, though its possible destination was kept a secret.

Suddenly, on the 13th September, 1376, Gregory XI. announced his intention of at once leaving Avignon and returning to Rome. The time was gone by for murmurs or objections; the court must remove from the seat of peace and security in Province; the cardinals must leave their too well loved native land; the citizens of Avignon must be satisfied to see their glory vanish. But the Pope did not mean to drop down the Rhone in that galley anchored under the shadow of the walls; he would go in solemn cavalcade to Marseilles, and under the escort of the Knights of S. John of Jerusalem, embark at that port for Italy. In the midst of gloom, stupefaction, and incidents of ill-omen, the Holy Father bade adieu to that palace sanctuary built upon a rock—so grandly fortified without, so exquisitely adorned within. His relations implored him to stay, and his aged father flung himself across the threshold and with uncontrollable emotion, adjured him not to go forth an exile from the land of his birth; the very mule on which he had mounted refused to take the road. Strong now in his resolve, nothing could retard the Pope. Another mule was brought, and the procession, sadly enough, moved on. The clergy, the religious, the citizens of Marseilles, came out to meet the Holy Father as he

approached their city; they paid him all the honour due to so exalted a guest; they mourned over his departure, as all France was sure to do. Ten days he lingered on the shores of that sea that was to bear him from his place of rest to a land strewn with thorns and tempest-riven.

Of the twenty-two ships awaiting the signal of departure, the greater number belonged to the Knights of S. John. Foreign states, however, were not unrepresented. Among the rest appeared a splendid galley belonging to Florence; for the republic, though at war with Gregory, could not but rejoice with the rest of Italy when the tidings had gone forth that the Head of the Church was returning to the City of the Apostles.

The venerable Grand Master, Don Juan Fernandez Eradia, commanded the galley in which the Pope was to embark. On the 2nd October Gregory went on board, and with tearful eyes turned away his gaze from the shores it had cost him so much to forsake.

IN THE GARDEN.

LORD, the place is dark with night,
The olive trees are dim to sight;
Scarcely can I see Thee, prone,
Face to earth, outcast, alone.

I have followed Thee with fear,
Followed Thee, and found Thee—here.
Let me cry, and let me pray,
Take the cup of pain away!

Hear me pray and hear me cry
Words of Thine own agony:
Thou the Lord, and God of all;
I, so poor, so weak, so small.

Yet no coward, and if Thou
Urgest this, give courage now!
Calm the shudder at my heart,
Bid my rebel will depart.

Let the measure be filled up,
Filled and drained the bitter cup—
Drained, O living God, for Thee,
Who hast made this mystery!

R. M.

JOHN RICHARDSON'S RELATIVES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NANCY HUTCH AND HER THREE TROUBLES."

PART V.

"THERE is a change, at last," pronounced Dr. Franklin, upon his first visit next day. "It is very slight indeed; but it is for the better, little as it is. You perceive it, nurse?"

"I thought I did, sir," answered the nurse. "But I didn't like to say so to the ladies for fear of being mistaken, and disappointing them."

"The breathing is softer certainly," continued the doctor, addressing Mary George, who, as she did not perceive the improvement, looked as though rather disposed to doubt it. "Perhaps *less hard* may be nearer to it," he concluded.

"You think he's recovering, doctor?" said Miss Travers, eagerly,

"I hope so, my dear," responded the doctor. "I have seen quite as bad cases recover. That is all I can say yet."

Of ear less fine perhaps, and certainly of less sanguine disposition than the others, Mary George still (to herself) discredited what the rest of the household, once the doctor's opinion had been given, all "saw as plain as could be!" or had seen an hour ago; "though, like Mrs. Timmany, they said nothing."

"Any change since last night?" George asked, on his arrival, which this morning was somewhat later than the doctor's.

"Oh, dear, yes, sir!" answered the servant that let him in. "The doctor says so; and we all see a change."

"You have good news to-day!—haven't you?" George said cheerfully, on meeting his wife.

"Doctor Franklin says there is some slight improvement," she replied.

"Then, if he says it, he sees it!" returned George, decisively. "There isn't a bit of humbug about Franklin."

"Who says there is?" rejoined she. "I don't see any change yet. But of course there may be."

"I'll just take a look at him myself; though I can't expect to be able to see further into a medical millstone than you," concluded George, passing on to the sick room.

"Of course you see the improvement?" Mary George asked, on his return to where he had left her.

"If it isn't fancy, I really do think I perceive the breathing to be softer."

"If—that's just it!" returned his wife.

"If he is really getting better—and I'm sure I hope he is, poor

old soul!" put in George, with genuine good feeling—"it will be all the more necessary that I should do as we settled on yesterday."

"As *you* settled," interposed Mary George.

"Surely you agreed it *would* —"

"If you are to go, I think the earlier you do it the better," interrupted his wife. "I'd like to know when they may be expected to walk in on us. I suppose you'll come back and let me know."

"Well, yes, if you like."

"I do like, of course; and 'tis the only thing I like about it."

"They'd be sure to hear it, you know," George said, feeling it hard that a matter he had looked on as already settled beyond yea or nay, now seemed to need being argued out again.

"You know, or ought to know: that's the very thing I told *you*," interrupted his wife. "But as *you* think you ought to go and tell it too, I think you should just go off and do it and have done with it."

"I'll go as soon as 'tis at all likely Ach Deane will be met in the office," George said. "I don't care to have to go up stairs and have to—to——" ["encounter" was the first word that offered; but he did not quite like to apply that to a lady, and paused to find a better]—"to play politeness to his wife. She's a woman I'd never care to see much of."

And as his own wife was, in this at least, thoroughly of one mind with him, she left it to his own discretion and acquaintance, slight as it was, with his cousin Achilles' hours and customs, to strike a happy medium between late and early.

George himself indeed needed no spur. The desire to get over a disagreeable duty as soon as may be, is generally a spur of the most effectual, if not sharpest, kind with even the fair-and-easiest going people; and George Richardson was fair-and-easy going by nature; and by habit, so far as his Mary's quicker temperament did not interfere with and overbear his own. His present duty then seeming to divide itself into two, he proceeded to get over the harder half first by paying his brother John that short visit mentioned earlier in this story. And then more leisurely, and with a feeling of relief not unlike that of a mitching schoolboy who has just got over the dreaded meeting with his master, he turned his steps towards the office of Achilles Deane, who earned and spent his income (or so much of it as Mrs. Achilles' economies allowed of spending) under one roof, in a good, roomy family-house situate in the same fashionable-professional quarter with that of his brother solicitor and former master, Mr. Frazer: only a dozen or so of doors coming between.

Achilles rose promptly to receive his visitor. Indeed it seemed that, as George pushed in the door, he was in the act of rising with something as like a start as was consistent with the well-practised composure of a man whose business in no small degree

depends on the capability to master agitation and conceal surprise. Then, as he neither re-took his own chair, nor made any motion towards inviting George to that placed in readiness for clients, the cousins stood face to face, only the paper-strewn office table intervening, in a position suited rather to antagonists than friends.

"I came in to tell you Uncle Tottenham is ill," George said. "He——."

"Thank you!" interrupted Achilles; rather dryly, too, George thought. Next moment he had no doubt of the correctness of his ear.

"I had already been informed of it," added his cousin, in a manner to convey the addition of—"So please not to count on your bringing me the news as a point on your side! We start fair: with no obligation upon either hand."

"Oh, indeed!" George said. "I didn't know you knew it."

Achilles hemmed—involuntarily, though, it seemed indeed; for he courteously endeavoured to pass it off with his pocket handkerchief.

("Serve me right for coming!" George exclaimed to himself. "Mary wasn't so far wrong after all.")

"This occurred on Monday, I believe?" questioned Achilles; putting, as he spoke, his thumbs into the arm-holes of a rather showy waistcoat. It, doubtless, was a customary attitude: one that, unconstraining him to straighten himself up to his full height, gave him the air of desiring to overcome his interlocutor.

"On Monday!" repeated George. ("Hang the fellow!" he went on to himself, "does he think he has me on the table?")

"There was full time for the news to reach us, you perceive!" resumed Achilles.

"Well, really," said George, thus put on his defence and not enough practised in the art that teaches *qui s'excuse, s'accuse* to evade the snare, "there was no earthly use in telling it any sooner."

"I have no doubt that it was so considered," agreed Achilles. "But, in point of fact, we were just about going over." His hat, indeed, lay, as George now perceived, at its owner's right hand upon the table.

At this juncture, a door not far from Achilles' elbow, and previously ajar, was opened wide enough to let out the bulky person of the elder brother, Giles, from where, as it seemed to George, he had been lying *perdu* during the preceding passage of arms.

Meantime George was speaking on. "He knows nobody even yet. (How d'ye do, Giles?) And though Franklin pronounced him a shade better this morning, he may keep on unconscious no one knows how long yet."

This was said no doubt somewhat at hap-hazard. In fact, George perhaps knew best what he had said through the response it elicited from Achilles.

"Oh, indeed!" in words, was followed by a look around the table which seemed to say—"I don't see why I'd leave my business at this time of morning at that rate." It was plain neither brother had known much more than that their granduncle had had a fit.

"You'll be sure to find Franklin there at three, if you care to meet him. Good-day," George said; and without (it must be owned) a thought of soliciting the pleasure of their company should they purpose "going over" sooner, he nodded to both brothers, and walked away without more words on either side.

"Well?" Mary George said, eagerly, as she met her husband on his return from his diplomatic mission.

"The Deanes knew it!" he replied.

"Didn't I tell you!" she exclaimed, in a triumphant tone.

"One really might think you were glad of it," George rejoined, looking somewhat vexed. He had been about to tell her frankly "how very right she was." Now there seemed no need to add anything to her self-complacency.

"I'm not glad of it!" she returned; "why should I? But I'm glad I wasn't such a simpleton as to fancy they wouldn't find it out soon enough without you or me."

"Well, all things considered, I'm glad I did go," resumed George. "It was as well to show them at least that we meant to let them know of it ourselves."

"Yes, if you could be sure you did show it," remarked his wife, consolingly. "It's just as likely they thought we knew of their knowing it already. I shouldn't wonder if they did. And that 'twas so much labour lost to put yourself into that state: cutting rods to scourge yourself, perhaps."

George may have said to himself that these charges were about as consistent with each other as the parts of the famous logical plea of the broken pot:—"Broken when we borrowed it, and whole when we returned it"—but aloud he made no immediate rejoinder whatever. Never predisposed to pick a quarrel, he was more than commonly indisposed to it at that moment. He had thrown himself upon the chair nearest the door; and now leaned back on it looking very much as though he could wish himself quietly back in his own office, yet lacked energy enough to set off at once for that haven of repose. He was easily heated in warm weather; and that rubbing against the grain which was at times like the present a characteristic of his Mary's conversation, was not a process of the cooling kind. After a moment's silence he said what appeared to him the best thing he could say—"At worst you need apprehend but one rod. John won't come here. I might have guessed indeed that *he* wouldn't trouble Uncle Tott's house now more than he did at any other time."

"From that I suppose you mean that we oughtn't be here either?"

"I don't say that. If John and Mary happened, as we did, to

hear of it first, it would be no wonder if they did as we have done."

Propitiated by this, Mary George let that point be as if settled, and fell back on a matter that she had in mind from the moment George had spoken his first words.

"I have a pretty strong notion," she said, "how the Deanes came to hear of it so very soon: that somehow or other they were sent word by the nurse."

"The nurse!" echoed poor George. Aghast with surprise and dismay, he sat upright in his chair as if now indeed put on his defence; and feeling that, like Reynard the fox, he could do nothing that did not seem to turn out a matter for reproach.

"Not the nurse you brought," replied his wife; "but that old woman in the kitchen that you heard called Nurse Nelly. She talked so much, especially the first day I was here, of 'her child,' as she called your cousin Giles; and how, since his death, Mr. Giles Deane is the only one of the old man's name in the family, that I'm almost sure she did it."

"It was Giles who seemed to me to have told Achilles," George said; but feeling his own part in that matter had come to a happy termination, all things considered, he plainly took but a languid interest in his wife's anxiety to get to the bottom of what to her looked little less than a conspiracy; for as old Nelly had not, she thought, been out of the house, there must be some third party concerned.

"She got out of me all my children's names, too," resumed she; "like a great fool I thought it the most natural thing in the world for an old family servant to ask, and I answered all her questions."

"How could you think anything else?" George said, with an amiable wish to do away with her annoyance. "Besides the children are called what they had a right to be called. And what's done can't be undone. And so," he concluded, rising to go, as one hastens to avail of a dry moment in showery weather, "if there is nothing you want me to do for you, I may as well lose no more time. I'll find something to do in the office."

"I—I think not," his wife said. What *she* had to do did not at that moment call for help from George, and remembering this she let him go in peace and without delay.

"I don't think they'll be here—or at least both of them yet awhile," were George's last words, as he turned from the doorstep to which his wife had accompanied him, as though to make up in ceremony for any shortcoming in hospitality. "From the look I saw Achilles give at his office table I think he'll wait to see to some of his business first at any rate. I told them they'd be sure to find Franklin here about three. I could come—that is, if you really wished —."

"Not at all!" interrupted she; "I'm not quite sure that I may be here myself."

"If I were you, I think I wouldn't," concluded George.

However this might chance to be, her husband's presence was about the last thing that Mary George would desire at any moment between this and dinner time.

This was the day to which she had been looking forward; the day that must decide upon what footing the Deanes were or were not to enter on their indisputable share of the claims of next-of-kin. This was the day on which the question of dinner or no dinner in their granduncle Tottenham's house became the question of the hour. And like a generalissimo on the eve of an engagement that must decide his fate and fame, Mary George chose to be left to herself: alone and undisturbed she best could concentrate her energies, measure her resources, and lay out in detail her plan of action.

The result of her reflections during the foregone days (and part of the nights indeed) was that the most certain means of establishing her no-dinner programme would be by beginning with the giving of a dinner. As a matter of tact this course had many considerations to recommend it besides that of working by the rule of contraries, which seems as natural, and no doubt may be as desirable, to the social as it plainly is to the political economist. This dinner, however, was not to be given on the premises: that would be but a precedent for other dinners; whereas she intended hers to be a dinner once for all, given in her own house and honestly at her own charges.

Nor would this entertainment—supposing it to come off as projected—add anything to speak of to the cost of the course otherwise laid down: she was consistently frugal in all parts of her plan. George, she reflected, having, happily, none of those dislikes to the best-cooked cold meats and most savoury home-made dishes which render some women's husbands so particularly hard to please or cater for, her whole household would find full provision to the week's end in the remains of this diplomatic dinner. Thus, then, heart and conscience equally at ease, she proceeded to take counsel with herself as to what *pièces de résistance* might best serve for her main force; and what pudding most effectively follow as a *corps de réserve*. These points decided, after deliberation such as Achilles himself if consulted might pronounce to be no more than their due, she rose from her chair, feeling that one part of her task was got through. But another and a yet more delicate and difficult part lay before her: and with regard to this she experienced the anxiety that ever must weigh on the mind of all commanders whose plan of action constrains them to devolve on untried auxiliaries the carrying out of the movement designed to open a campaign. Duty calling her elsewhere—in fact to market and thence home to arrange about the cooking—she had to entrust

to Uncle Tottenham's servants a message of invitation to be given to the Deanes, should they arrive in her absence—and, all things considered, she inclined to think it quite as well they should: and, upon the due and proper delivery of this message might depend, not the day's fortune only, but the success or failure of her whole *tactique*. But here she knew that she might count on that surest, if not best, of all allies, self-love, whilst acting for itself to act for her.

With admirable judgment she put her message into few and plain words—anything superadded would come better from the speaker's self. Having left it to the last moment before quitting the house, she rang for the cook, calmly delivered it, and then departed, taking with her, as may be supposed, the best good wishes of the latter for this fresh proof of her considerate disposition: even Nurse Nelly finding, for the moment, nothing to say against a lady who thus showed herself as hospitable with respect to her own larder as she was sparing in her requisitions upon that of Uncle Tottenham.

Upon the other side, also, meantime, there was a laying, or rather re-laying of plans for the day; begun as soon as George had quitted the office of Achilles. The Giles Deanes had brought with them that very baby on which Mary George had partly counted for the keeping of them more or less away. When leaving home that morning hastily, and unaware that old Giles was still unconscious, the accompaniment of baby, as Giles the third, was held to be desirable. Now, the presence of the little Giles gave both wife and husband the consciousness of having made a needless, if not an absurd, preparation. Most people ("carriage people" will understand that they are not alluded to) have known what it is to be caught by brilliant sunshine in a fashionable quarter with an umbrella brought for by-gone rain. Little Giles was, at the present crisis, a family umbrella—the most embarrassing of all to be incumbered with at an unseasonable time. Achilles was undoubtedly not at heart displeased with that misfortune of his granduncle which put into its proper light "this strange proceeding on the part of—he could not help saying it to himself (and to his wife in the pantry, whither she had gone to make arrangements for the servants' dinner)—of Giles and his wife." There seemed to him (Achilles) a positive indelicacy in thus making him, as it were, a party to putting forward on behalf of Giles' claim as next-of-kin an item of evidence, in the person of Baby Giles, of which he himself, unhappily, could bring forward no precise counterpart.

Thus, then, at the very first there seemed to be a general feeling as to the baby's being for the moment one too many; and the only moot question to be, if the mother had not better stay with the child. There could be little doubt that such was Achilles' opinion. Conveyed though it was through the precautionary circumlocutions which that "peculiar people" called people-in-law are wont to

employ towards each other, with kind consideration for each other's well-known susceptibility to take offence, it was plain enough for Giles to understand "*his* view." Had Mrs. Achilles not been going, Giles himself probably would have thought the same way, and have been ready enough to say so, and to send wife, nurse, and baby straight home again. But Mrs. Achilles, he remembered, had already said that she was going; and Ach had made no objection—neither of course did or could he. But surely it was not for him to belittle his own wife by leaving her behind, like a poor relation, whilst his brother's wife kept him company. Achilles having signified his views could not well go farther in face of the awkward precedent laid down in his own wife's express determination on the same point. Mrs. Achilles was, as he knew, at that moment going about the house with her bonnet already on. And this once witnessed, upon the question of going anywhere, was as the "this is my hand and seal" on one of his own flawlessly-drawn deeds, against which he might say with equal truth, if not quite equal pleasure, "no appeal could lie."

Mrs. Giles, on her part, was, naturally enough, not inclined to be set aside without ceremony. Nor did she "see why nurse and poor baby might not stay in Uncle Tottenham's kitchen as well, and perhaps with quite as much comfort, as in Mrs. Achilles' nursery; where, indeed," as she did not fail to remark in an aside to Giles, "they had not as yet been invited to remain." Mrs. Achilles' judgment was, "*de-ci-ded-ly*, that if mother and baby did not at once take the rational course (i. e. the road homewards), the next best thing was that both should go where baby might teach his parents a lesson not a little needed. As for her, she had not the remotest idea of encouraging such a ridiculous proceeding, by making her establishment a half-way-house to Uncle Tottenham's."

Thus far Mrs. Achilles' policy fell in with Mary George's. All things, then, well considered and re-considered, both sisters-in-law were to accompany their husbands; waiting on Achilles who, fulfilling George Richardson's shrewd prevision, thought it quite as well to get over a good part of the work that lay upon his office table; thereby earning the cost of that dinner which, prompted by his wife, he counted on his Uncle Tottenham's purse providing him with in its proper time.

"For surely," Mrs. Achilles had said, as she portioned out the cold meat for the servants, "where the Richardsons dine, we may: you have quite as good a right. As to there being, as you say, any risk of short commons, that's not likely. People are not so sparing in laying out other people's money. You may be sure Giles and Jane came in, intending to dine there."

Upon this Achilles, well content, betook himself to his deeds; whilst Giles, not feeling himself quite equal to what he imagined to be the possible eventualities of the family *rencontre* at his grand-uncle's without the support of Achilles, found a ready and agree-

able means of whiling away the idle hours in a visit to a cattle-market within easy walking distance of his brother's house.

Giles having sent home his car directly after arriving (thereby giving his sister-in-law good grounds for her belief in the family design to make a day of it), the migration to Uncle Tottenham's was conducted on foot, and took some time to perform, the house being situated in the suburbs. If the present expedition was of any other sort, the order of the day would most likely dictate a something more like a happy-family arrangement than that which now took place. Achilles would have felt himself called on to be the special escort of Giles' wife, and Giles to submit to be chaperoned by Mrs. Achilles. But the considerations just then uppermost with both brothers alike put such conventionalities quite out of mind. And the feeling of "every man for himself" (wife and family being understood) brought about, as of course, its own characteristic coupling of the party. They were together because Giles could not well go without Achilles, and Achilles, under existing circumstances, could not well shirk Giles. On both sides, indeed, was the early-instilled belief of their being the stronger for acting as a bundle of twigs; but mingling with and marring it was the later-learned troublesome knowledge of how often a twig out of this same kind of bundle is found to give the very smartest strokes to one or all of the rest. There certainly was enough brotherly regard to make either much prefer going halves with the other, to doing so with one or both of the Richardsons. But the shorter way investigation went beyond that fact, perhaps, the better. There are a great many mill-stones doing their share of the world's work which well-regulated curiosity will choose to contemplate from without rather than stop the wheels to look into them. So long as old Giles Tottenham lived, there would be at least a possibility that some one of the four grandnephews might be sole heir of all he had to leave. And every one having come to the use of reason must know that such a possibility was a thing impossible for a devoted husband and father to put out of sight.

As the party left Achilles' door, Giles took the lead: not only as the elder and in right of having first heard the news, but as a man with plenty to do at home, thinking that time enough had already been lost to him, and determined to lose no more. Nurse and baby followed close behind; the latter, favoured by a long sleep at Uncle Achilles', now wide awake and in high good-humour. This division of the company having got a start of at least twenty paces—one for every one of the more last words that Mrs. Achilles found to say to Sophia at the hall door—they kept their vantage steadily, leaving the others no alternative between an undignified run and a position decisively in the rear. Thus all through the walk a distance provokingly emblematic of prior claims intervened between the pairs, varying a little according as Mrs. Achilles' anxiety to come up with and even go before "Giles and

Jane, whose extraordinary proceedings were showing themselves to be all of a piece," or Achilles' disinclination "to identify himself with nurse and baby," gained the upperhand.

Meantime, common acquaintances passing at nodding distance the couples in succession, very naturally (prompted by their own fine family feelings) set the migration down as a pleasant family party going somewhere out of town together to enjoy a fine day to the full in each other's company. One indeed, a lady sharp-sighted enough to see quite across the street and on occasion even farther, noting baby's age and unmistakable good health and spirits, and observing the absence of anything about or behind them in the shape of a dinner basket, decided on a different but no less edifying *mot d'enigme*: relating to her own family, as an interesting little incident, how she "had met and been chafed with such an instance of unity of feeling in the Deane brothers and their wives; all going in one party to vaccinate the last baby."

So the world takes us, as we pass it by, sometimes for worse, and sometimes also, happily, for better than we are!

A ROSE.

GOD bless the dews that fed, the winds that rocked thee,
Wee Rose divine!
God bless the gentle hand that kindly plucked thee
To lay in mine.
God bless the generous friend whose love in thee
Stored up for me,
And may her wise and holy counsels win me
Eternity!

A. D.

CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

I. INTRODUCTORY.

A FEW words about the state of parties in Ireland at the time when our sketch begins. At the death of Charles I., January 30th, 1649, the Royalist cause in England seemed hopeless; the majority of the triumphant party wished for a Republic. In Ireland—though the Stuarts deserved but scant gratitude from the Irish people—all parties were united in their attachment to Royalty. Two Royalist armies were in the field. Owen Roe O'Neill in the north commanded one; Ormonde, the king's lord lieutenant, the other: his forces, united with those of Inchiquin, lay encamped about Drogheda. Dublin and Derry were the only strong places in the hands of the Parliament. But the mutual distrust of the leaders, or rather the treachery of Ormonde—"the unkind deserter of loyal men"—prevented that united action which could alone offer a successful resistance to the energy of Cromwell; and a second time, through the folly of her own children, Ireland became a conquered nation, and saw her fairest portions divided as a spoil among fanatics.

The Order-book of the Council of State under the date March 14th, 1649, contains the following record: "Yesterday, Tuesday, 13th March, there was question in the Council of State about modelling of the forces that are to go to Ireland; and a suggestion was made that they would model much better if they knew first under what commander they would go." On the following Wednesday Lieutenant-General Cromwell was unanimously voted Lord Lieutenant and Commander-in-Chief of the English forces in Ireland. The General was asked to give in his answer to the Council of State within three days whether he would go to Ireland or not. In reply he intimated to the Parliament his readiness to serve them in the wars of Ireland. The House of Commons also spoke of "the necessity of advancing a considerable sum of money with all speed for the service of Ireland, and voted that £120,000 should be borrowed from the City of London for the purpose. A committee of the members was elected to treat with the Council of the City for the borrowing of that sum. Lord Chief Baron Wild did press the proposal with many arguments; and among others he distinguished the state of the war in that kingdom as not between Protestant and Protestant, or Independent and Presbyterian, but between Papist and Protestant; Papacy or Popery being not to be endured in that kingdom, which totally agreed with that maxim of King James, when first King of the Three

Kingdoms: 'Plant Ireland with Puritans and root out Papists, and then secure it.' A week later (April 20th) the council of the army met and named two officers of every regiment, both of horse and foot, in the army to meet the next morning, "to gather what advice to offer to General Cromwell concerning the expedition to Ireland, and to decide what regiment's shall go on that service." "After a solemn seeking of God by prayer," they agree that the decision shall be made by lot; tickets are put into a hat; a child draws them. The regiments, fourteen of foot and fourteen of horse, are decided on in this manner. The officers on whom the lot fell in all the twenty-eight regiments, expressed much cheerfulness at the decision. Not so the soldiers; they openly declared they would not march. Among them were not a few of the sect called Levellers, whose founder asserted that a vision had lately appeared to him ordering him to restore "the ancient community of enjoying the fruits of the earth." They suspected that Cromwell had even then a design to seize on the supreme power, and wished to get rid of them by employing them in Ireland. The mutiny first broke out in Bishopsgate—a troop of horse under Colonel Whally refused to quit London, as they were ordered; and took possession of the colours. The other regiments quartered in different places, openly declared their determination to join the mutineers. But the capture of the greater number, and the execution of a few of the ringleaders, soon put an end to this rebellious spirit. Peters and his fellow-chaplains were ordered to preach the new crusade; at times even the Lord Lieutenant himself expounded the Scriptures "excellently well, and pertinently to the occasion." Very soon the most stubborn yielded to the fervent exhortations that compared them to the Israelites who were sent to exterminate the idolatrous inhabitants of Canaan, and declared that they were a people chosen to inherit the land promised to their fathers, and to purge it of idolatry and superstition.

"On the evening of July 10th, 1649, about five o'clock, the Lord Lieutenant (Cromwell) began his journey to Ireland, by the way of Windsor, and so to Bristol. He went forth in that state and equipage as the like hath hardly been seen; himself in a coach with six gallant Flanders mares, whitish grey; divers coaches accompanying him, and very many great officers of the army. His lifeguard consisting of eighty gallant men, the meanest whereof a commander or esquire, in stately habit; with trumpets sounding, almost to the shaking of Charing Cross, had it been now standing. Of his lifeguard many are colonels; such a guard as is hardly to be paralleled in the world. The Lord Lieutenant's colours are white." On Saturday evening, July 14th, he entered Bristol. Here he was delayed a fortnight, partly by the unwillingness of some of his soldiers to proceed further, partly by the preparations necessary for the campaign. Thence by way of Tenby and Pembroke, where his forces were increased from the garrison, he

marched to Milford Haven. On the 13th of August he set sail for Dublin with a single division of the army; the wind was favourable, and he landed at Ringsend the second day following, having altered his original plan, which was to land somewhere in Munster. Many causes—among them, Jones' success at Rathmines, and still more the necessity of recovering some strong places about Dublin that threatened the forces within the city—made him resolve to land at Dublin. His son-in-law, Ireton, third in command, followed the next day with the remainder of the army. The force was made up of Ireton's, Scroop's, Horton's, Lambert's, and Cromwell's own regiments of horse; of Abbott's, Mercer's, Tulcher's, Garland's, and Boulton's troops of dragoons; and of Ewer's, Cooke's, Hewson's, Deane's, and Cromwell's regiments of foot, as well as the Kentish regiment under Colonel Phaire. The divisions of Jones and Monk, already in Ireland, were also under his command. The whole force at his disposal must have been over 17,000 men; he had besides several pieces of artillery, an abundant supply of military stores, and £200,000 in money. Among the officers were many whose names are familiar to the readers of Irish history: Henry Cromwell, the Protector's second son, later Lord Deputy; Jones, Blake, Ludlow, Waller, Sankey, &c.

"On his arrival," as the old newspapers tell us, "he was received with all possible demonstrations of joy; the great guns echoing forth their welcome, and the acclamations of the people resounding in every street. The Lord Lieutenant being come into the city—where the concourse of people was very great, they all flocking to see him of whom before they had heard so much,—at a convenient place he made a stand, and with his hat in his hand he made a speech to them, which was entertained with great applause by the people"—the Catholics had, two years before, been driven out of the city and forbidden under pain of death to return—"who all cried out: 'We will live and die with you!'" On the 24th of August he issued a proclamation, notifying that he had assumed the supreme command, and promising protection until the 1st of January following to all well-minded persons who were willing to supply the army with provisions at a fair rate, and stay peaceably in their homes.

II. THE EXPEDITION TO DROGHEDA.

On Friday, August 31st, Cromwell divided his army, and taking the larger division crossed the Liffey and encamped about three miles to the north of Dublin. But a fortnight had passed since he landed; this time had been spent in giving the men some rest, and in establishing a strict system of military discipline among them. The next day he took the field, and set out for Drogheda, "his design being the regaining of that town; or tempting the enemy, upon his hazard of the loss of that place, to

fight." The possession of this town, as an open seaport, was of the greatest importance; through it, also, communication could easily be kept up with the north. Hence Ormonde rightly judging it would be the first place attacked, ordered the works to be repaired as well as the shortness of the time would allow; and assembling his forces at Tecroghan, he advanced to Portlester, to be near at hand in case his aid was needed. In spite of the exertions made, the city was badly fortified; it was garrisoned, however, by about 3,500 men, nearly all Irish troops; viz., Ormonde's regiment of 400 men, under the command of Sir Edward Varney; Colonel Byrne's, Colonel Wall's, and Colonel Warren's, of 2,000; Lord Westmeath's, of 200; Sir James Dillon's, of 200; and 200 horse. The commander to whom this important post was entrusted was Sir Arthur Ashton, an Englishman, who had distinguished himself by his bravery both at home and abroad. He had served with distinction under King Sigismund against the Turks; when the civil war broke out in England we find him leading the Royalist cavalry at Edgehill; and later, Governor of Reading and Oxford. Ormonde might therefore reasonably reckon on a lengthened resistance; he knew how vain the efforts of a besieging army would be, no matter how brave and well disciplined, when exposed to the hardships of a siege in midwinter. But the activity and boldness of Cromwell soon put an end to such hopes. We will let the Lieutenant-General tell the history of his successes, as he relates it to the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England, in a letter written the 16th of September:—

"Your army being safely arrived in Dublin, and the enemy endeavouring to draw all his forces together about Trim and Tecroghan, as my intelligence gave me, from whence endeavours were made by the Marquis of Ormonde to draw Owen Roe O'Neill to his assistance, but with what success I cannot as yet learn, I resolved, after some refreshment taken for our weather-beaten men and horses, and accommodations for the march, to take the field. And accordingly on Friday, August the 31st, I rendezvoused with eight regiments of foot and six of horse and some troops of dragoons—about 10,000 men—three miles on the north side of Dublin. The design was to endeavour the regaining Drogheda, or tempting the enemy, upon the chance of losing that place, to fight. Your army came before the town the Monday following, September the 3rd, where having pitched [on the south side of the town] as speedy course as could be was taken to frame our batteries; which took up the more time, because divers of the battering guns were on shipboard. On Monday, the 10th, the batteries began to play; whereupon I sent Sir Arthur Ashton, the Governor, a summons to deliver the town to the use of the Parliament of England. To which receiving no satisfactory answer, I proceeded

that day to beat down the steeple of the church on the south side of the town, and a tower not far from the same place.

"Our guns not being able to do much that day, it was resolved to endeavour to do our utmost the next day to make the breaches assaultable, and, by the help of God, to storm them. The place pitched upon was that part of the town wall next a church called St. Mary's; which was the rather chosen, because we did hope that if we did enter and possess that church, we should be the better able to keep it against their horse and foot until we could make way for the entrance of our horse; and we did not conceive that any part of the town would afford the like advantage for that purpose with this. The batteries planted were two: one was for that part of the wall against the east end of the said church; the other against the wall on the south side. Being somewhat long in battering, the enemy made six retrenchments: three of them from the said church to Duleek Gate; and three of them from the east end of the church to the town wall, and so backward. The guns, after two or three hundred shot, beat down the corner tower, and opened two reasonable good breaches in the east and south wall.

"Upon Tuesday, the 11th instant, about five o'clock in the evening, we began the storm; and after some hot dispute we entered, about seven or eight hundred men; the enemy disputing it very stiffly with us—and indeed, through the advantages of the place, and the courage God was pleased to give the defenders, our men were forced to retreat quite out of the breach, not without considerable loss; Colonel Castle being there shot in the head, whereof he presently died; and divers officers and soldiers doing their duty being killed and wounded. There was a tenalia to flank the south wall of the town, between Duleek Gate and the corner tower before mentioned, which our men entered. Therein they found some forty or fifty of the enemy, whom they put to the sword; and this tenalia they held; but it being without the wall, and the sally-port through the wall into that tenalia being choked up with some of the enemy which were killed in it, it proved of no use for an entrance into the town that way.

"Although our men that stormed the breaches were forced to recoil, yet being encouraged to recover their loss, they made a second attempt, wherein God was pleased so to animate them that they got ground of the enemy, and, by the goodness of God, forced him to quit his retrenchments; and after a very hot dispute—the enemy having both horse and foot and we only foot, within the wall,—they gave ground, and our men became masters both of their retrenchments and of the church; which indeed, although they made our entrance the more difficult, yet proved of excellent use to us; so that the enemy could not now annoy us with their horse; but thereby we had advantage to make good the ground,

that so we might let in our own horse; which accordingly was done, though with much difficulty."

"The garrison fought with extreme courage," says Froude; "twice after forcing their way into the town, the storming parties were beaten back through the breach. The third time, as the light was waning, Cromwell led them up in person, forced Ashton upon his inner lines, stormed these lines in turn, and before night was master of the town." Colonel Wall, who commanded the regiment stationed nearest to the trenches, was killed; and his men became confused and dispirited by the loss of their leader.

Then it was, probably, that quarter was offered and accepted. Carte says distinctly that Cromwell promised quarter to all who would lay down their arms. So long as the garrison resisted, that promise was faithfully observed. As soon, however, as the city was in the invaders' power, Jones, the Governor of Dublin, who was second in command, told Cromwell that now he had the flower of the Irish army in his hands. An order was therefore issued that "no quarter should be given."

"Many of the enemy," continues Cromwell, "retreated into the Millmount, a place very strong and of difficult access, being exceedingly high and strongly palisaded. The Governor and many officers being there, our men getting up to them were ordered by me to put them all to the sword. And indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the town; and I think that night they put to the sword about 2,000 men." Sir Arthur Ashton fell among the first; "he had his brains beaten out," says one who was present, "and his body hacked and chopped to pieces." Sir Edward Varney, Colonels Warren, Fleming, and Byrne were slain in cold blood. "I don't believe," writes Cromwell to the President of the Council of State, "that any officer escaped with his life, save only one lieutenant, who, I hear, going to the enemy said that he was the only man that escaped of all the garrison." As every part of the town was commanded from the Millmount, further resistance was useless; the besiegers poured in through the two breaches, crossed the bridge, and were soon in possession of the whole of the north side. There the work of slaughter was continued. The garrison were the first victims. One of Cromwell's own soldiers states that his companions put to death 1,000 men who had been posted on this hill, and that 2,000 persons were slain along the bridge which crosses the river. Hugh Peters, Cromwell's chaplain, who gave the first account of the victory to the Parliament, sets down the number of the garrison slain at 3,350: he adds—none spared.

Such was the fate of those who had surrendered because quarter had been promised them. Others there were who would not trust to Cromwell's mercy. Of these some sought refuge in a round tower near one of the city gates; some, at the west gate. A vast crowd had fled to St. Peter's Church; here at least they thought there

might be some hope of safety. Cromwell on the morning of the 12th, gave orders that the church should be blown up. "It was from this church that the Catholic inhabitants of the town had the insolence on the last Lord's Day to thrust out the Protestants and to have Mass said there." But changing his plan, he ordered that its steeple, which was of wood, should be set on fire. Those who had taken refuge in the body of the church knew too well the fate that awaited them, and continued to offer resistance. Thomas à Wood, a captain in Ingoldby's regiment, was an eye-witness of what followed. "On his return to England," writes his brother Anthony, "being often with his mother and brethren, he would tell them of the most terrible assaulting and storming of Drogheda, wherein he himself had been engaged. He told them that 3,000 at least, besides some women and children, were, after the assailants had taken part, and afterwards the whole, of the town, put to the sword. He told them that when they were to make their way up to the lofts and galleries of the church, and up to the tower where the enemy had fled, each of the assailants would take up a child and use it as a buckler of defence when they ascended the steps, to keep themselves from being shot or brained. After they had killed all in the church, and up the towers, they went into the vaults underneath where all the flower and choicest of the women and ladies had hid themselves. One of these, a most handsome virgin, arrayed in costly and gorgeous apparel, kneeled down to him with tears and prayers to save her life; and being struck with a profound pity, he took her under his arms, and went with her out of the church with the intention of putting her over the works to shift for herself; but a soldier perceiving his intentions ran his sword into her body. Whereupon, seeing her gasping, he took away her money, jewels, &c., and flung her down over the works." Mr. Froude has been unlucky in not falling in with this account given by one "who was himself engaged in the storming." Otherwise he could hardly have said that "there is no evidence from an eye-witness that women and children were killed otherwise than accidentally."

"In this place—the tower," continues Cromwell's letter, "near 1,000 were put to the sword, fleeing thither for safety. The next day the other two towers were summoned, in one of which there were about six or seven score. But they refused to yield themselves; and we, knowing that hunger must compel them, set only good guards to secure them from running away. When they submitted their officers were knocked on the head, every tenth man of the soldiers killed, and the rest shipped for the Barbadoes. The soldiers in the other tower were all spared as to their lives only, and shipped likewise for the Barbadoes."

What the fate of the ecclesiastics was who were found within the city it is not hard to conjecture—their chief crime in the eyes of the Puritans was, that "they had a short time before set up the

Mass in some places of the town that had been monasteries." "I believe," says Cromwell, "all the friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two—the one of these was Father Peter Taaffe, brother of Lord Taaffe, an Augustinian, whom the soldiers took the next day and made an end of; the other was taken in the round tower, and when he understood that the officers had no quarter, he confessed he was a friar, but that did not save him."

A manuscript history of these events, written at the time by one of the Jesuits on the Irish mission, and preserved in the archives of the Irish College at Rome, gives further details of the cruelty exercised towards the priests that were seized:

"The city being captured by the heretics, the blood of the Catholics was mercilessly shed in the streets, and in the dwelling-houses, and in the open fields; to none was mercy shown; not to the women, nor to the aged, nor to the young. The property of the citizens became the prey of the Parliamentary troops. Everything in our residence was plundered; the library, the sacred chalices, of which there were many of great value, as well as all the furniture, sacred and profane, were destroyed. On the following day, when the soldiers were searching through the ruins of the city, they discovered one of our fathers, named John Bathe, with his brother, a secular priest. Suspecting that they were religious they examined them, and finding that they were priests, and one of them, moreover, a Jesuit, they led them off in triumph, and, accompanied by a tumultuous crowd, conducted them to the market-place, and there as if they were at length extinguishing the Catholic religion and our Society, they tied them both to stakes fixed in the ground, and pierced their bodies with shot till they expired. Father Robert Netterville, far advanced in years, was confined to bed by his infirmities; he was dragged thence by the soldiers and trailed along the ground, being violently knocked against each obstacle that presented itself on the way; then he was beaten with clubs, and when many of his bones were broken he was cast out on the highway. Four days after, having fought the good fight, he departed this life to receive, as we hope, the martyr's crown." Three Dominicans, that had been taken prisoners, were led out for execution in presence of the whole army. They met death bravely.

For five whole days the massacre continued. "During that time," says Clarendon, "the whole army executed all manner of cruelty, and put every man that belonged to the garrison, and all the citizens who were Irish, man, woman, and child, to the sword." Well might Ormonde say that "on this occasion Cromwell exceeded himself and anything he had ever heard of in breach of faith and bloody inhumanity, and that the cruelties exercised for five days after the town was taken would make as many several pictures of inhumanity as are to be found in the 'Book of Martyrs.'"

"Now, give me leave," continues Cromwell in the letter already

cited to Lenthall, "to say how it came to pass that this great work"—("this great mercy, this righteous judgment upon the barbarous wretches," he calls it elsewhere)—"was wrought. It was set upon some of our hearts that a great thing should be done, not by power or might, but by the spirit of God. That which caused your men to storm so courageously, it was the spirit of God—that gave your men courage, and therewith this happy success. And therefore it is good that God alone have all the glory."

The Parliament, on the receipt of this letter on the 2nd, of October, appointed a thanksgiving day, and voted a letter of thanks to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and to the army, "in which notice was to be taken that the House did approve of the execution done at Drogheda, as an act of justice to them"—those who were slain—"and of mercy to others who may be warned by it."

Cromwell did not err in his conjecture; the ruthless massacre of the inhabitants of Drogheda had the desired effect. "It spread abroad," said Carte, "the terror of his name, it cut off the best body of the Irish troops, and disheartened the rest to such a degree that it was a greater loss in itself and much more fatal in its consequences than the defeat at Rathmines."

Drogheda was captured on the 11th of September. Cromwell was resolved not to lose a moment of time; on the 13th he despatched Colonel Chidley Coote, with two regiments of horse and one of foot, to Dundalk; by him he sent the following letter to the chief officer commanding there:

"SIR,—I offered mercy to the garrison of Drogheda, in sending the Governor a summons before I attempted the taking of it. Which being refused brought their evil upon them. If you, being warned thereby, shall surrender your garrison to the use of the Parliament of England, which by this I summon you to do, you may thereby prevent effusion of blood. If upon refusing this offer, that which you like not befalls you, you will know whom to blame.—I rest your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL."

The Ulster Scotch troops who garrisoned this place, under the command of Lord Ardes, were ordered by Ormonde to retire from it. On arriving before the town Coote found it abandoned. Ulster was therefore open to him. Coote's force was now increased by another regiment of foot and two troops of dragoons, and the command was transferred to Venables. He was to effect a junction of his forces with those of Sir Charles Coote, who was shut up in Derry. Carlingford and Newry surrendered to him almost without a blow. One of the chief objects of his mission to the north was to sound the Scottish Planters, and if possible to gain them over to the side of the Commonwealth. Very soon he was able to send "information which promised well towards the northern interest." He found these disciples of Knox were but too ready to make common cause with the Puritans against the confederate forces of Ormonde. In a few days Lisburn, Belfast, and Coleraine opened

their gates, and before the end of September every port and every important military place in the north, Carrickfergus alone excepted, were in the hands of the Parliamentary army.

But we have not space to dwell on these successes in detail. We are concerned only with Cromwell's own deeds. On the 27th of September he writes from Dublin to the Speaker of the Parliament of England, giving a detailed account of the success of Venables' expedition to Ulster. He adds this important postscript: "I desire the supplies moved for may be hastened. I am very persuaded, though the burden be great, it is for your service." He asks that recruits and some fresh regiments of foot should be sent to him; for the "country-sickness" was beginning to do its work, and the manning of the garrisons that had fallen into his hands had diminished the number of troops that were available for service in the field.

Cromwell returned with his army to Dublin immediately after the capture of Drogheda. There he allowed them to rest for a fortnight before engaging in the perilous expedition to the south. During this brief interval of repose the Puritan soldier was not quite idle. "The buff coat, instead of the black gown," says the *Intelligencer*, "appears in the Dublin pulpits. To use the two swords well is meritorious. Not a word of St. Austin or of St. Thomas Aquinas; only downright honesty is now given forth."

The history of the expedition to Munster, its immediate results, and how they were brought about, we must reserve for our next number.

D. M.

A PEARL IN DARK WATERS.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN the time came to remove the mortal remains of Lady Margery to their last resting place, Marguerite's grief became uncontrollable. No change had passed on May's lovely features. Still lingered the smile upon the half-parted lips. "Death's effacing finger" had not begun its work. To Marguerite, as it has been to many others, the removal of the corpse was a fresh separation; or rather, it was not till then she realised she had lost for ever in this world the truest friend, the most tender love she was ever likely to know.

A mighty anguish overpowered her. It was the hour in her life when the dark waters entered into her soul. She flung herself upon the lifeless body, and in delirious tones implored May to speak, to come back to life, not to leave her, to forgive her, not to leave the

keen darts of remorse for ever to rankle within her breast. The gentle tones of Henriette and of Alethea had no power over her.

The funeral cortege had assembled, and the attendants to carry away the corpse were already in the corridor. Alethea sent for Père de la Colombière. He entered the room, and with a few words contrived to gain ascendancy over Marguerite so far as to induce her to allow the servants to enter and perform the last sad offices.

When the corpse of Margery Clymne was carried out, the father's hand was raised in benediction. She was laid in ground consecrated long before; but the cold ritual of an alien creed was read over her grave. She recked it not. Unseen angels hovered round, chanting the prayers of Holy Church. Angel hands poured down upon her the Church's benedictions. Those who were with her were mightier than those who were against her. To worldly eyes her early death, her hurried sepulture so different from that of other daughters of her noble line, seemed as a misery. But she was numbered with the children of God; her lot was among the saints.

Down the corridor echoed the tread of the funeral train. The Duchesse, the Ladies Howard, and the servants followed it to the palace gates. Marguerite was left alone with the father. She had sunk on a couch, for her tottering limbs could not sustain her weight. Father de la Colombière sat down beside her and spoke.

We can record but few of his words. Were we to tell them all, they would be deemed striking and beautiful, but we could have no idea of the force with which they went to the almost broken heart of Marguerite.

Father de la Colombière was a man of great tenderness of heart and of deep feeling, both rigidly governed by his habitual self-control. The rule of St. Ignatius, which is like a fire that burns up the dross of natural impulses and purifies to marvellous perfection the powers of the soul, was not enough for this ardent being. He had long since bound himself by vow to do that which is most perfect. When, therefore, a nature like his exerts its utmost strength to comfort a sorrowing or to raise up a desponding soul, it is rare indeed that it fails. "Like rivers of water in a dry place, like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" came the message of the Lord to Marguerite by the lips of His servant.

Hitherto she had known little of Father de la Colombière. In the days of her thoughtless gaiety she had avoided him; and, when they had met, he had confined himself to speaking a few kind words. With his keen discernment he had seen that the hour of his ministry to this soul had not yet come. During these past days of anguish he had purposely left her alone to wrestle with her God. Instead of speaking to her he had prayed for her. But now the time was come and he spoke. In low, calm tones, his eyes fixed on a crucifix, he spoke, and like St. Paul of old the scales fell

off the blinded eyes of Rita. She saw the folly of the past ; she saw also the infinite love that had waited for her. She saw how the thorns and briars with which she had entangled herself had wounded the Hands that were ever seeking her. Her heart was well-nigh broken, because in her defence May's young blood had flowed ; she saw how freely for her a more precious Life-blood had been shed, over which she had never dropped a tear.

Father de la Colombière's words had not to pierce a stony rock. Marguerite's was not a nature encrusted with worldliness, dead to the instincts of the faith. *Now* the patient toil of the obscure nun in the Faubourg S. Jacques was to bear its fruit. *Now* the faith of her childhood woke up in all its vigour. Prayers said in obedience, sacraments which seemed like routine, found living voices and said—"Behold our fruit, hidden for many a day, but not wasted or consumed."

A mighty change was wrought in that poor soul. The bitterness of her wild remorse was changing into that sorrow which in itself is peace. Henriette de Marigny looked into the room and withdrew in awe.

Father de la Colombière did indeed look like the picture she had often imagined of Him to whose feet the broken-hearted were wont to creep and be at rest.

"Despair not, my child," went on the low, calm voice, "this day is the beginning of a better life for you ; sorrow not for her who is gone, and who has exchanged earth's sufferings for an eternal weight of glory. I, who knew her inmost soul, can say with all but certainty that she is among the saints in bliss. Her love was but the shadow of the love whose sweetness you shall know. She has bequeathed to you as a legacy her boundless love for Jesus. It was her life, the secret of her brightness, her influence, her peace. Her sole earthly desire for herself was to consecrate herself to Him in religion ; but He took her by a shorter road to lie on His Sacred Heart. As the Christians of old were baptised in blood, so by suffering and sacrifice that dear child won the spousal ring from her Beloved."

When at last Father de la Colombière left Marguerite, she submitted to Henriette de Marigny like a little child.

The Duchesse remained with her for a few days at the Palace, while they went through the last sad task of gathering up all May's belongings, of breaking all the links of the life that had now ended for the two sisters.

During those few days Marguerite knelt at the altar where May had so often received the Bread of Life, never without praying that her twin sister might soon be at her side again.

There is a superstition that the death of one twin saps the fullness of life in the other. Be there truth or not in the saying, Marguerite was changed from that funeral day so utterly that none could know her. After a few days the Duchesse de Marigny took

her to her own house and tried her utmost to revive her broken spirits and repair her shattered health.

But weeks and months passed on and the bright Marguerite did not come back. Another creature altogether rose from her ashes, in whose eyes dwelt a deep peace, and on whose face suffering had left its traces.

She was willing to return to her father's house, but Lady Edenhall did not choose it. She called on her stepdaughter once at the Duchesse's house intending to try her utmost to regain her ascendancy over her. But she found the Rita she sought dead and buried in the grave of her twin sister, and Marguerite "silent and serene," was not to her taste.

Thus when Marguerite craved leave of her father to "go beyond seas," Lady Edenhall urged him to grant the request. The thought of her escaped victim troubled her; and, unable to conquer, she wanted to get her out of her sight. So, there was no opposition; and on one lovely morning in the summer of 1678, three companions—Henriette de Marigny, Alethea Howard, and Marguerite—set sail for France intending to bend their steps to the little town of Paray-le-Monial.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LADY EDENHALL was sitting in the retiring-room of her house in Pall Mall. It had served the same purpose for her step-daughter; but in their time its appointments were simple; now every luxury known and invented was lavished around.

But the Countess as she sat at her writing table did not look like a person happy or at ease. She had changed much for the worse since we first made her acquaintance. Her manners had grown haughty and arrogant; her beauty was on its wane; and the artificial helps she used for its preservation were becoming more and more evident. There was a restless fire in her eyes, a twitching of her lips that told of inward disquiet.

She was examining various papers which lay on her table with much eagerness; but, as she finished the perusal of one after another she flung them down, with an impatient gesture.

"Nothing there," she muttered, as she finished the last; "he is too cunning to betray himself. Verily I have spent much gold for nought. It costs a heavy sum to bribe the *femme de chambre* of a princess to steal letters from her private casket, and 'tis provoking to think I can find nothing. I don't think a word of these could be twisted into a plot against his Majesty, nor yet an attempt to introduce Papistry again into this land. The reverend father confines himself most scrupulously to the direction of her Highness's conscience, and these letters would only be an evidence

that he does *not* mix himself up with state affairs. Ha, ha, I see his reverence does not like her Highness's weakness for cards. It shall be my daily task to foster and encourage that tendency in Mary Beatrice. She obeys him, doubtless, by never asking for a card party; but when we begin the sport, she cannot resist joining in it; and if well plied, as I know how to do it, will play for high stakes. Then I know now the secret of her downcast look when the game is over. And odd enough I thought it—after the first moment of exultation, she is as vexed when she has won, as when she has lost. I see now she dreads an admonition, for this wily Jesuit tells her that money thus gained makes but sorry alms, and a penny given as the result of self-denial will bring more blessing than a hundred gold angels, which are the fruit of self-indulgence. Pshaw! I hate such folly. The man is a hypocrite. I cannot, I will not believe, he can live the life of an owl as he does willingly. There must be something behind the scenes. Are we not all acting a part, and why should he alone be walking the paths of truth and simplicity?

There was a low tap at the door. "*Entrez*," said the Countess. A servant entering, and bowing low, said: "The young man who was here yestereven craves speech of your honoured ladyship."

"Bid him enter," she exclaimed; and in a few instants Arsène, whose interview with Father de la Colombière our readers have not forgotten, entered the room.

He was no longer the shabby-looking individual who presented himself before the priest. Well dressed, and evidently well off in other respects, was this genteel young man. He made a most lowly obeisance to the Countess, and stood hat in hand awaiting her orders.

"Well, Arsène," she began, "I grieve to say 'tis all useless so far. After the labour and expense of procuring these letters, they prove nothing—absolutely nothing!"

"Ah, indeed! Miladi; be not cast down; I have long felt that looking for proofs against these kind of folks is useless. They are fools more than knaves. Dangerous fools, I grant, and to be got rid of; but as to seeking *true* accusations against them save and except the Papistry forbidden by law, which undoubtedly they practise, it is impossible."

"And do you mean to tell me they are not hypocrites?" demanded the Countess.

"Miladi, if they are, their acting surpasses that of any one seen on this earth. When I dwelt among them in the little lodging I told you of in the city, I watched and waited with all my skill to catch them out in somewhat, but in vain. They spent their time in prayer and study. When they were together, which occurred but rarely, or when some one who dwelt at a distance came to see them, there was talk and laughter. Oftentimes I contrived to listen at the door, and I found the peals of laughing were caused

by the stories of the disguises they had adopted, or the hair-breadth escapes they had sustained : how one had gone about like a miller, with a sack of flour on his back, and even now his hair was whitened. Now another had, when the alarm of a search was raised in a house where he was tarrying, gone into the kitchen and turned scullion."

"Well, well," cried Lady Edenhall, "for what purposes did they thus stoop? For what end did they run these risks? There is the point. There must be some political reason."

"No, Miladi, I believe it not. They are content, these strange beings, to eat the dust, to risk their rest, their goods, their heads even, to say Mass. That was the one story of these days I tell you of. They say Mass at dead of night, in forest huts or city cellars. In these efforts their lives seem to consist, their hearts to abide."

"Is it, then, hopeless, Arsène?" cried Diana, springing from her seat and pacing the room with restless steps like a tigress deprived of her prey. "I have sworn to be revenged on this man. I have plotted for it for months. Are he and the whole of this detestable crew to escape? Are you such a coward you can devise nothing?"

"Pardon, Miladi. Your revenge is sure. I have only said that by *true* accusation we shall never succeed. There always remains to us, the *false*."

Lady Edenhall seated herself again without a word.

"You know, Miladi," pursued Arsène—speaking in a familiar tone no other inferior would have dared to use with her—"there is no use blistering one's tongue with lies; so why should I go on telling them to your honoured ladyship? But, Miladi, before this year runs out, nay, perhaps in a few days, a plot that hath been hatched by one Master Oates—mark the name well, Miladi—will burst forth, and let every Papist in England tremble, for his or her doom is sealed."

"Say you so veritably?" said Diana.

"I swear it, Miladi. All we want is gold."

"Take it," exclaimed she, pushing a purse towards him; "count the contents; I warrant 'tis more than an hundred angels."

As Arsène stooped over the table to count the gold, a letter fell from his pocket. The handwriting caught Lady Edenhall's eye, and she grasped the letter.

"Ha, Arsène! I know the writer of this. Are you in communication with him? Lie not to me; he, also, is my enemy."

"I will not lie, Miladi. I know Master Engelby is not devoted to your honoured ladyship; but I also know that all other feelings are swallowed up in the vehement hate he bears to the chaplain at St. James. He is heart and soul with us, helping on this plot of which I speak. Your ladyship knows he has no *gold* to spare."

"'Tis true. Poor Philip!" She mused for a moment. "Think you, Arsène, he would use this diamond if I sent it him?" and so

saying she took from a little box beside her an unset stone of great value.

"Surely, Miladi. He will be honoured by such a gift and forget any unreasonable wrath he hath cherished against you."

"Ah, Arsène! if you could do *that*, if you could bring about a good understanding between us, a rich guerdon and my undying thanks shall be yours. Go now, my good youth, and hasten to me again when you have news to give."

Arsène again bowed low, and gathering up his spoils withdrew.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WE have more than once in the course of this history paid a visit to the little convent hidden in the Grange near May Fair; but we have not had time to enter more minutely into the lives of its holy inmates or describe the abundant work they were doing for God's greater glory. Not only were their constant prayers and penances rising up to Heaven, but their days were filled with good deeds.

The suffering endured by poor Catholics in those days was intense. In order to have a chance of practising their religion, of bringing up their children in the faith, they had often to refuse prospects of advancement and keep themselves in obscure poverty. Were they the objects of spite and envy on the part of others, there was no redress. If they went to law, they knew an exposure of their faith would be the result. To such as these the Nuns of the Conception brought relief. They made garments for the destitute; they fed a number of children who managed to tread their way through the winding paths, the trees and the brushwood which made the Grange so safe a hiding-place. When necessary, the nuns would leave their convent and go forth to visit the sick and dying.

Their distance from the city, where most of the poorer Catholics were congregated, was a great drawback; and often with blistered feet and weary bodies did the nuns return from their walks or rather scrambles, over the rough and muddy streets of London. But they were willing to endure all hardships for their Master's sake, and moreover they were sanguine—they thought better times were at hand and that they would soon be able to emerge from their present dwelling and establish themselves in the heart of the city. These pleasing anticipations were soon to be rudely dispelled. The community were gathered together at their simple dinner, when a hurried knock was heard at the door. It opened, and Katherine Howard hastily entered. Her face wore traces of deep grief; she was trembling from head to foot. "Dearest heart!" exclaimed the Mother Superior, "what ails you?" Some of the Sisters drew her into a seat, for she was gasping for breath. At last she was able to speak.

"My father," she said, "is in prison, and a crowd of other gentlemen. Father Whitbread is taken and many others of the Society, and numerous priests besides. A fearful plot or conspiracy is set on foot against us, and it is said we shall all be destroyed from the land. Oh, my Alethea, thanks be to God thou art safe in thy convent home. And you, Sisters, must fly."

"Fly!" said the Superior. "Alas! must this indeed be our fate? Are we not counted worthy to endure the prison cell, the torture, and the dying to win a martyr's crown?"

"I bear you Father de la Colombière's own advice; for the present he is safe; indeed I suppose they will not dare to touch her Highness's chaplain."

"Ah!" said Sister Magdalene Lacy, "they drove away Père St. Germain, although he held the same post."

"Yes, but then he was conspired against," remarked Mother Elizabeth. "Let us hope no such villainy will be exercised for this good father, this apostle of the Sacred Heart. But, dearest Kate, what can we do to comfort you? Is there nothing in our power?"

"No, dear Mother and Sisters," said Kate, gradually regaining her composure; "we have but to part,—and, I fear, for ever in this world. You must fly with all speed, and I shall never rest till I have joined my father in his prison."

"Kate, do not be cast down," said Sister Agnes; "I cannot but think your father will escape. Why 'twill be a shame before the world if Lord Stafford's grey hairs be touched. Take heart, dear Kate; we poor nuns are different; we are pestilent indeed in once-time merrie England, and if our hiding-place be discovered, we had best be gone."

"Thanks, dear Sisters all," said Kate, "for your cheering words. My poor heart says you nay—but I count on your prayers, dear ones. Pray for him continually that he may do God's holy will, and I have patience to stand beneath his cross and forgive those who have torn his grey head away from my loving arms;—he who hath been upright in all his dealings, who hath been a father to the poor, a friend to the fatherless and the widow; and so these days are over. How often have Alethea and I passed happy hours here, how often we came hither with Margery. Ah! she hath escaped this evil, and hath fled like a bird out of the fowler's hand. Adieu! adieu! dear Sisters, I must not tarry," and so saying she embraced each of the community in turn, and striving to stem her tears, hastened from the room.

The nuns immediately set about their simple preparations for departure, but they could not leave the spot until some priest should come to remove the Blessed Sacrament; at least they would try to procure one before venturing on the extraordinary step of concealing in their own faithful breasts the hidden God. In the course of the day they contrived to send a message to St. James' Palace,

and also to arrange with the captain of a trading vessel then lying in the Thames to take them on board the following evening. Their messenger to the Palace returned with an answer, and when the first grey light of dawn was piercing the heavens Père de la Colombière made his way across the silent, deserted May Fair, through the scattered trees to The Farm. All was ready for the Mass, and never had the nuns assisted with more awe at the Holy Sacrifice, for he who offered it seemed more like a seraph than a man. Each Sister received Holy Communion. The Bread of Angels was consumed—the Tabernacle was empty—it was another upper chamber, and these faithful hearts were ready to go forth in the strength of that meat to their Gethsemane and Calvary.

For some time after Mass Père de la Colombière knelt in silence; all around him were praying also, and with an intensity of supplication and vehement confidence into which we, nursed in the lap of security, we, too soft to make heroic sacrifices, cannot enter.

At last he rose and turned towards the community; his face was glowing with unearthly radiance, his eyes were full of heavenly light. The future seemed unfolded before his gaze.

Then in solemn accents, in a slow, measured voice he spoke:—"It shall be, but not yet. Through a sea of tribulation, through much darkness, they shall walk till the end arrives. The day *shall* come when Catholics in this land shall go forth free, when the children of those who have wronged us shall flock to the Church's feet. Oh! courage, Sisters, and let us suffer, for verily it is not in vain—let us be content to sow the seed, watering it with blood and tears; let others gather the harvest when we, by God's mercy, are garnered in the Eternal Home above. Sisters, the hour shall come; my words are like one who speaketh dreams, yet they are true. The hour shall come when on this very spot the Immaculate Conception of Mary shall have great honour, and the Sacred Heart of Love a glorious shrine. Not a tear that has been shed, not a prayer you have offered up, shall be lost or forgotten. Those who are yet unborn shall thank you and praise our Lord through the ages of eternity."

He blessed them and passed away. He bent his steps along Piccadilly to the Palace, unaware that his movements were watched and his footsteps dogged.

As he left the Grange, the nuns gazed after him and said:—"Who knoweth, when his prophecy is fulfilled and the shrine for the Heart of Jesus and His spotless Mother stands in this wild spot, perchance his image as of one reckoned among the saints shall gladden the eyes of the faithful, even more than his look and voice that seem to come from heaven have gladdened our feeble hearts in this our hour of need."

NEW BOOKS.

- I. *Never Forsake the Ship, and Other Poems.* By "FINOLA." Dublin: McGlashan and Gill.

To some readers of certain northern newspapers (not of the present day) and of one or two weekly journals published in Dublin, the name of "Finola" will recall many graceful verses distinguished by a strong feeling of patriotism. Some of these have in various collections of Irish ballads been attributed to Miss Elizabeth Willoughby Tracy. The preface to the present edition allows us to conclude that this lady is now Mrs. Ralph Varian of Cork. We think the title-page ought to have plainly let us know whom we have to thank for this charming little volume; nor do we see why "Never Forsake the Ship" is put forward in preference to many pieces of at least equal merit and pretension. It indeed suggests a very pretty design for the cover of green and gold, and is in itself a spirited poem. But our specimens of this Irish muse would be taken from a different class if we could make a selection. Nay, we think that the mere names of some of them will show that the chooser of such subjects has true poetic feeling. There is not much of conventional commonplace about "The American Letter," "The Boat," "In the Workhouse," "The Ship will Sail Tomorrow," "The Artificial Flower Maker," "Christmas Eve at Sea," and "Only a Factory Child." We ask the reader, however, to open first at "The Poet's Thanksgiving," which throbs with true piety and true poetry, and does not deal in vague abstractions about nature and skyey influences, but addresses the Creator directly—"for all I thank Thee, O my God!" We turned to the poem consecrated to "Agnes" with the hope that, like Tennyson, Keats, and many others, "Finola" might have added to the poetry clinging round the very name of the winning little saint of "Fabiola;" but it is only some namesake of the Virgin-martyr. A similar poetic instinct, however, has lit upon so pretty a theme as "Coming Home from Mass," which is one of the most pleasing pieces in the volume, though we fear that the subject has been regarded from an artistic point of view only, not from personal experience. It speaks well, however, for the good taste and kindly feelings of this Irish heart that this last circumstance could hardly be inferred from a perusal of this book which is "affectionately dedicated to the people of Ireland of all creeds and classes."

- II. *The Child.* By Monsigneur DUPANLOUP, Bishop of Orleans. Translated, with the Author's permission, by KATE ANDERSON. Dublin: McGlashan and Gill, 1875.

A FITTING time was chosen for the appearance of this beautiful work on the training of children—the Christmas season, when the

world gathers in adoration round the cradle of the Child of Bethlehem who was afterwards to say, "Suffer the little children to come to me." The spirit of that saying pervades this book and, better still, the life of the author, that illustrious man the echo of whose eloquence in his recent pleadings for Christian Education have reached us even through the non-conductor of the British press. Twenty-five years of the life of the Bishop of Orleans have been devoted to the instruction of youth; and on this question therefore he speaks "as one having authority." He does not speak vaguely but almost too practically. Witness his chapter on the "Spoiled Child."

This translation is brought out in a most satisfactory manner as regards paper, printing, and binding. Monsigneur Dupanloup has not been so fortunate as his brother prelate, Monsigneur Landriot. One might read page after page of the "Valiant Woman" without being reminded that Miss Helena Lyons was only a translator. Miss Kate Anderson does not leave us under such a delusion, and indeed has hardly been ambitious of this difficult or impossible species of success; for the last of her two sentences of preface expresses a hope that, if her "close adherence to the text be not consistent with what critics designate pure and classical English, the beauty and sublimity of this great Bishop's language will perhaps be considered sufficient excuse." She has given us at all events in a readable shape a solid and useful work from which parents and persons having to deal with children will derive many excellent hints, though they will have often to translate them further out of a certain *Frenchness* of thought and expression to accommodate the Bishop's precepts to a different "environment."

III. *Life of the Ven. Father Perboyre, Priest of the Congregation of the Mission.* Translated from the French by a SISTER OF MERCY.
Dublin: McGlashan and Gill.

THIS is an excellent translation of the very edifying Life of a Vincentian Missionary who suffered a most cruel and tedious martyrdom in China less than forty years ago. The incidents of his life are set forth in a very interesting manner, with a clearness and simplicity that lose nothing in the English version. The Third Book, which treats of Father Perboyre's virtues in particular, is of great practical utility, and cannot be read without solid profit, especially by priests and religious.

IV. *Reply to the Bishop of Ripon's Attack on the Catholic Church.* By A LAYMAN. Sheffield: Published by the Catholic Association.
A PROTESTANT journal, distinguished for the most ardent piety, remarks in its notice of the above *brochure*, that those to whom it is a permissible diversion to see a Bishop chopped up into mincemeat with science and dexterity, may enjoy that pleasure by reading this reply to the Bishop of Ripon. This diversion, whether permissible

or not, the *Church Herald* itself and other Ritualistic papers afford each week to their readers—excepting indeed the “science and dexterity.” Probably this Protestant Bishop wished, by his pulpit tirade, to do away with the Popish associations which a recent conversion has linked with the name of his diocese. We were struck with a remark made by the Marquis of Ripon in a lecture delivered before he became a Catholic. He combatted the common idea which Pope has embodied in the line, “a little learning is a dangerous thing.” “No,” said the noble lecturer, “not if the possessor of that little learning knows it to be little.” If a little knowledge of Christian theology be a dangerous thing, this good Bishop of Ripon has escaped a danger.

V. *Life of St. Columba or Columbkille, Patron of Derry and Founder of Iona.* From the Latin of St. ADAMNAN. Dublin: W. B. Kelly, 1875.

THIS is a new edition of a work which, we believe, is due to the zeal and patriotism of the late Rev. Matthew Kelly, D.D., of Maynooth. If this be so, it is another of his many contributions to Irish ecclesiastical literature, for which Catholic Ireland ought to cherish the memory of this *sanctorum indigetum cliens devotissimus*, as he is most justly styled in the inscription on the statue of St. Brigid, which he himself erected in the College Chapel. The original Latin work of St. Adamnan is very curious and valuable. There are few points about the persons and places mentioned which are not cleared up in the brief but copious notes with which this translation is enriched.

IV. *Jack Hazlitt, A.M.* By R. B. O'BRIEN, D.D., Dean of Limerick. Dublin: Duffy and Sons.

THIS “Hiberno-American Tale,” as it is called on the title-page, has reached us at the last moment. Even had it come earlier, it would not have been amenable to this tribunal, for it would be unbecoming to forget that the volume is a reprint from our own pages. To the most diligent, however, of our readers the spell of novelty will not be altogether wanting, for, full as “Jack Hazlitt” was originally of character and incident, many striking details are here added, especially in the Transatlantic portions of the story.

LECTURES BY A CERTAIN PROFESSOR.

VIII.—ABOUT HAPPINESS.

THERE is a certain difference to which I would fain call my reader's attention. It is the difference between writing "on" a subject, and only "about" it. If I were writing "on" Happiness, I might possibly feel myself called upon to frame at least a provisional definition, and make that the starting point of various curves of dissertation which would from time to time return back upon their beginning. As, however, it is rather my fancy to write "about" things, and as the flights of my fancy may be as little calculable as the motions of an irregular solid, I do not see any purpose that could be served by definition except the purpose of demonstrating the enormous facility of mistake that may be connected with that process. Most people are prompt enough to appreciate the conditions under which other people ought to be happy; but the precise conditions, however appreciable as matters of desire, or as things to be sought after, never seem to get themselves placed in one's own particular case.

Perhaps there were times when it seemed to us as if we were very near to happiness; but, probably, the golden moment passed by, and has never been so near us since. The word is in common use enough; the thing itself escapes us somehow. Indeed it is so rare that one wonders on what pabulum of fact the idea has supported itself, that has so persistently clung to human thoughts and sought expression in human language.

Derivatively, happiness is the thing that "haps." And it is as good an account of it as any other, if only because it implies that no account can be given. For who has ever attained to happiness *ex proposito*? Who has ever awoke in the fresh morning, with the feeling of newness about him which morning brings to youth, and said: "Come, to-day I will be happy;" and has not found ere night came what an impassable gulf circumstances sometimes cause to yawn between a design and its fulfilment? Never say "I'll be happy." There clings a sinister omen to the mere saying of it. But say if you will—"Come what may, I'll be content,"—and under the coarse, brown robe of contentment the vision of the goddess Happiness may, in time, reveal itself.

It has been said "man never is, but always to be blest." But it would, perhaps, be quite as true to end the line—"but always has been blest." There is something in memory that glorifies and beautifies a very commonplace past. The memory of happiness is never painful until happiness has become an absolute impossibility. "Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."—Yes, Mr. Tennyson—it was true enough in the meridian under which Dante placed it, the second circle of the "Inferno"—but is

it true for any one above whose head the blue heaven is bending still? I confess I do not find it so. What a time it was, that far back past. What friends were in those days, what pleasant faces, what genial smiles, what hopes, what hearts! None like them now. So you think. But if you could only bring back the past as it really was it would not be half so pleasant as memory makes it. The hearts were ordinary hearts enough, and few friendships of twenty golden years ago can stand the light that falls on them from that twenty years' experience. The faces were,—well, average faces, and these not always smiling. These hearts that we remember were capable of their cold fits, and had them not rarely. But memory is eclectic, and can suppress quite as much as it reproduces. Memory is something of an artist. There is nothing intrinsically delightful in a pot or a pan, and there is, perhaps, much that is intrinsically unsightly and disagreeable in the actual vision of a Dutch boor raised to the highest heaven he is capable of conceiving of his beer can and his pipe. Yet, let these things get, as they have got, into the eye and the mind of a Teniers, and one wonders how the most undoubted life likeness can be the groundwork of such transfiguration as they undergo upon the canvas. And memory acts after some such fashion. It selects its details and paints a pleasant picture out of the fragments of the past. Once this picture has been painted, it is only the details with which it deals that seem to have a right to live. If that be not the past, it ought to have been. Memory, like genius, does justice to the violated ideal. And surely if genius seizes on a historical character or incident, and gives *its* version of the man or the thing, would you, or would the world, be much obliged to any dry-as-dust who would fish up from forgotten times something incompatible with the rendering of genius?

It may not impossibly be that one of the minor enjoyments of heaven will be to weave together memories of long-past scenes on earth. There would then be no regret such as memory usually brings on this side the grave; but memory might be so exalted by the conditions of beatified existence that it would seize upon and make live over again the trifles that escape our notice in their passing but that in reality give much of their colour and their meaning to the things of which they were circumstances.

People talk about happiness in every tense but the present. One is ready enough to say—"Such a time I was happy." Readier still to say—"But for such a thing, I would be happy;"—and that thing is usually the very backbone of their earthly condition. But who ever says, "I am happy?" and if in some blissful hour some rare mortal syllables the words, the happiness of which he strives to tell flies with his fleeting breath. Woe to the impertinent mortal who violates the incognito of a visiting god. The conscious dream of happiness never came till the spell of sleep was nearly broken. When the words that strove to express his dream formed

themselves upon the sleeper's lips, he was almost awake again, the vision nearly gone, the brightness fading out into the light of common day. If an angel had been there, the waking eyes caught only a glimpse of his departing pinions.

The young dream of happiness to come. The old have memories of happiness that was. The middle-aged very commonly are sceptical of the existence of happiness at all. Happiness in this world usually comes draped in illusion, and by the time one arrives at middle age the illusions have faded out one by one, or have been swallowed up by the monster illusion that one is free from illusion. At any rate one has not had time to discover what is in reality the fact, that all illusion covers a very solid basis of reality. Illusions are nature's beneficent gilding for bitter but necessary pills. They are the atmosphere through which we are meant to see things. Do you think, or can you say, that you have ever seen the commonest object as it is in itself? You never have. The eye, modified itself by innumerable conditions, creates a great deal of what it sees. It makes a picture and divines the reality. So don't betoo hard on illusions, whether they be the illusions that cling to "cakes and ale," or the subtler illusions that hamper the wisdom that despises them. Even if my vote had any influence, I should be slow to give it for the removal of all illusion from this theatre of human actions. Even if you stickle for reality, they *are* reality as much as anything else. There they are, and have been any time these five thousand years. Being there, they have a right to be. Suppose you want to see a real man. At what arbitrary point shall you consider his reality to begin. Divest him of his dignities and offices. Strip him of his title and his rank. Take off his robes of state, his business dress, his garment of pleasure. Can you say you have him while even a fig-leaf disguises him? Nay, why will you leave the flesh upon his bones? Do you not see how apt it is to assume varying tints of most deceptive bloom? Have it off by all means, and let him figure before you in his skeleton. But can anyone think that a man's framework of bones constitute him? The flesh and the clothes you have taken away, and the circumstances which your eager search for reality flung aside he must assume again if you would have the faintest chance of knowing him or his history. For all these things have gone to make him what he is, and shall do their part in making him whatever he may become.

There is one illusion that has much to do with most of our happiness, and still more to do with most of our unhappiness. It may be told in a word. We expect too much. One has, especially in early life—though I do not know any age at which it is completely absent—one has an exaggerated sense of one's own importance in the system of beings, and growing out of that, an exaggerated sense of the importance of one's own special interests. Nor is it usually counteracted by any keen appreciation of the fact, that others are in this respect very like ourselves, and take

equally large views upon the subject of their own personality. Nature has not made any human being without a due, not to say an undue, share of self-esteem; and when my self-esteem is brought into contact with yours, it takes some time and some temper so to adjust them to each other as that contact will not mean collision.

Indeed we expect too much. It is beautiful to witness the confiding simplicity with which an ingenuous youth will expect the world to take him at his own estimate—to be at pains to make itself acquainted with his idiosyncrasy, and being acquainted adapt itself to that. Beautiful to see how, notwithstanding liability to change of view, which might be one of the very early lessons taught by the smallest experience, a young man will calmly expect his own present feeling to be viewed in the light of a standard of conduct to his neighbour. Beautiful but for this—that the disappointment that is inevitable, instead of presenting us with the golden fruit of wisdom, often results only in the crab-apple of cynicism. The sweeter the wine, the more biting is the acid of the vinegar.

I remember once making to some extent, and striving to cultivate the acquaintance of two robins. I was anxious to be of use to them, to alleviate the hardships of the severe winter. I had ready for them a constant supply of crumbs, and, conscious of the most benevolent intentions towards them, it was my programme that they should surrender themselves completely to my views, and consent to be made happy, not indeed in their own foolish, ill-considered way, but in the way which my higher intelligence would be prompt to suggest. But they did not seem to fall in with my views. They seemed indeed to have an unreasonable distrust of my ultimate intentions. They took my crumbs, but kept carefully beyond the reach of the hand that scattered them. I felt hurt. They were unreasonable—they were even ungrateful. They should have known me better, and better divined the benevolence of my intention. A cold shadow of cynicism stole over my preconceived sentiments on the subject robins. I began to think that they had been spoken of beyond their merits. My faith was shaken in the portion that concerned them of the legend of the "Babes in the Wood." So far as I could see they were no better than sparrows; indeed, not so good; for, if sparrows had no aureola of sentimental legend around their history, yet, their social manners, free and jerky, not to say impudent, presented many aspects with which a growing boy might naturally sympathise.

A young man goes amongst men, whose theory of life is much more complicated than that of birds; and he expects to unravel the complication in a fashion somewhat analogous to that which I have been describing. He has a tolerably good opinion of himself, and that apparent benevolence which such a good opinion usually brings with it, so long as it is not disturbed by the unfriendly comments of persons or circumstances. Having that good opinion he expects others not only to have the same, which would be

much to expect, but to act as if they had it, which would be to expect much more. He has the heart-hunger natural to his age, and the belief, natural too, that his neighbours exist more or less for the purpose of bringing about a more fitting adjustment between what he has and what he wants. Of course he finds that the world is not organized precisely according to that view. Thinking that others' desire to serve him is in direct ratio to his desire to be served, he makes investments of belief and of conduct in that theory, and he so far loses his investment as that he gains nothing but a somewhat sad experience. But do you suppose that he need come out of the market a moral bankrupt? Do you suppose that he would be wise in entertaining scepticism as to the existence of human kindness, because it was not, as he had expected, exclusively at his service? Because the social system was not arranged according to his views, does it necessarily follow that it was badly arranged? Not at all. As a man gets wiser, he expects less, and probably gets more than he expects.

One of the Moorish caliphs of Granada was surnamed "The Happy." Things had always gone well with him in the estimation of his subjects. It is to be supposed that his health had been beyond the average good, that his friends had been faithful, his people prosperous, and his arms either eminently successful or rusty from long disuse. At any rate, men, looking back upon his life, saw it as one long track of uninterrupted brightness—of sunshine unvexed by a cloud—and they styled him "The Happy." But when he himself looked back he did not see things precisely so. His life had been a long one, he had had some rare days, but, as for happiness, by the most conscientious computation he arrived at the conclusion that he had had in his whole lifetime just three and twenty days of what he considered happiness. Some of my readers might possibly suppose that these twenty-three days chanced within the period of the caliph's honeymoon. But I fear there is in his history intrinsic evidence that he was never married at all; and as a matter of fact, in his reckoning, the days were not consecutive. Does it not seem a small allowance of happiness for a long lifetime? Does it not seem that his subjects lightly and with little reason gave him the title of "The Happy?" Consider the matter each one for himself. Have you, or you, or you, a larger number of pure white days in the calendar of your happiness? For my part, I think the caliph had a just claim to his title.

Ah! the happy days are rare in most lives. There have been some, but they were few. These were days when, if one only could, he would have stopped the pendulum of time, and have life measured by the music of happy heart-beats. If only the evanescent moment would crystallize into permanence, though it may have been in reality that in the very evanescence lurked the chief part of the charm! I am inclined to think that really happy moments would not survive the shock of such crystallization.

Strange, when you look back how difficult it is to fix upon and duly to appraise the constituent elements of any happiness you remember. It was made up of trifles so insignificant and so common-place. So common, indeed, that, considered merely as things, you can get them together almost any day you please. Indeed they have often been together since without resulting in anything like happiness. Some summer day like a thousand that have come and gone. Some voice which, objectively considered, even you cannot pronounce to have been the sweetest that ever made music through lips tremulous with emotion. Some common passages in human intercourse—a word, a look, a smile, a tone—that seemed to strike a hidden harmony out of all surrounding circumstance. And these things resulted in a passing mood that made the world look as if it were temporarily transfigured. It was a happy day. Never shone the sun so brightly, never ran the river with so sweet a song—never grass so green, never flowers so beautiful.

Look back at it all now. Put the pieces together and place them under the microscopic memory. Apply your subtlest tests—analyze it with what skill you may—you cannot so find the soul of that dead happiness as that you would be able to give reason good to any sensible man that you ought to have been happy.

Indeed analysis is a process very fatal to life or to anything that stands to anything else in the relation of life. The scalpel may reveal the secret of structure, it can never reach the mystery of being. The spell of life is found at the bottom of no crucible. Fatal to the life of everything that lives is that late-born of the goddesses—the goddess Analysis.

The man is still living who made me rich beyond the measure of a child's dream by the present of my first shilling. It was so much of a novelty to me at the time that I kept it by me for a day and a half. But during the one night of my possession it might have been an enchanted shilling for the wild way in which it took possession of my dreams. It was lost mysteriously, and found as if by miracle. It was spent, and yet turned up again in the most unaccountable fashion. It was a relief when it burned, as it soon did, the proverbial hole in my one pocket. I bought a drum. Of course there never had been, and ah! there never has been since, such a drum as that. Prosaic people might see only paint and tinsel; it needed, and it had, the poet's eye of a child to discern in the tawdry colours a glow and a glory and a splendour akin to those of the hues that painted all the west when the sun went down behind the elms in the garden.

Of course I beat my drum till everyone in the house was sick of the sound. I delighted myself with the unusual amount of noise I found myself capable of making. But when my pleasure was at its height came fatal reflection on the source of it. Whence came the delightful sound? Clearly the answer to this question was not on the outside of the drum. Hence, juvenile philosophy inferred that it must be inside. Practical conclusion—smash the

parchment. Lo! inside was utter emptiness. The reason of the pleasure was not there—and in the process of seeking for it the pleasure itself had vanished.

Don't break your drum. Enjoy your happiness if you have it, and whilst you have it, and do not too closely scrutinize its foundation. I confess I am apt to smash my drum. My fingers itch to break the toys of life, and even before they are broken their charm is disturbed by the sure foreknowledge that they shall be broken by and bye. Let me tell you there is a still worse thing than smashing a drum. It is pulling a doll to pieces. It is like murder. There is nothing inside commonly but sawdust, and it makes a mess. Whatever bloom be on the cheek, however steadily the eyes may stare—once the sawdust appears, the illusion is over. I have seen most life-like dolls in Paris, and, indeed, elsewhere; dolls that looked as if they understood you, and would look so, however elevated your remarks might happen to be. Yet, when I look for a little time, I see that the intelligence is stereotyped—that it is there for all comers; that it will beam with equal and impartial radiance on Plato and on Punch; somehow I begin to think of the sawdust. I said before, "don't break your drum;" still more earnestly do I say—don't pull the dolls to pieces. Let the blue eyes, or the brown or the grey, that hoard in the form of mere expression what were, doubtless, thoughts and feelings in the ancestral eyes that expressed them first—let them beam on you and be satisfied. Don't pull them to pieces. But stay—something must have got into my pen—else why have I spoken of "ancestral eyes?" Have dolls ancestors? What can I have been meaning? However, let it stand—perhaps some one will put sense into it.

Do any toys one ever plays with in what are called the serious pursuits of life give anything like the genuine pleasure that a child's fancy can extract from a child's plaything? A drum, or a penny whistle, or a sword of lath, or a doll made up of rags and sawdust, what a wealth of pure imaginative power of the highest dramatic order is lavished on these things by little boys and girls. And these very boys and girls will afterwards grow up (or will they grow down?) into very commonplace people, hopeful of little, dreamful of less, incapable of the dramatic effort that would be so helpful to charity, of putting themselves in the place of others whose hopes and fears, and points of view may happen to be different from their own. Methinks it would be well worth a man's while if he could retain his tastes for childhood's simple pleasures. How happy would you be, reader, and how harmless if your pleasures were still the pleasures of a child. Suppose, for instance, you retained your juvenile taste for lollypops, and your juvenile powers of digestion not yet trammelled by any compulsory eclecticism in the matter of food, how much solid happiness you could purchase for a shilling. Yet, remark, fate has taken care that even the happiness that results from lollypops shall not be too easily

accessible, and has established an inverse ratio between the facility of spending the shilling and the enjoyment of the shilling's worth. How cheaply might a man amuse himself if paint and tinsel and glare and glitter and noise retained their pristine power to charm his spirit; or rather if his spirit retained *its* pristine power to infuse into these things the charm that they had. To be sure the world would hardly endure that a man's pursuit of happiness should cost him so little in solid money.

"Ædificare casas, plostello adjungere mures
Ludere par impar, equitare in arundine longa
Si quem barbatus delectat, amentia verset."

So sings Horace—and I, for the special benefit of my lady readers (even in these days when women's rights may be supposed to include a right to a knowledge of Latin), subjoin a very unsophisticated rendering into English—

"If any man whose beard was grown,
To relish childish sports was known,
Display his skill on baby-house,
Or to a wainlet yoke a mouse,
Play odd and even, ride a stick,
The world would say—'a lunatic.'"

But would the world be right in saying so, seeing the many more expensive and, to say the least that may be said, quite as useless games it provides for its grown-up children?

And, indeed, the world has toys for bearded men and beardless women. Any talk about happiness would be incomplete without some mention of the means by which the world proposes to confer it. But the mention shall be but passing; for I fear the paper grows too long. I shall not stay or stoop to talk about "pleasure" in its meaning of pleasure of sense. If any one thinks that happiness lies that way, in no long time he shall find out his mistake. A man may reduce himself to the level of the brute, but even when he does, it is fortunate for him that rarely can he attain to the stolid contentment of the brute.

But what the world chiefly has, is wealth and knowledge. The inability of wealth to purchase happiness has been one of the commonplaces of moral literature, at any rate, since the days of Solomon. Nor can I add anything worth adding to the illustration of the well-worn theme. Wealth purchases not happiness, but a very good imitation of it; so good, that at a certain distance it looks marvellously like the real article. But it is remarkable that the actual possessor never finds himself precisely at that distance. However, let me say, as my not quite original contribution to the subject, whatever dreams of happiness are associated with the possession of wealth—and that there are some vivid ones, the very existence of money-lovers sufficiently attests—they are asso-

ciated not precisely with the wealth a man has, but with "the little more" which so many are seeking, but which no man has ever found, or ever shall.

Who seeks for happiness in knowledge seeks it at a nobler source ; but whether it is a more certain source may well admit of question. I think Solomon says quite as strong things about its vanity as about the vanity of other things. To any one who has ever been happy it will, on reflection, be manifest with what a vast amount of ignorance that happiness was compatible. Indeed, most happy people seem, to their observers, to be ignorantly happy. And we grow out of a great deal of our happiness as the horizon of acquired knowledge widens around us. From this point of view it is perhaps consoling to reflect how very little most of us know, and how little capable are many of the things which we have even been at pains to learn, of interfering unduly with our happiness. For even the things we ought to know can hide themselves most modestly in mental corners unsunned by consciousness. It is astonishing how little expedite knowledge serves the turn of most of us, even of us who pretend to some degree of culture, and have our pretension allowed (chiefly by persons who have a reciprocal need of like allowance), always bating the inevitable discount with which even our best friends accept our estimate of ourselves. I shrewdly suspect that a great many things of which we are ignorant are amongst the things which, in the words of the late Lord Macaulay, "every school boy is supposed to know."

Supposed, indeed. Let *me* suppose a little. Suppose a man stopped you in the street—you, dear reader—and addressed you thus: "Pardon me, sir ; but would you favour me with the precise date of the battle of Plataea?" or, "I would feel obliged if you would give me some information about the constitution and purposes of the Amphictyonic Council;" or, "May I ask you to give me the equivalent in years before Christ of the middle of the thirty-seventh Olympiad?" What would you reply? Perhaps, if you were utterly candid, you would answer—"Well, I really can't at this moment give you, with any precision, the information you require, but if you come with me to my study I will be presently in a position to gratify your laudable curiosity." But if you were more astute, and less easy tempered, you would turn to him and say indignantly—"Sir, there is a place for everything, and the street is not the place to ask information which the merest school-boy could furnish, and the absence of which in your case argues a lamentable deficiency in your early education. Sir, I object on principle, to answer such questions. Even in those days things have not gone so far as that it needs a competitive examination to secure freedom of the street and freedom from impertinent questions." And having thus loftily put him down you might go home to your boys, and, if occasion served, might with all the

gravity of a philosophic father impress upon them the inseverable bond that fate has placed between success in life and life-long mastery of the details of Grecian history.

Well, Lord Macaulay made large use of that "schoolboy," and endowed him with a most unwarrantable amount of knowledge. That schoolboy I have never met—nor do I believe I would much care to meet him.

I remember when I was a schoolboy myself. I do not know what I was supposed to know. But I had a large quantity of miscellaneous information (as miscellaneous as the ordinary contents of an average boy's pockets) for which I got no credit whatever, but which, nevertheless, stood me in good stead among my juvenile contemporaries. For instance, no amount of acquirement in the science of projectiles could have added anything to my skill with a finger stone. I knew nothing of the relation respectively between the force of a hand stroke, the weight of a ball, the resistance of the air, the law of the parabola, and a given spot on the wall before me; and yet on an instinctive and impromptu calculation, I could put the ball just there. I knew by a sort of reflex action of the instinct of self-preservation how high a crow's nest should be, to be beyond my climbing; and was even able instinctively to make allowance for the probable avoirdupois bodily increase that made a branch unattainable in June on which I had fearlessly ventured in April. I knew the pugilistic capabilities of my schoolmates, and could estimate to a nicety, in any individual instance, how far conscious pluck could counterbalance an estimated preponderance of brute force; and in what cases discretion not only was the better part of any valour that was possible, but that any theory of valour that did not include such discretion was radically deficient in practical application. I so far entered into the feelings of birds as to be able to predicate with tolerable certainty where any ornithological specimen known to the countryside was likely to build its nest. I knew the hazel copse where nuts grew thickest, and the lonely dell where blackberries were soonest ripe. I knew what gardens it was safe to essay, and marked well the gruff gardeners whose temper written on their faces made them very dragons of Hesperides. I knew—but why go on recapitulating points of knowledge that are only mine in memory now? And, besides, some one may say—"Did you not set out to speak about happiness?—how far you have wandered from your subject." To such a one I answer—"Nay, not so far, for these things *were* happiness."

But let me finish seriously. Seriously, then, there is little or no happiness to be found here. More seriously still, made though we are for happiness, it is not for any happiness that earth can give. Seek it if you will, and as you must. Pursue the trailing garments that float ever beyond your reach on the verge of the leaden-coloured mist, that is, the condensed circumstance of your

ordinary life. But even if for some brief moment you seem to catch the flying figure, beware how you sit still to cherish your happiness. That is fatal. Do you not remember the man whose whole life had been a pursuit, who had taken hold of the world and filled both his hands with all the world had to give? A worldling—but with seeming touches of relenting in his worldliness. For at last he seemed to himself to have enough. The folly of further seeking came home to him, and in his evening musing over the past and over the future, he entertained a guest that seemed strangely like wisdom. He would amass no more. Not a bad resolution in itself—but bad for him—for it marked the dying out even of the poor ideal that he had had. The gross reality upon which henceforth he was content to rest was meaner than even a miser's ideal. He folded his hands and—was happy. And lo! when the visions of the night were on men's eyes, the vision of the death-angel smote upon his. No ear but his that never again heard any sound on earth, heard the voice of doom that shrieked, "O fool," through all the chambers of the well-filled house. And, when the morning came, they found him white and dead—and ah! no longer happy.

We are but in the desert, travelling home. We have no lasting city. Who can build of desert sand a house that will not crumble even while he builds? If some rare days of happiness be given, they are meant to be as wells in the desert to cheer our fainting spirit for its onward journey. Wise travellers drink and are gone. It is madness to linger, and death to stay; for desert wells go dry inevitably and soon. Better even follow the *mirage* than pitch your tent on any oasis however fair. Better still to learn and take to heart the lesson the *mirage* teaches, that not in *it* is the home and the happiness we seek: that on beyond the desert verge—many days' journey, or it may be only a few—there is a golden city where there is rest for wayworn feet and weary hearts, and where, and where alone, we may rest and be happy.

MY BLACKBIRD.

O H! in the sycamore tree, in the sycamore tree,
 There is a blackbird that sings to me;
 Sweet is his note as the rose in June,
 Quainter than any old poet's rune,
 Wild as the water that wanders o'er
 Hill and dale to a far seashore;—
 Softly, oh! softly he says his say
 'Twixt the dawn and day, 'twixt the dawn and day!

My Blackbird.

Oh! in the sycamore tree, in the sycamore tree.
 There lives for ever a wonder to me :
 Out of a small winged creature's throat,
 In a warbling, murmuring, marvellous note,
 Cometh the utterance deep and low
 Of the human love that is bliss or woe.
 Oh! in the sycamore tree, in the sycamore tree,
 How can a bird speak so to me ?

When the sun is high he will not sing,
 As love were such a holy, bashful thing,
 But just when the dawn begins to break,
 And soul and sense are but half awake,
 It tunes on the air that mystical song,
 A little now, and more ere long—
 Oh! with notes that are tender, and strange, and deep,
 Calling my heart through the mists of sleep.

Yet nested high in that bow'ring tree,
 What can a little bird know of me ?
 Hath he studied life from his home of leaves
 Through open windows on summer eves ?
 Or is it a secret unguessed, unknown,
 That he hath a human heart of his own,
 With the rapturous bliss of its joyous mood—
 Its swoonings, yearnings, and tears of blood ?

Oh! since first that little bird spake to me,
 A joy, and a grief, and a mystery
 Have perched and nested deep in my heart,
 Where one must remain when two depart,
 And my spirit knows not which of the three
 Will stay and for ever abide with me :
 But the bird he knoweth and singeth alway
 'Twixt the dawn and day, 'twixt the dawn and day.

And waiting I hear from the sycamore tree
 A message from heaven drop down upon me.
 "Keeping thy joys and grief apart,
 Yet make of them music within thy heart,
 That some who listen for sympathy
 May say 'a human heart sings to me,'
 And may feast on sweets 'twixt the night and the dawn
 Of a fuller light than yet hath shone."

R. M.

A CITIZEN SAINT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EUGENE O'CURRY."

IV.

"Siena era a lei come famiglia, le era patria la Chiesa."

S. CATHERINE, whose absence from Italy had been prolonged far beyond her expectation, had for some time greatly desired to return to her own city. She begged of the Pope to grant her a final audience and permit her to depart. Gregory XI., however, would not suffer her to leave Avignon until he had himself set out. On the very day, therefore, that the Holy Father left for Marseilles, the saint and her disciples turned their steps towards home. They entered Toulon in their usual humble guise, and Catherine according to her custom retired to her apartment in the inn. Her friends had not spoken of her; but, as Father Raymond says, the very stones seemed to cry out, and the people came in crowds asking where was the saint who was returning from the pontifical court. In Genoa the travellers were hospitably received by Monna Orietta Scotta, who kept them in her house during the month they remained in that city; and, as several of them fell ill after the journey, she had two physicians to see them every day. Neri di Landoccio was reduced to such a condition that the doctors despaired of his recovery. The sad news was imparted to the rest by Father Raymond one day as they sat at table together. Stefano Maconi rose instantly and went to Catherine. Throwing himself at her feet, he conjured her with tears not to suffer his companion and brother, during a journey undertaken for God and for her, to die and be buried in a strange land. She said he ought not to grieve so much if it should be God's will to call his brother Neri, and reward him for all his labours. But this made Stefano lament the more, and urgently press his petition: for well he believed she could obtain their friend's recovery if she only would. Catherine, greatly affected, replied, that all she intended was to exhort him to submit to God's will, and bade him come to her when she had received Holy Communion at Mass in the morning and remind her of his intention; while he at the same time should pray that her supplications might be heard. Stefano was early on the watch next day, and presenting himself to Catherine just as she was going to Mass, entreated her not to deceive his expectations. When she arose from prayer after Communion she found the faithful secretary waiting at her side. She smiled and told him the grace he desired had been obtained. "Mother, will Neri be cured?" he exclaimed. "Yes," she replied, "for it is God's will to restore him to us." Hearing these words the young man with

joyful heart hastened to his sick friend, who very soon completely recovered.

A pendant to this picture as given by Father Raymond is Stefano's account of the saint going to visit him with her confessor and companions, when he, too, after constant and affectionate nursing of his sick friends, was seized with fever. He was so rejoiced to see her that he forgot what was the matter with him; and when she asked him how he was affected he answered quite cheerfully that they told him he was ill, but he did not know what ailed him. Placing her hand on his forehead and shaking her head: "Do you hear how the child answers me?" she said. "They tell him he is ill! and he does not know what is the matter! and all the time he has a violent fever." She told him she would not allow him to follow the example of the others: he must recover, and get up at once, and attend to the rest as usual. And then, while she went on discoursing of heavenly things, the patient began to feel so much better that he could not help interrupting the conversation to tell his friends of the change that had suddenly come over him.

Stefano's mother, Monna Giovanna di Corrado, herself one of Catherine's disciples, appears to have suffered some uneasiness about her son's long absence from home; for we find the saint writing to beg of her to overcome the grief his departure has caused her, and to rejoice rather, for the journey would not be devoid of profit to his soul and to Monna Giovanna's also. Unshaken trust in the providence of God and firm belief in his infinite love are inculcated: and a serious lesson is given to Christian parents who are not satisfied to allow their children to follow the call of God; but, according to their own fancy, choose a state of life for them, saying they are anxious to see their children living in a manner pleasing to the Almighty, but that this can be done in the world as well as in any other state. In their pride and ignorance these poor mothers go so far as to lay down laws and regulations for the Holy Ghost. "Be of good heart now and patient," she says in the end, "and do not be troubled if I have kept Stefano too long. I have taken good care of him; for we are one and the same in affection; and besides, your interests are as dear to me as my own."

While Catherine was still in Genoa, Gregory XI. came into port after a perilous and tempestuous voyage in which the galley with the Pope on board was only saved from shipwreck by the nautical experience of the Grand Master who commanded the vessel. During the ten days the Holy Father remained in Genoa discouraging accounts were received from other parts of Italy. It was said that the Romans had no great welcome for the ruler whose authority they had usurped; while in Florence tumultuous disorder continued to reign, and the citizens were far from showing the joy which might have been expected when desires so fer-

vently expressed had been at last fulfilled. The Pope was greatly hurt; his fears returned; he spoke of retracing his steps. Interested counsellors were at hand to take advantage of any momentary weakness he might betray. But the courageous spirit which had supported him in the momentous crisis at Avignon was also near, and still had power to strengthen him in his onward course. Gregory went one night to Catherine's dwelling, and taking counsel with her, and listening to her powerful arguments and persuasive eloquence, felt his courage invigorated. Having made the saint promise to pray for him every day, he departed, once more settled in resolve; and she, turning to God, spent the whole night in prayer for the Pontiff and for the Church.

On the 28th October, 1376, the Pope sailed out of the Bay of Genoa to encounter again the dangers and terrors of the sea. Several of the cardinals became seriously ill on the passage, and one of the number, Cardinal de Narbonne, landed to die at Pisa. Finally, after a few days' stay at Leghorn, the Holy Father disembarked at Corneto, where he remained until the middle of the month of January following. Catherine had in the meantime returned to Siena; but her prayers and anxious thoughts still followed the Pontiff, and her letters reached him at Corneto. She keeps before his mind the highest ideal of constancy, fortitude, and patience. She reminds him how, so early in his youth, he was planted in the garden of the holy Church, and how he has been chosen to labour and combat for the honour of God, the salvation of souls, and the reform of the Church. He knows well that when he took the Church for his spouse he pledged himself to suffer for her the stress of contrary winds, and all the sorrows and tribulations that should arise. Like a valiant man he must stand up to face the storm, never looking back through surprise or fear. The persecutions of the Church, like the trials of the virtuous soul, end in peace, won by true patience and by perseverance for which the crown of glory is reserved. Let the Holy Father, in the name of Jesus crucified, hasten with all speed to take the place of the glorious apostles, Peter and Paul, full of assured confidence that God will give him all that is necessary for himself and for the Church his spouse. Catherine at the same time intercedes for her own city which had been compelled by the Florentines to side against the Pope. Siena, she says, had always been the cherished daughter of his Holiness. It is evident that the citizens were constrained by circumstances to do things displeasing to the Holy Father who may therefore well excuse them and draw them to him with the bond of love.*

* Shortly after, when Gregory had entered Rome, Andrea Piccolomini and two other citizens were sent as ambassadors from Siena to congratulate the Sovereign Pontiff on his return to the City of the Apostles, and to negotiate certain affairs of state. The old historian relates that, having brought letters from Sister Catherine Benincasa, the envoys were received with great benignity by the Pope.

At last, three months after his departure from Avignon, Gregory, having embarked on the Tiber, arrived at S. Paul's and thence proceeded to Rome, making his entrance amidst the *vivas* of the now rejoicing multitude. The Grand Master of the Knights of S. John of Jerusalem carried the triumphal standard of the Church; the clergy, the nobles, the senator and bannerets, and the citizens followed in procession; the way was strewn with flowers; and as evening fell before the Pope arrived at S. Peter's, the city burst into illumination, while the people kindling flambeaux as they went, made the roadway a path of light. In spite, however, of the general gladness, and notwithstanding the readiness with which the citizens had given the keys of the city into the Pope's hands as he entered the gates, Gregory soon perceived that it would be no easier nor quicker task to establish peace among the factions that divided Rome than it would be to build up the ruins that encumbered the soil on every side. Had he been left in peace to attend to the government of the Papal States his conciliatory temper and great patience might have prevailed over many obstacles. S. Catherine's earnest desire was that the Pope on his return to the Apostolic City should discharge the Breton troops, and begin the pacification of Italy with unarmed hands. This did not meet the views of those who had influence in the Roman court. War and confusion continued to be the order of the day.

After a time the Pope's adherents having gained some advantage, Gregory, seizing the occasion, sent two ecclesiastics, one an Augustinian and the other a Minorite, to Florence to prepare the way for peace. Catherine, on her side, left nothing undone to second the Holy Father's efforts; wrote to her friends in the hostile city, and sent thither Stefano Maconi with instructions to act on her part. But neither the Pontiff's envoys nor the saint's disciples met with much success. The Eight of War were more than ever opposed to reconciliation. To make matters worse they determined that the interdict should no longer be observed; sent orders through the city and the neighbouring territory to have the services of the Church performed as usual; heavily fined the convents and churches where resistance was offered; and sentenced to a like penalty all prelates who should absent themselves from their churches.

One Sunday morning an envoy of the Pope called on Father Raymond, who was then in Rome, and desired him to go to the pontifical palace at dinner hour. The Holy Father on receiving him said that he had reason to think that if Catherine of Siena

The saint reminds the Holy Father that all reasonable beings are more taken by love and kindness than by anything else: "which is most of all true with regard to our Italians of these parts." Indeed she does not see that there is any other way in which the Holy Father can gain them. "The Sieneſe ambassadors are going to your Holineſſ; and if there are people in the world who can be drawn by affection, certainly theſe are they."

were to go to Florence the citizens would not have the heart to resist so charitable and holy a woman, and some good results might be looked for. Father Raymond replied that not Catherine alone but he himself and all the Frati of the Order, would be ready to meet death itself in obedience to the holy Church. But Gregory wished that she alone should go as his accredited envoy; for she, being held in great reverence by all, would be less exposed to danger than any one else. Catherine was informed of the Holy Father's desire that she should go on his part to the faction-torn republic, the necessary powers were sent to her, and with her accustomed promptness and intrepidity she set out from Siena. Nicolo Soderini and her numerous friends and disciples in Florence received her with delight. On the very day of her arrival she spoke three times to the people, on submission to the Church's ordinances and on the observance of the interdict; and produced so profound an impression that the citizens returned to their obedience and the interdict was observed anew. Her joy was expressed in a letter to the Cardinal di Luna. "Pray," she says, "that the sun may quickly rise, for now the dawn appears. The morning light is breaking, and the darkness spread abroad by the mortal sins committed in celebrating—and publicly celebrating—the divine offices of the Church has been dispelled, to the discomfiture of him who desired to prevent its disappearance. The interdict is observed."

The saint's next effort was not so speedily successful. Nothing could be more pitiable than the state of Florence, reduced to penury by the interruption of her commerce, and suffering all the consequences of war without and anarchy within. To reconcile the republic to the Holy See appeared hardly possible: the Florentines would not be reconciled with one another. However, the Guelphic party gained strength, and with the aid of the well-disposed citizens compelled the Eight of War to come to terms. It was arranged that the pacification of Italy should be undertaken by a congress summoned to assemble at Sarzana, to which the princes of Europe, the Italian republics, and the cities leagued against the Pope, were each to send two or more representatives, while Barnabas Visconti undertook to appear in person and act as arbiter between the Sovereign Pontiff and the Florentines. The congress assembled in due course, the Cardinal della Giorgia and the Bishop of Narbonne representing the Pope; and the conditions of peace were all but completed, when the proceedings were suddenly interrupted by the intelligence of the death of Gregory XI., which happened on the 27th March, 1378.

This calamity threw Florence into wilder confusion. The people broke loose from all control; no longer knew what they thought nor what they wanted; and, collecting in mobs, wildly attacked such persons as happened to excite their animosity. Catherine's friends suffered severely. Soderini's house was pil-

laged and burned, and the residence of another of her disciples, Ristoro Canigiani, brother of Barduccio, shared the same fate. Canigiani's enemies with sublime republican irony inscribed his name on the list of the nobles; a proceeding tantamount in those days to deprivation of the right to share in the government of the state. But the frenzy of the populace reached its height when a cry was raised that Catherine of Siena was the cause of their sufferings, and that she ought to be cut in pieces or burned alive. The people in whose house she was staying basely abandoned her. With some of her disciples she took refuge in a garden not far off, where she began at once to pray, beseeching the Almighty that bloodshed might cease in the city; or that if a sacrifice were wanted she might be the victim. The crowd rushed into the garden, shouting, "Where was this Catherine? Where was this cursed woman?" Hearing the cry, Catherine arose from her prayer, and coming forward threw herself on her knees before a wild-looking man who was brandishing a naked sword, and vociferating louder than the rest, "I am Catherine," she said. "Take me and kill me. But, in the name of God, I command you not to hurt any of the people who are with me." Her words threw the ringleader into confusion. All he could do was to desire her to get out of his sight and begone! But she courageously replied that she would not go; she would remain where she was; she desired to suffer, and would rather than anything in the world be made a sacrifice for Christ and the Church.

The mob dispersed without doing her any harm. Her companions congratulated her on her escape from imminent danger; but she lamented that she was not found worthy of so glorious a death. They tried to persuade her to return to Siena. Nothing, however, would induce her to leave the Florentine territory until she had fulfilled her mission. She retired to Vallombrosa, where she remained until, the city becoming quiet after a few days, she was able to return to Florence. Before long she succeeded in accomplishing her task. Ambassadors were sent to Rome. At the same time she wrote to the Pope, imploring him to receive the stray sheep with mercy. Even though they should not sue for clemency with true and perfect humility, she hopes the Holy Father will overlook their deficiency and not exact from the weak what they are incapable of giving. He is not to regard the scandal that has taken place in the city, where the demons of hell appear to have been doing all they could to prevent peace being made. These children will be afterwards better than the rest. She herself wishes no longer to remain in Florence. But the Holy Father will find her obedient to his will; her only anxious desire is to obtain the favour and the pardon she now entreats.

The Pope listened favourably to the saint's prayer. Peace was granted on the conditions proposed at the congress so disastrously interrupted. The Bishop of Volterra and Fra Francesco

Orvieto were sent in due course to free the Florentines from the excommunication. Catherine announces the joyful intelligence of peace in letters addressed to "Sano di Maco and her other sons in Christ," in Siena. God has heard the cry of His servants who have so long wept in His presence and moaned over these dead. Now they have arisen. From death they have been restored to life; from darkness they have come forth to light. What unutterable joy it is to see the children returning to the obedience of their Father, and recovering His favour after having pacified their souls! "On Saturday at one o'clock, the olive branch of peace appeared, and to-day at vespers all was finished." Catherine thus set free said to her disciples: "We may quit Florence, since, through the grace of God, I have followed His commandments and obeyed the order of His vicar. Those whom I found in revolt against the holy Church I leave subject to that kind and tender mother. Let us now return to Siena."

Catherine's home in her native city which in itself appeared unlike enough to the solitude a truly interior soul like hers desires, had doubtless become, by force of contrast to the turbulent rush of life in Florence and the courtly splendour of the days in Avignon, a scene of peaceful seclusion, a very haven of refuge. Withdrawn to some extent from the turmoil of public affairs, the saint began to write the "*Dialogo*," that wonderful book so simple in its form, so sublime in its teaching, which the highest earthly authority has characterised as replete with doctrine not acquired but infused. It was composed in this wise. The saint spoke in the form of a dialogue between God and the soul. One of her secretaries, Neri di Landoccio, Barduccio, or Stefano Maconi, wrote down the words as they fell from her lips. Cristofano di Gano Guidini was also constantly present, listening, and writing also.

But short as was the interval, from July to October, in which the saint was thus occupied, she was not left undisturbed by the claims of the outer world. To understand the part she was now required to take in the affairs of Christendom, we must go back a few months, and recall the circumstances attending the death of Gregory XI. and the election of his successor, Urban VI. Gregory's pontificate which had been troubled enough throughout its course, was clouded towards its close by the dread of still more evil days that were fast approaching. Yielding to despondency he fancied that the great act of his life—the return from Avignon—had been undertaken in vain, and dreamed, it is said, of yet another removal to Provence. His health, never robust, began rapidly to fail, and he became extremely apprehensive of the consequences of his demise. He carefully made arrangements for the assembly of the conclave; ordered that the cardinals in Rome at the time of his death should select some place in the city or outside and proceed without delay to elect his successor; desired that whoever had the majority of votes, even

though the number did not reach two-thirds, should be proclaimed Pope; and in the most moving manner besought them in the name of the Divine mercy to choose the most worthy.

The Sacred College consisted at the moment of Gregory's death of twenty-three cardinals. Sixteen of the number were in Rome, six had remained in Avignon, and one was at Sarzana. Of the four Italian cardinals all but Tebaldeschi, Cardinal of S. Peter's, aspired to the tiara. The French desired a Pope of their own nation, but they were divided. The natives of Limousin wished to elect a countryman of their own, while the others were of opinion that that province had already given too many pontiffs to the Church. The solitary Spaniard remained undecided. The Roman people of every class, intensely excited and dreading the desertion of their city if another French Pope were elected, loudly clamoured for an Italian, if not a Roman, pontiff. Under these circumstances, immediately after the obsequies of the late Pope had been performed, the conclave assembled. A terrible thunderstorm broke over the city at the same moment, while the people raised a still more frightful uproar, threatening death to the cardinals if the election did not satisfy them. Even before the conclave assembled the cardinals had thought of electing to the chair of S. Peter a dignitary of the Church not included in the Sacred College. Bartolomeo Prignano, Archbishop of Bari, had been spoken of; and attention was again directed to him. The French were the first to speak and vote in his favour; the Italians consented though unwillingly. The archbishop was summoned to the conclave, and to avoid exciting the suspicions of the Romans, certain other eminent prelates were also invited. Finally, Prignano was elected by a unanimous vote. The announcement was delayed lest the people should rise in revolt, for by this time none but a Roman would content them. Rumours, however, got wind to the effect that Francoise de Bar, a Frenchman, was elected. The populace thereupon rose to arms, besieged the conclave, and forced the cardinals to take to flight. To gain time it was given out that Cardinal Tebaldeschi had been chosen, but had refused the dignity. The excited multitude rushed to do honour to the supposed Pope; forced the aged and infirm cardinal to assume the Pontifical insignia, and crowded round him to kiss his hands and feet. Distressed beyond measure to see himself the object of so irreverent a proceeding, and driven to extremity, he told the people that the Archbishop of Bari, and not he, was Pope. A cry was now raised of "*Non lo volemo!*" the bells were rung to call the citizens, and the tumult reached its height. Next day the ferment having somewhat subsided, the cardinals who had taken refuge in the castle of S. Angelo and elsewhere to the number of twelve returned to the pontifical palace. The Pope-elect inquired whether the proceedings had been conducted canonically. The cardinals answered that all had been done in due form; besought him not

to leave the Church without a head in this time of sore distress; and urged him to accept without delay the pontifical honours. He did so. The prescribed ceremonies were gone through; and the newly-elected Pope was publicly crowned in the Lateran Basilica as Urban VI.

The cardinals who had not at once returned to the pontifical palace, and Gerardo Ambienese, who had been absent at Sarzana, now hastened to do homage to Urban. They all wrote to the emperor and to the princes of Europe announcing the unanimous election of the Archbishop of Bari. Those who had stayed at Avignon confirmed the election. S. Catherine, though she held the new Pope whom she had known in Avignon in high esteem, was well aware of the defects of his character. From the first she appears to have dreaded the consequences of his harsh temper, impetuous zeal, and unconciliatory nature. In her letters she constantly entreats him to be considerate and indulgent in his dealings with others. She reminds him that to act without moderation impedes rather than advances what we undertake; and begs him for the sake of Christ crucified to control in some degree the quick impulses to which he is naturally inclined. No less anxious was the saint that he should surround himself with wise counsellors and good men. She considered it of immense importance that he should proceed at once to create cardinals, and that he should exercise sound judgment in the selection. Unfortunately these recommendations were not attended to in time. The cardinals were not created until it was too late; and before many months were over, Urban's severity had produced irreparable disaster.

On the very day after his coronation the Pope publicly upbraided the bishops who were present for remaining in Rome and deserting their sees; and shortly after in public consistory he reprehended the cardinals in the bitterest terms, stigmatized the vices of the court, and inveighed against the bad example given by the princes of the Church. Conveyed in exasperating terms, these reproaches had no other effect than to give occasion to insulting rejoinders. "Tu menti, o Barese" was the answer of the Cardinal of Amiens on one occasion. From words the Pope proceeded to deeds: inaugurating sudden reforms, instituting merciless retrenchments, and adopting a course regarded as imprudent and unfeeling. Summer approaching the cardinals left Rome, and according to previous arrangement the greater number of them met at Anagni to take counsel together and decide on the course they should adopt. Reports were put in circulation casting doubts on the validity of Urban's election; the intentions of the cardinals began to be surmised; and in the end all disguise was thrown off. Rostagno, a Frenchman, who had the command of the Castle of S. Angelo, was gained over to their side; an army of Bretons was subsidized; and an attitude of open hostility assumed. Otto of Brunswick, the husband of the Queen of Naples, repaired to

Anagni with a view of bringing about a reconciliation. By Urban's command three of the Italian cardinals set out on the same mission. Many other influential men also interposed. The Pope even proposed to summon an œcumenical council to consider the question of the election. But all was in vain. The French party began to work upon the ambition of the three Italian cardinals—Corsini of Florence, Borzano of Milan, and Orsini of Rome—holding out to each a hope of the tiara. Tebaldeschi alone remained faithful to Urban; and shortly after, being on his death-bed, he deposed in the most solemn manner that the voting had been perfectly free, and that Urban had been unanimously elected.

Overwhelmed with grief at seeing himself thus deserted, and filled with consternation at the evils that had fallen on the Church, the Pope regretted his extreme asperity and unwise precipitancy, and saw how imprudent he had been in neglecting to increase the Sacred College. He now would have wished to create twenty-nine new cardinals, but five of those to whom the dignity was offered refused to accept it. Two days after, the cardinals, who had left Anagni and assembled in the castle of Onorato, Count of Fondi, a nobleman of influence rendered malcontent by sudden deprivation of his government, declared the election of Urban null and void; reproached, denounced, anathematized him; went through the form of an election, and proclaimed the Cardinal of Geneva under the title of Pope Clement VII.

Such was the news brought to Siena towards the close of the month of September, 1378. Catherine, who was well aware of the circumstances attending the election of Urban, had not the shadow of doubt of the validity of his title. With all the ardour of her soul she now strove to sustain the Pope's courage in his perilous position, and comfort him in his terrible isolation. She exerted all her influence to hold in true allegiance her friends and disciples, to keep the cities in which her name had authority from leaguings with the schismatics, and to dissuade the princes with whom she was in correspondence from lending countenance to the anti-Pope. In her letters to Urban at this crisis that heroism of soul which is contagious finds expression. And certainly the Pope had need of such support. He was personally unattractive. He had not the gift of making friends; in fact he had the unhappy art of alienating those who naturally would have clung to him. Clement, on the contrary, had many advantages and possessed not a few brilliant qualities. He was not yet thirty-six years of age; was of commanding stature and graceful presence; was handsome and courtly; loved splendour, and was liberal and generous in expenditure. His military talents, though disgraced by the affair of Cesena, were likely to be turned to good account in his present position. Moreover, he was connected with many of the great families of Europe.

Clement did not, in the first instance, succeed in gaining the

support of the King of France; though in the end, the prospect of having a French Pope established in Avignon, and the promise held out of a donation to the Duke of Anjou of a no inconsiderable portion of S. Peter's patrimony, overcame his reluctance to encourage schism. The Queen of Naples shared the satisfaction of her subjects on the accession of a Neapolitan to the Pontifical throne, offered rich presents on the occasion, and sent three hundred soldiers under the command of Count Lorito Caracciolo to form a guard of honour to the Pope. But this good understanding speedily came to an end. His Holiness refused to sanction the marriage of the daughter and heir of the King of Sicily with a relative of Joanna's husband; one of the most influential of her courtiers, Nicolo Spinelli, having been treated with some indignity at the court of Rome on the occasion of his visit with Otto of Brunswick, cherished a violent animosity to Urban, and made the queen believe that the Pope intended to shut her up in a monastery and give her kingdom to Charles Durazzo; in a word, deadly enmity took the place of temporary friendship.

At length the Pope resolved to act on S. Catherine's advice and call to his aid true servants of God who, unmoved by passion and uninfluenced by selfish considerations would be capable of giving him wise and efficient counsel. But the saint must have been greatly astonished when she was informed that the first step his Holiness took in that direction was to send for Father Raymond, who was then Prior of the Minerva, and desire him to write to her to come at once to Rome. Her answer to this was that she was unwilling to go; knowing as she did that many of the citizens of Siena, and especially some of the Sisters of Penance, did not approve of so many journeys, and thought it not right for a religious to be seen travelling on all the highroads. She declined, in fact, to go unless the Pope sent her an express command in writing. Father Raymond told this to Urban, who forthwith commanded Catherine, in virtue of holy obedience, to repair to Rome without delay. She therefore set out from her native city, "going," as she wrote to Sister Daniella da Orvieto, "to accomplish the will of Christ crucified and of his vicar." She was accompanied by a great number of her friends and disciples: some wishing to visit the tombs of the martyrs; others desiring to seek some favour from the Pope—all anxious to remain with her. Among the Sisters of Penance who went on this pilgrimage were her mother, Alessia, Francesca, Giovanni di Capo, and Lisa. Fra Giovanni Tantucci was with her on this journey as on the road to Avignon; so likewise was Fra Santi. Neri di Landoccio and Barduccio and Tommaso Buonconti left their affluent homes with joy to follow and to serve her. Others who could not then go, went after some time to Rome.

The saint and her family of friends and disciples lodged in a street close to the Piazza della Minerva, and lived on alms. An

excellent system was established in the house. One of the Sisters was appointed every week to manage the affairs of the community, so that the rest might be free to follow their religious exercises and attend to the business that had brought them to Rome. When the provisions seemed likely to run short a day's notice was to be given, so that Catherine or one of the others might go out to look for bread. The family usually consisted of twenty-four members; but the number was often vastly increased. Catherine was so hospitable that, Father Raymond says, she would have thought as little of receiving a hundred guests as of inviting one. When those who were called to Rome by the Pope and by her began to answer the summons, they found a home in that house. The church and convent of Santa Maria sopra Minerva were close at hand. The basilica of S. Peter's was about a mile distant. Other holy places possessing special attractions for the saint and her disciples, such as the church of Santa Sabina on the Aventine, and the convent of San Sisto on the Appian Way, were somewhat further off.

But there was other work to be done in Rome besides visiting places dear to the Christian world as well as to her heart. One day she was commanded to repair to the Pontifical palace and speak before the Pope and the cardinals on the subject of the schism. The Holy Father was astonished at the wisdom and eloquence of her words. Turning to the cardinals he said, "Ought not we be ashamed in the sight of God to yield to despondency? This humble little woman puts us to shame. I call her so, not disparagingly, but because her sex is weak and she might naturally be expected to tremble even while we stood firm in courage. But see! it is we who are cast down, while she, unmoved by apprehension, fortifies us with her noble words!"

So high was the Pope's opinion of Catherine's moral influence and power of persuasion that he thought of sending her to Naples with the view of detaching the queen from the schism. His idea was to send her in company with the daughter of S. Bridget of Sweden, another S. Catherine living in Rome at that time, who was so well aware of the circumstances attending the Papal election that her testimony in regard to the validity of Urban's title was considered extremely important. Catherine of Sweden resembled her mother in sanctity; the Pope himself once said to her: "*Vere biberas de lacte matris tuæ.*" In beauty she is said to have excelled all the women of the time. Father Raymond, to whom the Pope had spoken on the subject of the embassy, told Catherine of Siena what she might possibly be required to do. She, who had courage for any undertaking, took up the idea warmly, and offered to set out at once. But Catherine of Sweden, who had been greatly annoyed by the Roman nobles importuning her with offers of marriage, and inconvenienced by the attention she attracted, saw good reasons for declining to visit that iniqui-

tous court, and refused to go. The latter view of the case rather tallied with Father Raymond's own. So unscrupulous a woman as Joanna would not hesitate, he thought, to have her visitors waylaid on the journey, or to have them insulted on their arrival in her capital. His Holiness also, on consideration, took this view of the question, and decided not to send these saintly women to the court of the Queen of Naples. When the daughter of the free republic heard this she said : "If Agnes and Margaret had listened to such reasons they never would have won the martyr's crown. And have not we a Spouse who can liberate us from the hands of the impious, and save our honour in the midst of a mob of impious men ? As far as my judgment goes these are all vain considerations proceeding from defect of faith rather than from true prudence." Hearing her speak thus, Father Raymond says he could not but blush interiorly to find himself so inferior to her in constancy and faith. As there was nothing else left for her to do, Catherine continued to write letters to the Queen and to several of the great ladies of Naples, among whom she had devout admirers, and sent Neri di Landoccio with them to the court.

At this juncture there appeared to be still some hope that Charles V. might be persuaded to support Urban ; and Father Raymond, who was well known in France, and on whose zeal and prudence the Pope strongly relied, was fixed on to carry Papal briefs to the king, the Duke of Anjou, the University of Paris, and several cardinals, bishops, and personages of distinction. Associated with him in the embassy were the Bishop of Valence and Digné, and Jacomo Ceva, doctor of laws, who were already on the other side of the Alps. Catherine was greatly afflicted when she heard she was to lose him whom she called her father and her dear son, so soon after she had come to Rome. But she advised him to obey without delay, and spoke to him in such impressive terms on the duty of supporting Urban and defending his cause as he would the Catholic faith itself, that, although he had no doubt on the subject, her words were a spur to him, and he often recalled them afterwards and drew strength from them in time of difficulty and trial. Before he left she spoke with him for some hours, those who were present taking no part in the conversation, and then she said : "Now go whither God calls you. I think that in this life we shall never discourse together as we have just now done." And when the hour of departure came she went to the place of embarkation, and kneeling down as the vessel moved from the shore, she prayed, and with tearful eyes made the sign of the cross over the departing friend, taking thus what proved indeed a last farewell.

Father Raymond got safely to Pisa and thence to Genoa, though the sea was covered with the ships of the schismatics hurrying to Avignon, and with Joanna's galleys on the watch to intercept all communication with France. But having left Genoa to

proceed by land, he received warning at Ventimiglia to proceed no farther as his life would be in danger from the adherents of the anti-Pope who were determined not to allow messengers or letters from Urban to pass beyond the Alps. He and the companion the Holy Father had given him took counsel together, returned to Genoa, and sent to the Pope for further instructions. In reply they received orders to remain where they were, preach against the schismatics, and keep the republic attached to the Papal interest. Rejoicing in his escape, Father Raymond returned thanks to God, and communicated the intelligence to Catherine, who, however, deeming that death under such circumstances would be an enviable and glorious martyrdom, did not by any means feel disposed to join in the *Te Deum*. In letters addressed to him at Pisa and Genoa she laments over his pusillanimous defection, and reproves him for being so well satisfied to give up his mission. The Lord, she says, has shown him his imperfection. He was not worthy to fight in the battle-field. He was hid like a child in the background, and then he willingly turned away and gave God thanks for having condescended to his weakness. Happy would it have been for her poor father's soul and for her own if by the shedding of his blood he might have cemented a stone in the edifice of the holy Church. But he fancied a greater burthen had been put upon him than he could bear, and found means to cast down the load. This she clearly sees, and only wishes that others did not remark it as well. And now he seems to doubt everything, even her concern for him. Where is the faith he once had and now ought to have? What has become of the certainty he used to feel that before anything happens the event has been seen and determined in the sight of God, not merely in affairs of great moment but even in the smallest occurrences? If he had been faithful he would not have wavered, nor begun to have any fears with regard to God or to her; but, like a good son filled with the spirit of obedience and animated with zeal, he would have gone and done all that it was possible for him to do. And if he could not have gone straight on with upright carriage and head erect he would have crept on his hands and knees. If he had not been able to travel as a religious he would have made his way as a pilgrim. If he had no money he would have begged his bread. And this sort of childlike obedience would have advanced things in the sight of God and in the hearts of men more than all human prudence could do. "I am more solicitous about your soul," she continues, "than you can imagine. I have an ardent desire to see you attain to perfection. And therefore it is that I press you with so many words, and constrain you, and reprove you so as to make you continually turn in upon yourself. I am constantly endeavouring and always will strive to make you take up the burthen of the perfect. Bear with my defects, and listen to my words with good patience. And when your faults are pointed out, rejoice and give

thanks to the Divine goodness who has given you a friend to be concerned about you and to watch for you in His presence."

Catherine was so distressed by the failure of this embassy that she offered to go herself to France; but the Pope would not hear of her leaving Rome. There was nothing left for her to do but to write after some time one of her fearless, eloquent, pathetic letters to the king. It has been said that Petrarch himself could not have written anything more beautiful than her letter to Charles on this occasion. Whether the missive ever reached the court of France is doubtful, for the adherents of Clement, as already observed, were careful to intercept all such communications. They were wise in their generation thus to gain time for spreading reports injurious to Urban, and preventing the true account of the Papal election from becoming known. By and by it was next to impossible to come at the truth; such confusion prevailed that not only servants of God but even saints lived, and without blame, in obedience to the anti-Pope. The Papal briefs of which Father Raymond had charge never got beyond the Alps. They were sent by him to Siena, where they remain at the present day.

The Pope now addressed a brief to several distinguished ecclesiastics, members of different religious orders, learned and holy men, inviting them to come to Rome and lend their aid in this crisis. Most of these were friends of the saint of Siena, and letters from her accompanied the Papal brief. To her friend the Prior of Gorgona, she says that the true Pope, Urban VI., is calling the servants of God to his side to guide himself and the Church by their counsel. He sends this brief. And now let the Prior do what it requires of him, and press the others who are therein mentioned to come speedily. Let everything be laid aside, no matter what it may be, and for the love of God let there be no delay. She says to Don Giovanni delle Celle that in such extremity as the present we should remember the Holy Father, and when he asks with such benignity and humility the help of the servants of God they ought to fly to his assistance. "Now I shall see," she continues, "whether you are truly inflamed with the love of God; are sincerely anxious for the reformation of the holy Church; and are really detached from your own consolations. Certain I am that, if self-love is consumed in that furnace, you will not be reluctant to forsake your cell and your own satisfaction; but will find a cell in the knowledge of yourself, and will be ready to lay down your life there if necessary for the dear truth." Father William of England and his companion, Frate Antonio da Nizza, are admonished that if they do not quit their leafy solitudes and come out on the field of battle they will act contrary to the will of God. They need have no hesitation in leaving their woods and deserts, for there are dark and wild places enough here in Rome. No more slumbering. Now is the time to be awake and watching. "Be under no apprehension," she tells certain hermits in Spoleto, "that you will

meet joy and great consolation here, for you come to suffer, and not to enjoy any delight except it be the delight of the cross."

With no less zeal and energy did she labour to keep the republics and cities of Italy in obedience to Urban. And in this she succeeded. Florence remained faithful, as likewise did the republics of Venice and Siena; and among others the cities of Perugia and Bologna. Her letters home to Siena show how anxious she is that her own city should assist the Pope in his distress. She writes to the Magnificent Signori, the Defenders of the People and Commune of Siena, and to the Confraternity of the Hospital of La Scala, enclosing the letters to Stefano Maconi, who is to read and profit by them, and then carry the despatches to their address. He is to act in the spirit of these letters, and to speak to every one according as opportunity shall arise, constraining the Signori and all who are concerned to lend their utmost aid to the vicar of Christ and to the Church. "Endeavour not to be lukewarm," she says to Stefano, "but ardent in urging the brothers and heads of the confraternity to do all that is possible in regard to the matter about which I write. If you were what you ought to be you would set the whole of Italy in a flame. It would not be such a difficult thing to do." Finally she presses Stefano himself to come; telling him that the blood of the martyrs who with such a passion of love gave their life for the sake of the Life itself boils up from the soil, calling him and others now to Rome. The young man, who appears to have been in some difficulty or trouble at the time, delayed in answering the summons. One day, however, as he was praying in the chapel under the hospital of La Scala, an interior voice warned him that Catherine was dying. Then he hastened.

Meanwhile Rome itself had been the scene of atrocious occurrences. Silvestro di Budes, who commanded Clement's troops, suddenly entered the city by the Lateran gate, fell upon a number of unarmed citizens holding an assembly in front of the palace of the Capitol, killed among others seven of the Bannerets, and leaving Rome overwhelmed with consternation, rushed out again. Next day the people, blind with rage, fell upon the foreigners who were living peaceably in Rome, and murdered several Breton priests, faithful adherents of the Pope and attached to his court. Early in 1379 the army, encamped at Marino, threatened to enter Rome, which still remained partly in the hands of the schismatics, for whom Rostagno held the castle of S. Angelo. The Pope had taken into his service Alberico da Balbiano, Count of Cuneo, whose well-trained band of four thousand infantry and four thousand light horse—all Italians—was held in higher repute than any of the foreign mercenaries, and was called the company of S. George. Without waiting for the Clementisti to enter Rome, the Count of Cuneo suddenly sallying out, attacked the army encamped at Marino, gained a signal victory, and returning the same evening to the city, inspired such terror that Rostagno surrendered the castle

of S. Angelo to the Pope. S. Catherine and Giovanni Cenci senator of Rome had, previous to this, entered into negotiations with the governor in the hope of inducing him to give up the castle. The Romans rejoicing in their deliverance from the French, attributed their good fortune to the prayers of the saint; while she, desiring that solemn thanksgiving should be offered to Almighty God, prayed the Pope to order a solemn procession in which he should himself take part. But her desire was that a penitential spirit and Christian humility should characterise an act undertaken at so sad a time. Accordingly, the Pope and clergy walked barefoot from S. Maria in Trastevere to S. Peter's, and in this humble guise the Sovereign Pontiff took possession of the palace of the Vatican, which he had not been able to inhabit while the castle of S. Angelo remained in the hands of his enemies. The multitude who followed the Pope on this occasion were greatly edified by a spectacle such as had not been seen for six hundred years. A few days after this, on the 6th of May, Catherine dictated four of the most remarkable letters she ever wrote, addressed respectively to the King of France, the Count Alberico, the Bannerets of Rome, and the Queen of Naples. To the Bannerets she particularly recommends the care of those who were wounded in the late battle; and she begs them not to be ungrateful to Cenci, who acted with great prudence and disinterestedness in connection with the affair of the surrender of the castle of S. Angelo.

On the defeat of his troops Clement fled in all haste from the Roman territory and took refuge in Spelunca, a fortress belonging to the Queen of Naples. Thence he went to the Castle dell' Uovo, where he was received with obsequious demonstrations of respect. Joanna met him in the archway of the grand entrance, which was hung with rich draperies for the occasion. He was conducted to a pontifical throne, and the Queen and her husband Otto, a great number of princes and noble ladies, barons and grandees, kissed his feet and paid him all the honours usually reserved for the true head of the Church. For some little space the anti-Pope and the revolted cardinals, Queen Joanna and the obsequious courtiers, held high festival in the castle. But the Neapolitans taking all this in very bad part rose in insurrection, and obliged Clement and his cardinals to fly to Gaeta, whence they sailed for France. On the 30th of May, the University of Paris, not without many dissenting voices, however, decided for Clement. The anti-Pope and the college of French cardinals established their court in the lately deserted city on the Rhone; and Avignon for the next forty years continued to be a centre of interest to the unhappily divided Christian world.

But now a new danger threatened the ruler of Rome. He had not been so fortunate as to conciliate the affection of his own subjects. They rose in rebellion, rushed to the Vatican, and in armed multitudes entered the Pope's apartments. Urban, who could not be accused of indecision or cowardice, with truly

regal and sacerdotal dignity, prepared to meet the wildly excited populace. Vested pontifically, crowned with the tiara, and cross in hand, he ascended the throne and awaited the approach of the loudly threatening assailants, who, beholding so unexpected a vision, cast down their arms and fled away. Outside, however, the tumult continued, and it was not till Catherine, who had great influence with the people, went among them, reasoned with them, and calmed down their effervescence, that they were reconciled with their ruler.

The Queen of Naples who, feigning to repent of her disloyalty to Urban, had sent ambassadors to Rome, speedily recalled her envoys, and ceased to dissemble her hostile intentions. All means of conciliating her having failed, the Pope entrusted his defence to Charles Durazzo, cousin of Louis of Hungary, and heir to Joanna; and invested him with the sovereignty of Naples which was held as a fief of the Roman See. Joanna, thereupon, taking counsel with Clement, named as her successor Louis Duke of Anjou, a warlike and ambitious prince, who under these circumstances undertook the conduct of the war with no little ardour.

By this time, Catherine, who had intensely lived every hour of her wonderful life of penance, prayer, physical suffering, and mental anguish caused by the difficulty and distress of the times, found her vital energy well nigh exhausted before she entered on her thirty-third year. And yet though she had become like a spectre in appearance she continued to go through an extraordinary amount of fatiguing exertion: rising to hear Mass at dawn, and after a couple of hours' rest walking to St. Peter's, where she would remain till vespers praying for the Holy Father and the people. With great difficulty, on the Monday after Sexagesima Sunday (1380) she dictated to Barduccio a letter to Urban. Two or three weeks later the last letter of all was written. It was to Father Raymond, and contained her last instructions. She desires him get her book (the *Dialogo*) and any other writings he can find of hers, and, having consulted with certain of the Fathers and of her disciples whom she names, do with them what shall be thought most conducive to the glory of God. She enjoins him to do everything he can for the spiritual family she leaves after her; holding them in the bond of charity and perfect union, and not allowing them to be dispersed like sheep without a shepherd. For her own part she hopes to be more useful to them after her death than she was during her life. And he must not be saddened by what she now says; she does not write thus to afflict him, but because she knows not what the Divine goodness intends to do with her, and she wishes to have fulfilled her duty. "Be not grieved," she says, "that we are separated from one another. You would certainly have been a great consolation to me; but I have a still greater comfort and a still greater joy in seeing the fruits you produce in the holy Church; and I conjure you to labour with more zeal than ever, for in no time was the need so great."

Father Bartholomew who was then Prior of San Domenico in Siena, was sent by the Provincial on some business to Rome. He arrived in the city on Holy Saturday, and not knowing that Catherine was ill went at once to her house. It nearly broke his heart, he says, to see the state she was reduced to. The moment she saw him she tried to express her joy but could not speak. Only when he put his ear close to her mouth could he hear her faint answer to his inquiries: "All was going on well," she said; "thanks to our dear Saviour." He told her the object of his journey, and said that as the next day would be the feast of the Passover he would like to say Mass there and give Holy Communion to her and her spiritual children. She expressed a longing desire that the Lord would permit her to communicate. Next morning he heard her confession, gave her absolution, and offered the Holy Sacrifice. No one expected that she would be able to receive the Holy Eucharist. But to the indescribable joy of all she arose to do so. When the business that brought him to Rome had been terminated, his companion urged him to return home. But this, he told Catherine, he could not bear to do. She said he knew well how great a consolation it was to her to see again those whom God had given her and whom she truly loved. It would be the greatest pleasure to her if God would allow Father Raymond to be with her also. But it was not His will that she should have them; and what He ordained she also willed. He must go. Father Bartholomew said he would do as she wished as soon as she recovered some strength; and asked her to pray that if it were God's will he should go she might become better before he set out. She promised to do this; and next day when he returned she was so much better that he began to be hopeful. She had hitherto been unable to move, even to turn from one side to the other; but now she raised herself and received him with so affectionate a greeting that he wept for joy. But this was the sign of departure; he knew it, and left Rome.

Barduccio, who never ceased watching her through all those days of suffering, wrote an account of her last moments in a letter to a nun in a convent near Florence; asking at the same time the prayers of the religious for the poor unworthy writer, now "left an orphan by the death of our glorious mother." On the Sunday before the feast of the Ascension she appeared to be insensible and the last sacraments were administered. Then, after passing through an interior agony which lasted an hour and a half, her countenance suddenly changed and a heavenly radiance overspread her face. She had been reclining on Sister Alessia's shoulder, and now, trying to rise, they helped her to get into a sitting posture while still in the same way supported. They had placed on a table near her some relics and pictures of saints with a crucifix in the centre; and on the cross she fixed her gaze, while pouring forth sublime thoughts on the goodness of God, and humbly confessing her faults. She asked the priest for absolution, and prayed

for the plenary indulgence granted to her by Gregory XI. and Urban VI. Her petitions having been granted, she spoke to several of those about her; many times asked her mother's blessing; prayed for Urban, acknowledging him to be truly the Sovereign Pontiff, and enjoining all her children to lay down their life if necessary in testimony of his title; and offered up supplications for all whom the Lord had given her to love in a special manner. And then making the sign of the cross she blessed them all. "Yes, Lord, Thou callest me and I go to Thee," she said. "I go, not on account of my merits, but because of Thy infinite mercy. And this mercy I now implore in the name of Thy precious blood." Commending her soul to God in the very words of the crucified Saviour, her face radiant as an angel's, she bowed her head and expired.

Knowing what would be the grief and excitement of the Roman people, who regarded Catherine as a great friend as well as a saint, and wishing to indulge their own sorrow undisturbed, her disciples kept secret what had happened until the next day (April 30), when the saint's body, having been enclosed in a coffin of cypress wood, was carried on Stefano Maconi's shoulders into the church of the Minerva. Soon the concourse of people became so great that danger was apprehended, and the body was placed in the chapel of S. Dominick, the railings of which were closed. Stefano and the other disciples and companions kept guard there with pious care, until, three days after her death, the obsequies were performed with great solemnity by command of the Pope, and Catherine of Siena was temporarily interred in the cemetery adjoining the church. Some days later, Giovanni Cenci, to testify the veneration and gratitude of the Roman citizens had another funeral service conducted with senatorial and civic splendour.

And then began that life of earthly immortality which the veneration of the Church and the affection of the people can bestow. In a wonderfully short time her name was made known in distant countries and devotion to her became general. Her disciples—many of them occupying a high position in the Church and in the various Orders to which they belonged, and not a few so saintly in their life as to be ranked among the "Blessed"—spread her fame wherever they went. That regal character which commanded the loyal devotion of all who approached her; that truly liberal soul which understood and sympathised with every state and condition of Christian life; that affluent nature in which the great acknowledged an equal and the lowly recognized a friend, was certain to leave a memory of which time would only test the endurance. Long before her canonization most of the cities of Italy kept her anniversary as a day of special devotion and popular festivity; and memoirs written of her, and transcripts of her writings reached even to such remote places as Nuremberg, Prague, Treves, Hungary, and England. When the schism had ceased and peace was restored to the Church, the canonization of S. Catherine, long

delayed by the troubles of the times, was proceeded with. To Pius II. (Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini) it was a source of pure delight, as he himself says in the Bull of canonization, that the sanctity of the Virgin of Siena should be proclaimed by her fellow-citizen occupying the chair of Peter. Petitions had been addressed to the Holy See from many states and from distant lands praying that religious homage to Catherine of Siena should be permitted without longer delay, on account of the great devotion with which she was regarded by the people. Among the petitioners were Frederick Augustus, Emperor of the Romans, and Paschal, Doge of Venice.

As time went on, the glorious arts of Italy, the masterpieces of Fra Bartolomeo and of Sodoma, and the productions of the later Sienese School, made the form of the saint and the attributes which typify her spirit or recall the incidents of her life—the crown of thorns, the lantern, the lily, and the book—familiar to the admiring eye. The Aldine edition of her letters, and Gigli's collection of her works, annotated with extraordinary copiousness and care by the Jesuit Father Burlamacchi, render testimony to the literary and historic value of her written remains. Florence and Siena, when nothing else was left to quarrel over, fiercely fought about the place her works should hold in the literature of Italy. But this contest of taste, and strife of words, served only to attract the more attention to the noble teaching and pure style of one who was a peace-maker indeed.

And in our own day—history repeating itself—Catherine's name has been invoked in a way that sends a thrill of emotion through the heart. When the clouds gathering over Pius the Ninth's inheritance darkened the horizon; and cities and territories of the Church's patrimony were filched away; and treachery withdrew one by one the earthly supports of the Pontifical throne; Catherine, who had supported Gregory in that momentous hour at Avignon, and had been summoned by Urban to stand beside him in his dereliction, was called once more to the City of the Apostles. In the month of April, 1866, the Senator and Conservators committed themselves to the protection of S. Catherine of Siena, and the Sovereign Pontiff proclaimed her co-protectress of the city of Rome.

Thus through the centuries the name of the Seraphic Virgin remains on the lips and in the hearts of the Christian people. From the troubled earth to her heavenly home voices, strong, piercing, and harmonious, ascend to her day by day: the call of the Church, the prayers of the just, the cry of sinners:—

"Ora pia Virgo et intercede pro nobis ad Deum."

AN ARCHBISHOP'S REQUIEM.*

A DARK mist hangs o'er the distant plain,
 Where the weeping clouds by the Galtees rest ;
 And the soft chimes ring out a sad, low strain,
 Like the undertone of a heart oppressed.
 Through the hush and gloom of the quiet town
 Men come and go with bated breath :
 They come and they go with heads bowed down,
 Where the Prelate lies in the sleep of death.

Oh ! the worth and depth of the lofty mind,
 And the great heart cold and pulseless there,
 And the scholar's crown round the brow entwined
 With a gentle grace and a glory rare.
 Oh ! the father kind and the true friend gone,
 And the saintly soul that is passed away,
 And the mitred brow that with beauty shone
 From the priestly life that is lost to-day.

The waters moan by the palace walls,
 The burthened winds by the altar sigh ;
 And " *for ever gone,*" still the soft chime calls,
 And " *for ever gone,*" still the sad heart's cry.
 There's a pallid moon in the midday sky,
 And a sullen grey robes the heavens' dim ;
 And the withered leaves by the beech shade lie,
 Like the broken hopes laid there with him.

His name was great in the churches wide,
 And his love in his people's heart was deep,
 And lying low now is Cashel's pride,
 Where the women cry and the strong men weep.
 And yet not to-day while the hot tears flow,
 But in years to come we shall miss him more,
 And the memory dearer with time will grow,
 Of the nature great to its inmost core.

* The Most Reverend Patrick Leahy, D.D.; Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, died on the 26th of January, 1875, in his 69th year, and was buried on the 3rd of February near the high altar of his Cathedral of Thurles, which he had raised to the glory of God and filled with the most precious marbles. He was holy, zealous, learned, and accomplished, beloved and revered by his priests and people, and by very many far and wide. *Cujus anima in refrigerium.*

They'll come from the North and the East along
In purple robes for the solemn prayer ;
From the rock-bound West and the South they'll throng—
Yet how few like him in the calm sleep there !
“ *Oh! for ever gone!* ” is the heart's sad cry,
And “ *for ever gone!* ” is the bell's refrain,
And the burthened winds still bear it by
To the weeping clouds o'er the distant plain.

In the vast cathedral draped full deep
They are sadly making the place he'll dwell,
'Neath the altar's shade where he wished to sleep,
At the Master's feet he had served so well.
And oh ! let the soft earth gently fall
O'er the tender heart, while the prayers arise ;
And “ *for ever gone!* ” still the soft chimes call,
And “ *for ever gone!* ” still the mourner cries.

Feb. 3, 1875.

M. M. R.

A PEARL IN DARK WATERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “TYBORNE,” ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE evening shades were beginning to gather, the sun in all its glory was about to sink in the horizon, when a travelling carriage, covered with mud and dust and drawn by tired horses, slowly rumbled through the streets of the little town of Paray le Monial and halted before the convent of the Saintes Maries, as the Visitation nuns were then called. From the coach three persons descended ; and when they had entered the parlour and thrown off their travelling gear, we might recognise our three friends—Henriette de Marigny, Alethea Howard, and Marguerite.

A grille with open bars ran along one side of the room ; and in a few minutes the curtain was withdrawn, and the Mère de Sau-maise, then reverend mother, welcomed the strangers : “ Not strangers to me,” said she, “ but long ago taken into my heart, since from the letters of our good Father de la Colombière you are well known to me. And are you really all come hither to join our community ? ”

“ Such is our wish and desire, reverend mother,” answered

Henriette; "but speaking chiefly for myself, I feel that it will be a wonderful grace if God indeed finds me worthy of such a state."

"Well," said Mère de Saumaise, "the first thing is to give you the rest you all need after your long journey. Our extern sisters will take care of you, and to-morrow we shall meet again."

On the following day the three friends were admitted within the enclosure; and after visiting the nuns' choir, the reverend mother led them into the garden. This garden was large and well laid out with walks and alleys: a peaceful spot where the soul could raise herself from the troubles of earth and soar away in thought awhile to the heavenly garden where one day she shall rest at her will.

As the Superior and her companions pursued their path, they saw a nun in the distance pacing slowly along. As they drew near her, Mère de Saumaise spoke. "Sister Margaret Mary," she said; and the Religious instantly came to her side. With feelings of mingled curiosity and awe the three travellers gazed on the face of her, to whom, as they knew, Father de la Colombière believed our Lord had spoken. There was no natural beauty in the features, no signs of rare intellect or genius written on the brow, but the eyes were lustrous with a light from some hidden source. The friends said to themselves, as we all have said at some time or another in our lives when we have met a saint: "Those eyes have seen God." Just now those eyes of Margaret Mary were raised to the face of her Superior to learn her bidding with the mild, wistful gaze of a little child.

"Sister," said the mother, "greet these strangers; they have journeyed far. Two are of English blood, the other hath sojourned long in England, and all are the spiritual children of our honoured Father de la Colombière."

Sister Margaret's face was lit up with a smile so bright and radiant that it made her features absolutely beautiful. "I will leave them awhile with you, Sister," continued the Superior, "for I have press of occupation. Do you lead them to the *bosquet* hard by, where I know you love to sit, and entertain them as best you may."

Under the shade of the little *bosquet* or bower was a rough seat on which the little group placed themselves and began to speak of Father de la Colombière and his life in London. With tender interest the nun listened. And when they spoke of Father de la Colombière's sermons, and how by his means the devotion to the Sacred Heart had been taught and was beginning to take root in England, her pale face lit up with such a glow of love, of joy, and of triumph, the travellers gazed in wonder. A mother who hears that the head of her only child is crowned with the laurels he has won, the wife of one whom the world delighteth to honour, is not so full of joy and exultation as this gentle creature, and passionate lover of Jesus Christ.

The generation among whom she lived was stiffnecked and perverse. England was lost to the faith—Ireland trodden down under the oppressor's foot—France sowing the crop of vice, worldliness, cruelty to the poor, neglect of God, that were a century later to bring forth a bitter harvest. There were many cold hearts around, even in the sanctuary and cloister; but within this virgin soul a divine fire had been lit which was to inflame the whole Christian world. Here was one at least who did indeed know how to love much. On every side spread the waters dark and drear; but amid the waste of sin, of coldness, of neglect, a pearl, whose lustre the whole world was one day to admire, shone brightly like a star.

During the next few days the three friends sought each in turn private interviews with Sister Margaret. She, being commanded by her Superior to speak to each her mind, did so. Both Henriette de Marigny and Alethea Howard entered the noviciate. Marguerite took up her abode in the out-quarters of the convent determining to spend a certain time in prayer and reflection on her future course.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE infamous work of Titus Oates had now fairly begun, and the panic with which the people who boast especially of common sense are wont to be seized by fits and starts, ran riot in the kingdom. Another gunpowder plot, only more insidious, more deadly, and more widespread, was declared by Titus Oates to be nipped in the bud; and public opinion loudly demanded the punishment of those whom this villain without character or a shadow of proof accused as he would.

Father de la Colombière spent much time alone in his room. Since the commencement of the uproar he had, at the request of the Duchess of York, rarely quitted his apartments save to go to the chapel. After the arrest of his Provincial and brethren, the dispersion of the nuns, and the terror and distress among Catholics, the father had redoubled his prayers and penances. If, using our privilege as an historian, we venture to look into his sleeping chamber, which adjoined the room where he sat and received visitors, we might fancy ourselves in the cell of an anchorite. The room was perfectly bare. A few planks formed the bed. Underneath them were concealed rude instruments of penance. Often nearly the whole night was spent by him in vigils, and on one occasion shortly after the departure of the nuns from the Grange, the father was so wrapt in prayer that the hours fled by unnoticed. He did not hear heavy steps ascending the stairs and pacing the corridor till at last a violent knocking at the door aroused him. He had not time to do more than rise from his

knees when the door was rudely burst open, and about a dozen soldiers, headed by an officer, rushed into the room. With perfect composure Father de la Colombière gazed at them.

"Surrender in the king's name," cried the officer, striking the priest rudely on the shoulder. "You are summoned before the Parliament of England, you foul conspirator, you hatcher of plots against the weal of king and kingdom!"

The man's face was scowling with rage; his teeth gnashed together as he spoke. Father de la Colombière recognised Philip Engleby, and a prayer like unto the Divine "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do," went up to heaven from the priest's heart.

"Can I take anything with me?" demanded he, gently.

"Nothing," cried Philip, furiously. "All your papers shall be examined, and your villainy made plain. You are unmasked at last, sir; and now," he added in a low hiss, "I have my revenge."

The father bowed his head. "Lead on," he said, "I am ready."

Philip gave the signal, and the party moved out. Thirteen or more soldiers were there to guard one fragile looking, delicate priest. Philip kept close by his side, muttering, as he strode along, oaths, curses, and abuse of all kinds. Like his Master, the confessor for His name was silent, but with every blasphemy which wounded the Heart of Jesus as it fell from the lips of a creature He had died to redeem, rose up an act of reparation from a being whom that same redemption had made a saint.

Along the silent, deserted streets they went, often stumbling on their way into holes and ruts, for the light thrown from the torch carried by a soldier cast an uncertain gleam. Father de la Colombière was greatly exhausted when the party reached Newgate. He was thrust into a cell, the door locked upon him, and he was left alone in the darkness in a small, damp, and perfectly unfurnished room. He sank on his knees, but weakness overpowered him, and he was compelled to lie down. The damp of the place struck his always delicate lungs like a knife. A violent fit of coughing ensued; and when he removed the handkerchief from his mouth it was stained with blood.

When the day came he was visited by the gaoler. Bread and water were served out to him; and in the course of the day a wooden stool and a sack of straw were given for his use. He was allowed no light save the glimmer of day that flickered in through a narrow slit in the wall; no writing materials, no means of communication with his friends. Fortunately he had in his pocket his Breviary; and thus in vocal and mental prayer the first days of his captivity passed away.

On the third day he was brought before Parliament. The Chamber was crowded with members; and, as the prisoner was brought in, a sea of faces confronted him. Many were dark with

fury, others were full of scorn. There was not one pitying glance as the slight form of the priest, all covered with the dust and dirt of his prison, stood before them.

What a victim he seemed in the gaze of that stately assembly—feeble in body, of another race than theirs, poor and friendless, for none dared to raise a voice in his favour. Why does he not tremble before them? Does he not know his fate is in their hands? He stands without support—not defiant, but as one who has nothing to fear—not downcast, but as one whose soul is anchored in peace. There is no contempt or triumph in his look, and yet men feel he is their master. There is a calm majesty they cannot subdue. They can kill the body,—no hard task to complete the work that penance and mortification have begun. They can soon destroy that fragile frame which is but like “a lamp to hold a soul.” But they cannot conquer the spirit. Among them even now he is a king.

Father de la Colombière being placed at the bar, an indictment was read declaring he was involved in a conspiracy to dethrone King Charles, place the Duke of York on the throne, and establish the Popish religion in the country.

“Guilty or not guilty?” said the Clerk of Arraignment.

“Not guilty,” answered the prisoner.

Titus Oates now made his appearance, a short, stout man with greasy complexion and ferretlike eyes. Cunning and perfidy were written on his face. The sound of his oily voice was enough to proclaim there was no truth in him. But men’s eyes and ears were blinded and dulled by prejudice, or as we may well believe in these insane panics against the Church of God, they were temporarily possessed by the father of lies.

So the foul tongue went on its way, and the Jesuit listened in silence while he was accused of words and deeds foreign to his nature, his religion, and his rule. A light had been seen burning at midnight in his chamber, the window of which looked on the Place of St. James. It denoted meetings of conspirators. His steps had been tracked to and from a lonely farm-house near May Fair. The house had been searched and was found empty; but some morsels of torn, half-burnt paper picked up gave evidence it had been the haunt of traitors. It was believed that several hundred persons had been reconciled to the Popish religion by this man. Titus further deposed that a young Frenchman, a native of Dauphiné, would give important evidence against the prisoner; and accordingly Arsène came forward.

The prisoner had done his utmost to pervert him, he said. He had offered him gold for this end. He placed him in a small house in Ave Maria-lane, where certain other Jesuits abode. They fed him well and clothed him, requiring in return that he should assist in the household work and study certain Popish books. The prisoner often came to the house and had induced

Arsène to confess to him. Other persons also came to confess to him—gentlemen and ladies of high degree. Arsène knew it was confession, for he peeped through the key-hole and saw these persons on their knees. When he confessed to the prisoner, he was counselled by him that it was a good thing to kill the king, as then the Duke of York would succeed, and the Catholic faith triumph. He was urged also to assassinate many other noble personages.

These words caused a great sensation in the House; and the prisoner, for the first time making any movement, turned his eyes on Arsène. The young man flushed painfully and turned away his head. Titus Oates whispered in his ear, and he answered by an impatient gesture.

The Lord Chancellor, however, now spoke. "We have heard enough. Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say in your defence?"

"The charges, my lord, laid against me, are mainly false."

"Oh! *mainly*," cried one knot of peers; "not wholly or entirely."

"What matter what the knave saith?" exclaimed another; "know we not these villains are trained to lie?"

"Pass sentence on him, my lord," cried a third; "hanging is too good for folks like these."

"Hold!" exclaimed an old man who had not hitherto spoken; "have a care what you are about. This man is a Frenchman, and what will King Louis say to us?"

The remark struck home. A whispered consultation went on for a few minutes; and the Father was ordered back to prison.

CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

III. EXPEDITION TO WEXFORD.

IMMEDIATELY after the capture of Drogheda, Cromwell returned with his army to Dublin. The inhabitants of the city received him with demonstrations of joy; he had earned their gratitude by delivering them from all danger of an attack by a Papist army, and by relieving them from many of the oppressive burthens to which they had been subjected before his coming to Ireland. Winter was fast approaching, and no time should be lost, if the southern part of the island was to be subdued. Besides, it was of the utmost importance to follow up the blow that had been struck so successfully at Drogheda, and to prevent by rapid action the union of the scattered forces of the Irish, which a sense of the common

danger could hardly fail to bring about. Charles II., some months before proclaimed King by the Scots, had left St. Germain and come to Jersey, "to be so much the nearer Ireland in case he should be advised to go thither;" Prince Rupert was at Kinsale with sixteen frigates of the royal fleet, well equipped and ready for sea, awaiting orders to set sail and escort the King. Ormonde urged Charles to put himself at the head of the royalist army. "The rebels are strong in their numbers," he writes to the King, September 27th, 1649, "exalted with success, abundantly provided with all necessities, likely to want for nothing that England can afford them; and in the pride of all this, are either marched out, or ready to march to pursue their victories. On the other side, to withstand them, our numbers are inferior, discouraged with misfortunes, hardly and uncertainly provided for, the people weary of their burthens, wavering in their affections, and our towns defenceless against any considerable attempt. I hold it, therefore, absolutely necessary for your Majesty to appear here in person. The preservation of any footing in this kingdom can be in no other way hoped for." But the chief reason why he wished for the King's coming was, that, the supreme power, civil and military, being in the hands of one person, the conduct of public affairs should no longer be clogged by the divided counsels of the twelve Commissioners who had been appointed to carry on with him the government of the country.

As soon as Ormonde learned that Cromwell intended to march southwards, he left his quarters at Portlester, near Trim, and a week after encamped at Graig, in the county Kilkenny; here he was joined by 1,000 foot and 300 horse, under Major-General Luke Taaffe, whom the Marquis of Clanrickarde had sent to his assistance from Connaught.

Owen Roe O'Neill had agreed to unite his forces with those of Ormonde, for "the Marquis," says Carte, no friend of O'Neill's, "had a very advantageous opinion as well of his honour, constancy, and good sense, as of his military skill; from which he hoped as much advantage to the King's service as he did from the strength of his troops." By the treaty proposed by Heber M'Mahon, Bishop of Clogher, and assented to with joy by the officers, O'Neill promised to join Ormonde with 6,000 foot and 500 horse at Carrickmacross, in the beginning of September. It was only at the end of that month that he began his march to the south; advancing "much later and slower with his army than he otherwise would have done, by reason of his illness; a defluxion in his knee, which was so extremely painful that he could neither ride nor endure to be carried in a horse litter, though he still flattered himself that he might recover so far as to be able to place himself at the head of his army, which he was infinitely fond of doing. The complaint was imputed to poison from a pair of russet boots sent him as a present from a gentleman of the name

of Plunket, in the county of Louth, who afterwards boasted that he had done the English an eminent piece of service by despatching O'Neill out of the world." From Derry, where he was first attacked by this fatal disease, about the middle of August, he was conveyed to Ballyhaise, and afterwards to Cloghoughter, a castle of the O'Reillys in Cavan; there he died on the 6th of November—"the best general the Irish ever had," says Schomberg's secretary, Dr. George. He had in truth all the qualities that constitute 'a leader of men;' a clear, sound judgment; bravery in the field; skill in profiting of every advantage offered by the enemy; caution which left nothing to chance, and earned for him from our historians the title of the Irish Fabius. Ever intent on the welfare of his country and religion, he rose high above the jealousies and intrigues that surrounded him; and in nothing did he show more magnanimity than in the noble self-denial that made him sink his own greatness, and follow the leadership of those whom he knew to be his inferiors. He had learned the science of war and won the highest distinction in the Spanish service. On his return to Ireland, in 1642, he was welcomed with joy, and the unanimous voice of the Irish people called on him to be their leader:

"Owen Roe—our own O'Neill;
He treads once more our land—
The sword in his hand is Spanish steel,
But the hand is an Irish hand."*

Father Luke Wadding sent to him from Rome the sword of his ancestor, the great Red Hugh, "that had rifted the field like lightning at Beal-an-atha-buidhe,"†—and well and bravely did he wield it for faith and for fatherland. In the forty battles which he had fought against the English, only once did he suffer defeat. At the battle of Benburb—gained with far inferior numbers by his skill and gallantry—over 3,000 Scots were left on the field, and many more were slain in the pursuit. "The Lord hath rubbed shame on our faces, till we are humbled," writes their General Monroe. On the side of the Irish only seventy fell. The colours which were taken from the enemy, thirty-two in number, he sent to the Pope's Nuncio in Limerick. They were borne in solemn procession to St. Mary's Cathedral, where a *Te Deum* was sung in the Nuncio's presence in thanksgiving for the success that the God of Hosts had granted to "the Catholic army."‡ Had the Confederate leaders

(*) See Aubrey de Vere's "Inisfail."

(†) The Mouth of the Yellow Ford: see "Life of Hugh O'Neill" by John Mitchel, p. 137, and "The Confederation of Kilkenny," by the Rev. C. P. Meehan.

(‡) On the evening of the 13th of June, 1648, news of the victory arrived in Limerick, and Father O'Hartigan conveyed to the Nuncio thirty-two ensigns and the great standard of the cavalry. Monsignor then ordered that public thanks should be offered up in the following manner:—The next day at four o'clock p.m. the

united with him then, and allowed him to follow up this victory; or even now had he been able to meet Cromwell before the walls of Drogheda, or to carry out the plan of defence which he urged Ormonde to adopt, viz., to avoid an engagement unless at a great advantage, and to defend the mountain passes of Wicklow and retard the enemy's advance until the winter should set in; like his Roman model—

“ Whose wise delay
Restored the fortune of the day,”

he might have saved his country. But it was not to be. Finding himself unable to advance, he ordered General Richard Farrell, his favourite officer, to take 4,000 men and march with all possible haste to the help of Ormonde. The country through which they had to pass was full of marshes and lakes; and supplies were so difficult to be had that the men were obliged to scatter themselves far and wide; their advance was in consequence so much retarded that it was only on the 25th of October they reached Kilkenny.

Cromwell returned to Dublin on the 16th of September. A week after he set out on his expedition to the south with 7,000 foot and 2,000 horse. “He had published, before leaving Dublin,” says Carte, “a proclamation forbidding his soldiers under pain of death to hurt any of the inhabitants, or to take anything from them without paying for it ready money. This being strictly observed, and assurances being given that they were for the liberties of the commoners; that everybody should enjoy the liberty of their religion; that those who served the market at the camp should pay no contribution: all the country people flocked to his camp with all kinds of provisions, and due payment being made for the same, his army was much better supplied than ever any of the Irish had been.” He chose the route along the coast, in order to have the support of his ships in case he needed it, and to secure, by the capture and garrisoning of the seaports, direct communication at all times with England. A detailed account of the movements of the army is given in his letter to the Speaker of the Parliament of England, written from Wexford on the 14th of October, 1649:—

“The army marched from Dublin about the 23rd of September

trophies were brought in procession from the Church of St. Francis, where they had been deposited, preceded by all the militia of Limerick armed with muskets. Next came the ensigns, borne by the nobles of the city. The Nuncio followed with the Archbishop of Cashel and the Bishops of Limerick, Clonfert and Ardfer; and after them came the Supreme Council, with the prelates and magistrates in their robes of state. The people were collected in the streets and at the windows; as soon as the trophies arrived at the cathedral, the *Te Deum* was intoned by the Nuncio, who, after the customary prayers, gave the solemn benediction. The next morning High Mass was offered *pro gratiarum actione* by the Dean of Fermo in presence of the same bishops and magistrates” (See “Rinuccini's Embassy in Ireland,” p. 175).

into the county of Wicklow, where the enemy had a garrison about fourteen miles from Dublin, at Killincarrick, which they quitting, a company of the army was put therein. From thence the army marched through a desolated country until it came to a passage over the river Darragh, about a mile above the Castle of Arklow, which was the first seat and honour of the Marquis of Ormonde's family, which he had strongly fortified. But it was, upon the approach of the army, abandoned; in it we left another company of foot.

"From thence the army marched towards Wexford; where in the way was a strong and large castle, at a town called Limbrick, the ancient seat of the Esmonds; where the enemy had a strong garrison; this they burnt and abandoned, the day before our coming thither. From thence we marched towards Ferns, an episcopal seat, where there was a castle, to which I sent Colonel Reynolds with a party to summon it. Which accordingly he did, and it was surrendered to him; having put a company there, we advanced the army to a passage over the river Slaney, which runs down to Wexford; and that night we marched into the fields of a village called Enniscorthy, belonging to Mr. Robert Wallop, where there was a strong castle well manned and provided for by the enemy; and close under, a very fair house belonging to the same worthy person, a monastery of Franciscan Friars, the most considerable in all Ireland; they ran away the night before we came. We summoned the castle, and the garrison refused to yield at first; but upon a better consideration they were willing to deliver the place to us; which accordingly they did, leaving their great guns, arms, ammunition, and provisions."

Enniscorthy was part of the territory given by Strongbow to Maurice de Prendergast, one of his companions in arms; he built the castle. The manor afterwards came into the possession of the M'Morroughs, and was given by Donald Cavenagh, surnamed the Brown, head of the sept, to the Franciscan Monastery which he had founded in 1460 for Friars minor of the strict observance. After the dissolution of the religious houses, it was bestowed by Queen Elizabeth on Sir Henry Wallop, knight, Treasurer at War to the Queen in Ireland. The "worthy person" who at this time dwelt in the "fair house," was his grandson; he had been member for Andover, one of the judges presiding at the trial of Charles I., and member of the Council of State. After the Restoration he was sentenced to be imprisoned for life in the Tower of London, where he died in 1667. His great-grandson was created Earl of Portsmouth in 1743. His descendant—an absentee—has at the present moment an income of £14,000 a year from his Enniscorthy estate.

On Saturday, September 29th, the Parliamentary fleet appeared off the harbour of Wexford; and the second day after, October 1st, Cromwell with his army encamped before the walls. The possession of this town was most important to him. It was

through it principally that the Confederates obtained the necessary supplies of arms and ammunition, and communicated with their friends in foreign countries; for its inhabitants, guided by their faithful Bishop, Nicholas French, had never for a moment wavered in devotion to their country and religion. There too he would find in its commodious harbour secure anchorage for his fleet. The "intelligence he had in the town," made him hope that its capture would be an easy task. "Hugh Rochfort," says Carte, "a lawyer, Recorder of the town, was now in correspondence with Cromwell, through Mr. Nicholas Loftus, who was at this time a very active instrument in engaging all the inhabitants of the town to be subservient to Cromwell's purposes. Rochfort carried on the same work with still greater artifice, pretending to be zealous for the Irish cause; and having done all he could to intimidate the townsmen and persuade them to capitulate, he quitted the place upon Cromwell's approach, and retired with his goods to the fort of Passage, letting them see by that action his own terror, and inviting them to follow his example."

Ormonde was aware of these intrigues, and had given notice to the inhabitants of their danger. He ordered his army to march to Ross; and went with only his own retinue and attendants to Duncannon, and thence to Ross. Lord Castlehaven was sent to examine the defences of the town and to provide whatever would be needed for its security. But the townsmen distrusted Ormonde. They knew that often before he had treated with the enemy; that he had even surrendered the capital to them. Nor was their confidence in him increased when they heard that he had made common cause with Inchiquin, who had sacked Cashel and slaughtered 3,000 of his fellow-countrymen there. No wonder then that they did not wish to admit his troops, and that they preferred to trust to their own arms and to the justice of their cause. It was only when the fleet appeared before the town that they accepted David Synnott, Lieutenant-Colonel of Preston's regiment, as governor; "and if Sir Edmund Butler," says Carte, "had not come himself, they would have opposed Synnott's entrance with his men."

The second day after his arrival before the town Cromwell summoned it to surrender. We will give the correspondence which took place between him and the governor.

(1.) "*To the Commander-in-Chief of the town of Wexford.*"

"Before Wexford, 3rd October, 1649.

"SIR,—Having brought the army belonging to the Parliament of England to this place, to reduce it to its due obedience, that effusion of blood may be prevented, and the town and country about it preserved from ruin, I thought fit to summon you to deliver the same to me, to the use of the State of England. By this offer I hope it will clearly appear where the guilt will lie, if innocent persons should come to suffer with the guilty. I expect your speedy answer, and rest, Sir, your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

(2.) *"For the Lord General Cromwell.**"Wexford, 3rd October, 1649.*

"SIR,—I received your letters of summons for the delivery of this town into your hands, which stands not with my honour to do myself, neither will I take it upon me, without the advice of the rest of the officers, and mayor of this Corporation; this town being of so great consequence to all Ireland. These I will call together and confer with, and return my resolution to you to-morrow by twelve o'clock. In the meantime if you are so pleased, I am content to forbear all acts of hostility provided you permit no approach to be made. Expecting your answer in that particular, I remain, my lord, your lordship's servant,

"D. SINNOTT."(3.) *"To the Commander-in-Chief of the town of Wexford.**"Before Wexford, 3rd October, 1649.*

"SIR,—I am contented to expect your resolution by 12 o'clock to-morrow morning. Because our tents are not so good a covering as your houses, and for other reasons, I cannot agree to a cessation. I rest your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."(4.) *"For the Lord General Cromwell.**"Wexford, 4th October, 1649.*

"SIR,—I have advised with the mayor and officers, as I promised; and I am content that four whom I shall employ may have a conference with four of yours, to see if any agreement may be begot between us. To this purpose I desire you to send mine a safe-conduct, as I do hereby promise to send to yours when you send me their names. And I pray that the meeting may be had to-morrow at 8 o'clock in the forenoon, that they may have sufficient time to confer together and determine the matter; and that the meeting and place may be agreed upon, and the safe conduct mutually sent for the said meeting this afternoon. Expecting your answer hereto, I rest, my lord, your servant,

"D. SINNOTT."

"P.S.—Send me the names of your agents, their qualities and degrees. Those I fix upon are—Major James Byrne, Major Theobald Dillon, Alderman Nicholas Chevers, and Mr. William Stafford."

(5.) *"To the Commander-in-Chief of the town of Wexford.**"Before Wexford, 4th October, 1649.*

"SIR,—Having summoned you to deliver the town of Wexford into my hands, I might well expect the surrender of it, and not a formal treaty; which is seldom granted but where the things stand upon a more equal footing. If, therefore, you or the town have any conditions to offer, upon which you will surrender the place to me, I shall be able to judge of the reasonableness of them when they are made known to me; wherefore, if you shall think fit to send the persons named in your last, entrusted by yourself and the town, by whom I may understand your desires, I shall give you a speedy and fitting answer. And I do hereby engage myself that they shall return in safety to you. I expect your answer to this within an hour; and rest your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

(6.) "*For the Lord General Cromwell.*"

"Wexford, 4th October, 1649.

"SIR,—I have returned you a civil answer, to the best of my judgment, and thereby I find you undervalue me and this place so much, that you think to have it surrendered without capitulation or honorable terms, as appears by the hour's limitation in your last. Sir, had I never a man in this town but the townsmen and the artillery here planted, I should conceive myself in a very fitting condition to make honorable conditions. And having a very considerable party along with them in the place, I am resolved to die honorably, or make such conditions as may secure my honour and life in the eyes of my own party. To which reasonable terms if you listen not, or give me not time to send my agents till 8 o'clock in the forenoon to-morrow, with my propositions, with a further safe-conduct, I leave you to your better judgment, and myself to the assistance of the Almighty; and so conclude. Your servant,

"D. SINNOTT."

(7.) "*For the Lord General Cromwell.*"

"Wexford, 5th October, 1649.

"SIR,—My propositions being now prepared, I am ready to send my agents with them to you. And for their safe return, I pray you to send a safe-conduct by the bearer to me,—in hope an honorable agreement may thereupon arise between your lordship and,—my lord, your lordship's servant,

"D. SINNOTT."

While these letters were passing between the commanders, Cromwell, on the 4th of October, despatched Lieutenant Colonel Jones with a party of dragoons to capture a fort which lay at the mouth of the harbour, about ten miles from the town. The garrison at their approach abandoned it, leaving behind seven large guns, and went on board a frigate that lay in the harbour within reach of the guns. The dragoons immediately took possession of the fort, and turned the guns against the frigate; the fleet also came to their help, and the frigate was obliged to yield, as well as another small vessel that had been sent from the town to her assistance.

Meantime he was investing the town closely on the south and west. At the sight of such formidable preparations the magistrates asked Ormonde for a stronger reinforcement; he sent Lord Castlehaven with another Ulster regiment 1,500 strong under Lord Iveagh to their relief; they passed over the ferry near Ballentrenna and entered the town, which was still open on that side. After their arrival Sinnott sent the following despatch:—

(8.) "*For the Lord General Cromwell.*"

"Wexford, 5th October, 1649.

"MY LORD,—Just as I was ready to send out my agents to you, the Lord General of the Horse came hither with a relief, to whom I communicated the proceedings between your lordship and me, and delivered to him the propositions I intended to despatch to your lordship. He has desired a short time to consider them and to send them to me. This, my lord, I could not deny, he having a commanding power over me.

"Pray, my lord, don't believe that I do this to trifle out time ; but for his consent. And if I find any long delay on his lordship returning them to me, I will proceed of myself according to my first intention. To which, I beseech your lordship, give credit ; at the request, my lord, of your lordship's ready servant,

"D. SINNOTT."

(9.) "*To the Commander-in-Chief of the town of Wexford.*"

"Wexford, 6th October, 1649.

"SIR,—You might have spared your trouble in the account you give me of your transaction with the Lord General of your Horse, and of your resolution in case he answers not your expectation in point of time. These are your own concerns, and it behoves you to improve the relief you mention to your best advantage. All that I have to say is, to desire you to take notice that I do hereby revoke my safe-conduct from the persons mentioned therein. When you shall see cause to treat, you may send for another. I rest, sir, your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

On the 6th October, having landed his artillery and stores, he began to erect a battery that would command the ferry and prevent all communication by it with the town. "The governor," says Carte, "notwithstanding the strong party he had lately received, was in some apprehensions for the place, on account of a scarcity of provisions ; but if a body of 500 men more with victuals were sent, he made no question of defending it against the enemy, who began already to suffer for want of forage. Ormonde resolved to attempt the relief of the place in person ; leaving General Taaffe with a Connaught regiment to garrison Ross, he advanced with the rest of his army, and on the night of the 9th he crossed the Slaney, and reached the ferry on the north side of the town. Sir Edmund Butler succeeded in entering the town with 500 foot and 100 horse ; on account of his great experience and well known bravery he was appointed military governor.

Early in the morning of the 11th, the batteries of the besieging army began to play ; their quarters had been removed to the south east end of the town, near the castle, which stood outside the walls. They resolved to direct the whole strength of their artillery against the castle, being persuaded that if they captured it, the town would easily follow.

When about a hundred shots were fired, the governor asked to parley ; he wished for leave for four persons chosen by him to go out and offer terms of surrender.

(10.) "*For the Lord General Cromwell.*"

"Wexford, 11th October, 1649.

"SIR,—In performance of my last, I desire your lordship to send me a safe-conduct for Major Theobald Dillon, Major James Byrne, Alderman Nicholas Chevers, and Captain James Stafford, whom I will send to your lordship instructed with my desires. And so I rest, my lord, your servant,

"D. SINNOTT."

"Which desire I condescending to," says Cromwell in the letter to the Speaker of the Parliament, "two field officers with an alderman of the town and the captain of the castle, brought out the following propositions, which for their abominableness, manifesting also the impudence of the men, I thought fit to present to your view, together with my answer."

"The propositions of Colonel David Sinnott, Governor of the town and castle of Wexford, for and on behalf of the officers, soldiers, and inhabitants in the said town and castle, to General Cromwell:—

"1. That all the inhabitants of the town at all times hereafter shall have free liberty publicly to exercise and profess the Roman Catholic religion, without restriction or penalty.

"2. That the regular and secular Roman Catholic clergy now possessed of the churches, church livings, monasteries, religious houses and chapels in the said town, and in the suburbs and franchises, and their successors, shall hold and enjoy for ever the said churches, &c., and shall teach and preach in them publicly, without any molestation.

"3. That Nicholas, now Lord Bishop of Ferns, and his successors, shall exercise such jurisdiction over the Catholics of his diocese as since his consecration hitherto he used.

"4. That all the officers and soldiers in the said town and castle, and such of the inhabitants as are so pleased, shall march with flying colours, and be conveyed safe with their lives, artillery, ordnance, ammunition, arms, goods of all sorts, horses, moneys, and whatever else belongs to them, to the town of Ross, there to be left safe with their own party; allowing each musketeer towards their march a pound of powder, four yards of match, and twelve brace of bullets; and a strong convoy to be sent with the said soldiers, within twenty-four hours after the yielding up of the said town.

"5. That such of the inhabitants as will desire to leave the town at any time hereafter, shall have free liberty to carry away all their frigates, artillery, arms, powder, corn, malt, and other provisions which they have for their defence and sustenance, and all their goods and chattels, without any disturbance, and have safe-conducts and convoys for their lives and goods to Ross, or where else they may think fit.

"6. That the mayor, bailiffs, free burgesses, and commons of the said town may hold and enjoy their franchises, liberties and immunities, which they hitherto enjoyed; and may have the government of the said town, as hitherto they enjoyed the same from the realm of England.

"7. That all the burgesses and inhabitants, either native or strangers, of the said town, who shall continue their abode therein, or come to live there within three months, and their heirs shall hold all their several castles, houses, lands, &c., within the land of Ireland, and all their goods and chattels, to them and their heirs for ever without molestation.

"8. That such burgesses or other inhabitants, as shall at any time hereafter be desirous to leave the said town, shall have free leave to dispose of their real and personal estates to their best advantage; and further, have full liberty and safe-conduct to go to England or elsewhere according to their pleasure.

"9. That the inhabitants of the said town, either native or strangers, at all times hereafter, shall have the full liberty of freeborn English subjects, without the least incapacity or restriction therein; and that all the freemen of the said town shall be as free in all the seaports, cities, and towns in England, as the freemen of all the said cities and towns; and the freemen of the said cities and towns to be as free in their said town of Wexford as the freemen thereof, for their greater encouragement to trade together.

"10. That no memory remain of any hostility which was hitherto between the said town and castle on the one part, and the Parliament or State of Eng-

land on the other part; but that all acts, transgressions, offences, depredations, and other crimes, of what nature and quality soever, be they ever so transcendent, attempted or done by the inhabitants of the said town, or any other heretofore or at present adhering to the said town, either native or stranger, shall pass in oblivion, without chastisement, challenge, demand, or questioning of them or any of them, now or at any time hereafter."

(11.) "*For the Commander-in-Chief, in the town of Wexford.*"

"Before Wexford, 11th October, 1649.

"SIR,—I have had the patience to peruse your propositions; to which I might have returned an answer with some disdain. But, to be short,—I shall give the soldiers and noncommissioned officers quarter for life and leave to go to their several habitations, with their wearing clothes; they engaging themselves to take up arms no more against the Parliament of England; and the commissioned officers quarter for their lives, but to render themselves prisoners. And as for the inhabitants, I shall engage myself that no violence shall be offered to their goods, and that I shall protect their town from plunder.

"I expect your positive answer instantly; and if you will upon these terms surrender and quit, and in one hour send to me four officers of the quality of field-officers and two aldermen, for the performance thereof, I shall thereupon forbear all acts of hostility. Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

(*To be continued.*)

THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S. J.

XI. EDUCATION (*continued*).

THE restraint desired and imposed by the Church as regards students or scholars may be reduced to a few heads. First, Catholic scholars are not to be taught any doctrine contrary to that which the Church teaches, either as matter of faith or as certain truth, though not strictly of faith. Secondly—though, indeed, this is contained in what I have put down as first, but is deserving of special mention—Catholic scholars are not to be taught any system or principles of mental philosophy that have been condemned by the Church. Thirdly, Catholic scholars are not to be taught history compiled with a view to undermining the Catholic religion, and interspersed with remarks and reflections directed to this object. Fourthly, Catholic scholars are not to be encouraged, nor even allowed, to read indiscriminately all books they please, or to examine for themselves all that the adversaries of Christianity or Catholicity have written against their faith. Students going through their course are not qualified to deal safely with such authors. They

have neither maturity of judgment nor a stock of information to fit them for an investigation of this kind. I speak thus of students, because I am at present concerned about them; but I would not be understood to imply that such unrestrained research is free from danger in men who have completed their academical training.

I quite understand that the restriction on reading, examining, investigating, appears hard to many of those who are opposed to us in the question of education. They will meet us with that very specious, and, in many circumstances, very fair proverbial counsel, *Audi alteram partem*. But it so happens that this is a counsel which, in its received sense, no Catholic is at liberty to follow with reference to the doctrines of his religion. The saying means that we should suspend our judgment till we hear what has to be said on the other side. Now, as Catholics, we cannot suspend our judgment regarding Catholic truths. If we do look into objections for some good purpose, we must do so with a determination not to yield to them. This may sound hard or illiberal; but it is of the essence of Christian faith.

Fifthly, Catholic scholars are not to be taught religion either as to dogma or as to morals by non-Catholics; because non-Catholics, however otherwise estimable, are not fit and proper organs or mediums of the Catholic Church, from which alone Catholics are to derive their religious knowledge. Sixthly, Catholics are not to be taught religion, even by Catholic masters, otherwise than in subordination to ecclesiastical authority.

These are the restrictions which occur to me. There is also the positive obligation of securing adequate formal and distinct religious instruction for every Catholic scholar, besides what may enter incidentally.

It is on such principles that Catholic parents must act for themselves and for their children. They may have their children educated, highly educated, learnedly educated, taught everything that is worth knowing, but under a protecting guidance. Assuredly, the Church, as I have stated elsewhere,* sets no bounds to speculations in the region of truth, and there is no advantage in learning what is false. It may often be useful to know something about unsound teachings; but this must be done under direction which will prevent their being imbibed.

It will be worth our while, before going further, to direct our attention to some decisions and declarations connected with this matter emanating from competent ecclesiastical authority. In the Syllabus subjoined to the Pope's Encyclical *Quanta cura*, issued on the 8th of December, 1864, we find the following propositions set down for reprobation:—"The whole government of the public schools in which the youth of any Christian State are brought up, with a limited exception in the case of episcopal seminaries, can

* IRISH MONTHLY, Vol. ii., p. 283.

and ought to be assigned to the civil authority, and so assigned that no right be acknowledged on the part of any other authority whatsoever of interfering in the discipline of the schools, in the regulation of the studies, in the conferring of degrees, in the choice or approbation of masters" (n. 45). "Catholics may approve that mode of education of youth which is disjoined from the Catholic faith and the power of the Church, and which concerns itself exclusively, or at least primarily, with the knowledge of natural things and the ends of earthly social life" (n. 48).

In the Encyclical *Quanta cura* itself some errors are proscribed which had not been set down for condemnation in any previous Papal document. Of these the sixth is: "That domestic society, or the family, derives the whole character of its existence from civil law; and therefore from civil law alone flow and depend all the rights of parents over their children, and, in the first place, the right to care for their instruction and education." The seventh is: "That the clergy being, as they are, inimical to the true and useful progress of science and civilization, ought to be removed altogether from the care and office of instructing and educating youth."

The Sacred Congregation of Propaganda disapproved of the Queen's Colleges as *an institution detrimental to religion*, and the Pope concurred in this judgment (Letter of Oct. 9, 1847). The Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, assembled in Dublin in October, 1871, issued a pastoral address to the clergy, secular and regular, and the laity of their flocks, on Irish Education. In this address they treat the subject at considerable length and with great power. I cannot afford to quote largely from it. In order to give in a few words—and those the words of the prelates themselves—their doctrine on mixed and denominational education, I will cite the first and second of a series of resolutions which they state "were passed unanimously by the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, at the meeting at which the foregoing address was adopted."

1. "We hereby declare our unalterable conviction that Catholic education is indispensably necessary for the preservation of the faith and morals of our Catholic people."

2. "In union with the Holy See and the Bishops of the Catholic world, we again renew our often-repeated condemnation of mixed education, as intrinsically and grievously dangerous to faith and morals, and tending to perpetuate disunion, insubordination, and disaffection in this country."

In treating, though briefly, of the relations of the Church to society with regard to education, I may be allowed to allude to the constitutional rights of Irish Catholics as to the realization of the Catholic view. I will lay down and partially develop some principles concerning which, if rightly understood, there cannot be any reasonable dispute.

1. The Catholic religion is fully and thoroughly tolerated in these three kingdoms. Those who profess it enjoy the same civil

rights as any other subjects of the British Crown. I am not forgetting the Established Churches of England and Scotland; fortunately we have done with that of Ireland, though the tithe-rent charge is to be paid for several years yet. I am not forgetting, I say, these Established Churches, which, beyond question, are specially recognized, favoured, and supported at the public expense. We have here a politico-religious inequality, which it is beside my purpose to quarrel with just now. But, in the sense in which I am speaking and expect to be understood, there is constitutionally civil equality—an equality of civil rights—between Catholics on the one side and Anglicans and Scotch Presbyterians on the other. That is to say, an individual Catholic is supposed to be treated exactly in the same way as an individual Protestant. Neither is considered to possess any political privilege or to suffer any political disability arising out of his religion. Both are entitled to the same protection, both are entitled to be provided for alike in all temporal matters in which the State provides for the subjects of the realm.

2. The British Legislature acknowledges the obligation of making provision for education in these three kingdoms. This provision, it is admitted, ought to be proportioned at once to the wants of the people and to the national resources. There is no need of entering here into the details of either. Nor is there any need of insisting further on the obligation: Parliament is ready and willing to do as much in point of mere *degree* as we would ask for.

3. The education which the State is bound thus to provide for is secular education. At least the State *is bound* to provide for secular education, for education in the necessary and useful branches of natural knowledge, and it is with this obligation alone I have to do. For greater clearness, I will say that I speak of *non-religious* knowledge; for the term *natural* by itself may be ambiguous, more especially as some of the parties engaged in the Education question recognize no religion but what they would call natural religion, and what is assuredly nothing *more*, however far it may be *less* than such. I mean, in a word, knowledge that has no more professedly to do with religion than, for instance, grammar and mathematics have: I say *professedly*, on account of the indirect bearing of some other branches on religion.

4. Catholics being on a par with Protestants in the eye of the British Constitution, as it now stands, with reference to all merely temporal rights and advantages, and education, as we here view it, being a temporal thing, the British Legislature is bound to meet the wants of Catholics in this respect as fully as those of Protestants. Protestants are not entitled to any preference. This obligation is more palpable and unassailable in Ireland than in the other two portions of the United Kingdom. I do not say it is more real, but it is more patent, and less liable to even inconclusive objections. In Ireland the majority of the people—the mass of the people—are Catholics. The laws regulating Irish education have been, are,

and are to be, framed distinctly for Ireland, as for England and Scotland respectively. Now, there can be no possible plausible ground for, in any degree, ignoring, passing over, neglecting the confessedly equal rights of the bulk of the population. No statesman can stand up and say, "My plan of education must be *one* comprehensive plan, calculated as well as may be to meet the necessities of the whole country. I cannot legislate for every individual. Some parties must suffer accidentally. I would, if I could, satisfy to the full the needs of every man; but it is impossible. The Catholics must forgive me if I do not comply with their demands, which I admit to be in themselves just." What sheer nonsense this would be!

5. Since Irish Catholics, remaining Catholics, recognized as such, are equally entitled with their Protestant fellow-countrymen to be provided for by the State with reference to secular education, they have a strict right that the provision made should be one of which they can avail themselves without acting against their religious principles, without doing any violence to those principles, without running what, according to those principles, is a serious risk of a great evil. This proposition cannot easily be controverted. Suppose, for the sake of illustration, that the State aid afforded to Catholics for secular educational purposes, or, to put it otherwise, suppose the only State aid afforded to Irish youth, Catholic and Protestant, were clogged with the condition of occasionally attending Protestant service, or joining in Protestant prayers, or listening to instructions given by a Protestant clergyman; the rights of Catholics would be flagrantly violated. Because among those rights is that of being helped by the State in reference to education on equal terms with their Protestant fellow-subjects, and without prejudice to their religious profession, and any such condition as those just stated would be at variance with their religious profession.

The conditions I have named are closely connected with worship. Suppose, instead, that the youth in these schools were to be left exposed to be required to read Protestant controversial books, or take part in quiet controversial conversations with Protestants; such an item in the arrangement would render it grossly unjust towards Catholics, though the acts to be done would not be strictly—so to speak—un-Catholic acts. The gist of my proposition is this—that any circumstance to which Catholics seriously object as not in accordance with their religious principles cannot be legitimately annexed to, or combined with, a temporal benefit conferred on them by the State as a matter of right in fulfilment of their claims as British subjects.

Having stated these few principles, which I apprehend will hardly be questioned by any fair man holding to the present British Constitution, I come to apply them, or rather the last of them, resting as it does on those that precede—I come to apply this prin-

ciple to mixed education for Irish Catholics. Irish Catholics, as a body, object to mixed education as at variance with their religious views and sentiments. They object to it on the twofold ground of its being exclusively secular and of its being mixed. If mixed, it must be exclusively secular, because religious teaching of Catholics by non-Catholics would be still more intolerable than purely secular instruction. Yet, this severance of mere human learning from religion is an un-Catholic thing. It is not, however, the worst element of the system. The evil to be apprehended from the admission of non-Catholic teachers into schools or colleges for Catholics is still greater. The whole plan of mixed education is opposed to Catholic views and principles; therefore the aid afforded by Government for the education of Catholics, on the ground of their claim to this aid as British subjects, if associated with the system of mixed education, is not a fulfilment of their rights.

I may be told that the whole business of the State in this matter is with secular education, and secular education is, by its nature, unconnected with religion; that religious education may be very good and very necessary, and ought not to be impeded or interfered with by the State, but cannot be provided by the State for a mixed population. I may be told that I am in reality demanding *Catholic* education, and therefore not merely *secular* but *religious* education, from a Government which most impartially makes no distinction between Protestants and Catholics, and makes no inquiries about any man's religion so as he be a loyal subject.

I reply to all this as follows:—I do not demand from the State aid for Catholics towards religious education as such, but towards secular education. I do not ask the State to pay a shilling for lessons in catechism. I do demand from the State aid for Catholics towards secular education to be given by persons whom they are willing to trust, not by persons whom, on religious grounds, they distrust, and are bound in consistency to distrust, however unexceptionable those persons may be as members of civil society. If those teachers of secular knowledge whom Catholics trust—namely, Catholic teachers—season their instruction to a certain extent with religion, the State will not have to pay for such seasoning. Let the State, if it please, watch the teaching, and see that it is not deficient as secular teaching, for which alone the State pays. It will thus be assured that the public money is not misapplied.

It is well to observe here that the professors of literature and science in Catholic colleges, even when they are ecclesiastics, are not expected to give, and are not accustomed to give, formal religious instruction during their regular time of lectures on literature or science: that instruction is given at fixed hours, either by the same or by other persons, as a distinct work. The great motives for wishing to have the education of Catholics in the hands of Catholic superiors and masters are, that no un-Catholic teaching

may find a place, that allusions incidentally made to religious subjects may be of a Catholic character, and that there may be a better opportunity for arrangements as to the religious instruction of the pupils.

The duty of the State with regard to education is not precisely to *give* it, but to *provide* for it—to afford the people the means of obtaining it. I do not say that the State is merely to disburse the funds requisite, without looking to their expenditure. I have already said that the State is welcome to ascertain that the money is applied to the object for which it is given.

The State may do very well in not inquiring about men's religion. But if Catholics cry out to the State—"Take notice, we are Catholics, and we do not claim any privilege, any preference, on that score; but we beg of you, we require of you as a matter of justice, not to give us help in a shape in which we cannot use it. We do not ask for more than our share; but let the amount which our numbers and our wants entitle us to come in a form that will suit us. You will be none the poorer, and we shall be better off." If, I say, Catholics cry out thus to the Legislature, would it not be cruel to reply—"Good people, we make no distinctions; we neither know nor wish to know what religion you are of. That would be bigotry—almost persecution. We give you your share in that shape which *we* think the best. If you are fools enough to think otherwise, you must take the consequences."

Unsectarian Education is a high-sounding phrase conveying some think—a noble idea. It is a sort of echo of *Civil and Religious Liberty*. The phrase, however, is delusive in more ways than one. In the mouths of many it means very little less than the banishment of all religion, at least of all revealed religion, and that banishment they would be proud to effect. But what I wish to call attention to at this moment is that the doctrine of Unsectarian Education is no such thing as unsectarian. It is bitterly sectarian. This statement may be called a paradox, and perhaps it is a paradox in that most legitimate sense of the word, namely, a proposition apparently absurd, but really true. Let us see. These gentlemen look on all religious bodies as sects, even those to which they respectively belong, such as Anglicans, Presbyterians, &c. Be it so, I say, though certainly Catholics will never agree to think themselves sectarians, or to consider any kind of Protestants as anything else but sectarians. Be it so, I say again. What follows? That every doctrine regarding religious matters, as such, is sectarian, every religious tenet is sectarian. Now, the doctrine that secular education is to be treated as a thing unconnected with religion; that secular education is to be administered to men of every religion by men of every religion or of no religion; that differences of religion on the part of teachers are of no moment—all this is a doctrine regarding religious matters as such; it is a religious tenet, or at least the denial of one; it is a phase of indifferentism, which undoubtedly

belongs to the domain of religion. The opposition between Catholics and these secularists is an opposition on a religious question, not on a question of politics, or of mathematics, or of natural philosophy, or of history. The objection of Catholics to be taught, or to have their children taught, by Protestants, or Jews, or free-thinkers is a religious objection. Catholics say their religion condemns the system; their opponents say that the religion of Catholics has no business to condemn the system; that genuine religion does not condemn it. What is all this but a religious controversy, a sectarian controversy, if we are to adopt the phraseology of our antagonists? Will they deny that our view is sectarian? Surely not. They will hold it up to odium as such. If so, is not their contrary holding sectarian too, the question being a religious one?

I may be told that Catholics do not agree in condemning the system. I reply that all who have the reputation of being sound Catholics do condemn the system as religiously inexpedient and dangerous, though they may differ as to the degree of danger and the circumstances in which a Catholic can lawfully avail himself of mixed teaching when no other is to be had. There may, too, be a few otherwise really good Catholics, who suffer hallucination on this subject; but their number is small. Catholics as a body, in conformity with the views of the pastors of their Church, disapprove and reject mixed education.

JOHN RICHARDSON'S RELATIVES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NANCY HUTCH AND HER THREE TROUBLES."

PART VI.

ON arriving at Mr. Tottenham's, the Deane party, excepting nurse and baby, were by desire of Achilles shown straightway to the sick man's room. The professional nurse being at dinner, and Nurse Nelly in attendance on her, Miss Travers at that moment was in sole charge of the patient. Here, then, before ten minutes had elapsed, the family party found themselves in that very awkward but not very uncommon triangular dilemma in which to sit, stand, or go is obviously and equally difficult; a predicament that Mary George would, in her matter-of-fact and wholly unhumorous way, have much enjoyed witnessing, could she, invisibly, have been behind the door. All that was to be seen, learned, or forecast of the unconscious sufferer was soon exhausted. When the few facts that she was prepared to communicate were shortly and simply

told, in answer to alternate questions from Achilles and his wife, little if anything further was to be elicited from Miss Travers. Predetermined upon speaking with caution when she must break silence, and keeping silence when she could avoid speech, she would at any time during those days of suspense and anxiety have been found a rather unpromising subject for attempts at interviewing. But at this crisis her attention was, quite unaffectedly, so riveted on the patient—in whom she saw, or fancied she saw, increasing signs of amendment—that to distract her by persistent questioning or anything that did not touch his state, would have been an impropriety apparent to the most indifferent or dullest looker-on. To look on in company, then, was the only course open to the visitors so long as they should continue to share her watch. Had the poor man been dead, instead of dead-alive, there would have been a something to do and a good deal to say. Discussion and decision upon time, place, and fashion of the funeral would easily have killed the first half-hour at least. After a few aphorisms on the uncertainty of life and the proper care of health, and a few flourishes of white handkerchiefs, they might freely and comfortably have fallen to discussing the character of the deceased, accounting for the resignation with which they met his sudden departure, and conjecturing the amount and disposition of his goods and chattels. Under existing circumstances these modes of passing time were out of the question; while, after having come expressly to see so near a relative, just to look at him and leave him seemed little less so. Hence a common feeling of relief put for the moment the family party into perfect concord when Achilles, being, like most lovers of good cheer, not a little of a sanitarian, suddenly was, or professed to be, struck by the consideration “that so many persons breathing the air requisite for the patient must be improper—highly improper, he should say!” and thus gave to all four a feasible pretext for withdrawal to some other apartment. Unguided save by Mrs. Achilles, who made an amiable desire to gratify her sister-in-law’s supposed anxiety to rejoin baby an excuse for opening every door, and taking note of things inside, they made way slowly till the sound of voices—to which their leader could no longer turn a deaf ear—led them to where baby’s nurse and Nurse Nelly were engaged in interesting dialogue; the professional nurse sitting by, a silent but seemingly sympathetic listener. The brothers, each after his own fashion, acknowledged their old though slight acquaintance with Nurse Nelly. In the nod and glance of Giles there was, however, a certain significant something not apparent in those of Achilles, which Mary George might have read off into “I shan’t forget you!” and which probably was neither unintelligible nor unwelcome to the old woman herself. One of few survivors of the genuine old school of Irish servants, Nelly had all their characteristic devotion to the open hand; a devotion which, though often wholly indiscriminating, was seldom if ever

altogether sordid, since it looked less to the mere money-value of a gift than to the supposed generosity of spirit in the giver; and cheerfully gave the spendthrift for love the service his purse could no longer pay for. Under a new light thus thrown on his character the living Giles would seem to Nelly to become more near of kin to his dead namesake. There was then no simulation and as little as possible of selfishness under the show of quickened interest with which she turned again towards the baby. On one point only was she playing a part. Any one familiar with her customary airs of self-importance, her readiness on all occasions to put herself forward as one of the family, would have seen that something must be hid under the seeming humility with which she had held herself in the background since the arrival of the brothers Deane.

Mrs. Timmany, at first sight of the party, rose, curtsied, and discreetly was about to leave the room, but was stayed by both the ladies; both speaking in a breath:

"You are the nursetender, I presume?" Mrs. Achilles said, in a manner that possibly was a fair copy of Achilles' style when addressing himself to an untoward witness.

"Pray don't go away without finishing your glass of stout!" said Mrs. Giles, like one who knew what it was to be deprived of rights or comforts by unseasonable interruptions.

"Yes, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am," responded Mrs. Timmany, her countenance and manner undergoing a comically rapid change as she turned from one lady to the other.

"The old gentleman is improving, we understand?" Mrs. Achilles continued; feeling her way, with tact as she considered, towards questions of more pressing moment.

"What do you think of him yourself, nurse?" interposed Mrs. Giles. Not very robust herself, she felt a genuine interest, more or less, in all sick folk.

"I dare say," remarked Achilles, "you are not without some experience, Mrs.—a——"

"Timmany, sir," supplied the nurse.

"Aye, Timmany, Timmany," repeated Achilles. The name seemed to have struck him, whether as one out of the common or as one half-remembered.

"I think I may say that, sir," replied Mrs. Timmany, with a sigh. "My first experience of all was a long one—with my own husband, who was taken much like the poor dear gentleman here, fifteen years ago."

"Years!" echoed Mrs. Achilles.

"And 'fif—teen,' you say!" added Achilles himself. "And he lives still, I conclude from—a——"

"Indeed he does, sir," promptly rejoined Mrs. Timmany, with the most encouraging cheerfulness.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Achilles.

"You see, sir," continued the nurse, "once they get out of the

fit (if they get out of it at all), nursing and good management do more for 'em than doctoring."

"And who recommended you here?" asked Mrs. Achilles, thinking this question must bring her round to Mary George.

"Well, ma'am, I declare to you, that's more than I can say: it all happened in such a hurry when Mr. Richardson called for me——"

"Mr. George Richardson, perhaps?" put in Mrs. Giles.

"I don't see what *that* matters, Jane," said Mrs. Achilles, in a tone that decided Mrs. Timmany to take no notice of an interruption that she did not clearly understand. "You were saying——" this to Mrs. Timmany.

"Only that there wasn't a word about anything but getting here as fast as we could, ma'am. But I supposed, when I had time to think of it, ma'am, that some one was good enough to speak for me to Mrs. Richardson."

"Mrs. George Richardson, I think you mean," again put in Mrs. Giles, nodding to the nurse.

"Mrs. John Richardson seems not to be concerned at all, so far as I see, Jane," returned Mrs. Achilles, emphatically and somewhat testily. Getting near to the point at which she wanted to arrive, she found Jane's repeated interference really annoying.

The little interpolations just noted were, on the part of both sisters-in-law, apropos to one of those standing family grievances which, however likely to be ignored or, if known, ridiculed by outsiders, are sore points enough to feelings within the family shoe. Mrs. Giles, commonly so called by favour of Mrs. Achilles, was born and reared in one of those families of moderate means but great gentility whose "residences" lie, as in a ring-fence, close round provincial cities. With pretensions too high to allow of their evening themselves with citizens, and without the wealth requisite to gain admittance to the pale of "county people" proper, they form a special class that may perhaps be most appropriately named (by borrowing a special term) county-of-the-city folk. Hence the step taken by Miss Jane Good in entering the Deane family, while considered prudent and praiseworthy in one of six unmarried sisters, was yet, owing to Giles' city connections, looked on by herself and friends as somewhat of a descent in social rank. She expected, however, as a thing of course, to at least hold the title and precedence of an elder brother's wife. Painful, then, was the surprise with which she, accustomed as she was to the observance of all due distinctions—observance nice in proportion to their smallness—found her own claims controverted, and not that merely, but absolutely overborne by the resolute determination of Mrs. Achilles to hold herself in all respects on the same footing with "Giles' wife;" her (Mrs. Achilles') notion being that "Achilles, as a professional man, and she, as a professional man's wife—and a wife who had brought her husband money—held a position superior

to that of any farmer and *his* wife." A steady course of visiting-cards and of other equally gentle remedial measures having signally failed against Mrs. Achilles' steadier iteration of "Mrs. Giles," the poor little woman, while feeling herself every inch Mrs. Deane, had, perforce of weakness, to resign herself to be and to remain Mrs. Giles: yet always under protest; which protest was persistently renewed from time to time, whenever an occasion offered, in the only modes she dared to venture on—a setting right of third parties, misled by Mrs. Achilles, as to which was which of the two brothers, and a punctiliously precise reference to other elder brothers and their wives by proper style and title. In the present instance when she had made the effort to inform Mrs. Timmany of Mary George's position with respect to Mary John, she turned away like one who "for a quiet life" drops a disputed point, and crossed the room to where her husband, who already had made that move, stood in talk with Nurse Nelly. Thus the other couple were left to uninterrupted converse with the other nurse.

"Mr. Richardson is not in the house at present, we are given to understand?" Achilles said.

"Nor Mrs. Richardson?" added Mrs. Achilles.

"No, sir; he was here this morning, and I heard him say he'd call in the evening again," replied Mrs. Timmany to the former; and to the latter, "Mrs. Richardson will be in before long, ma'am, most likely."

"What time does she dine?" pursued Mrs. Achilles.

"I think she dines early, ma'am; but the servants may be better able to tell you. Shall I say you wish——?"

"If you please," interrupted the lady, impatient with what she thought to be "the woman's stupidity." "'May be better able to tell!'" she repeated when Mrs. Timmany had withdrawn. "I should think so."

"It strikes me," Achilles said, in an undertone, and one expressive of the disagreeableness of the suspicion, "that she does not dine here. 'Tis plain that Richardson doesn't."

"Oh, nonsense!" his wife returned. "*She* does, you may be sure." But a suspicion of another sort, namely, that "she" had been beforehand with visitors in her arrangements for that day, and got dinner out of the way, as it were, was now entering Mrs. Achilles' own mind, and of itself was quite sufficient to create a feeling of very serious responsibility.

NOTES IN THE BIG HOUSE.

WE are sorry to have to tell our young readers that since we last spoke to them on this page, Willie, the dearest, and oldest, and wisest, and best little patient in our Big House has gone from among us. Willie is dead. His little white bed stands empty in its corner beside the window, and many a sorrowful look is cast on it from the other cribs. Every child in the wards loved, revered, and obeyed Willie. He was in turns companion, play-fellow, and instructor of all. His word was law in the place, though his poor, weak voice was scarcely ever heard above a whisper, and when it was once known among the children that Willie had pronounced a thing right or wrong there was felt to be no appeal from the judgment. "Willie said it," was enough to satisfy everybody; and "Willie wishes it" was an all-powerful reason why anything in the world should be done.

We are going to tell our little readers the story of Willie's life, feeling sure that they will like to hear it. When he was a very little boy he lived with his grandfather in a large town in the north, where Protestants have unfortunately a great dislike to Catholics. His grandfather, grandmother, and aunt were Protestants: and Willie heard so many dreadful stories about the Catholic religion that he had a horror of any one who belonged to it. He was taught very little religion of any kind; but he knew something of the story of our Lord. "I used to think," he told us, "about His being a little child, and I wondered who was His mother. I thought to myself if He was a baby He must have had a mother, and I asked my aunt who she was; but my aunt said He was God and did not want a mother like other people. Nobody would tell me a word about her. But when I came to Dublin to my own mother I asked her, and then she told me all about the Blessed Virgin. And ever since that I loved her."

Before Willie left B—— a terrible accident happened him; he fell and hurt his back, and that was the beginning of the long, long agony which the dear, patient fellow had to endure before he was ad-

mitted among the angels. In the course of time he was sent to his mother and father in Dublin. And how they must have grieved to see their bright, handsome boy arrive crippled, and bent, and scarcely able to walk! He was not able to play like other children and had a great deal of time to think; and it shocked him greatly to know that his mother went out every morning to that dreadful place called a Catholic church! One day Willie was obliged to go with her, which was a real affliction to him, and he crept away by himself into a corner of the church to cry.

Most of our little friends know the picture of our Lord which used to hang in the Sacred Heart Chapel in Gardiner's-street Church; the face had a warm expression, and the red mark of a wound was on the extended hand. Willie sat down on the step of the altar, because it was a quiet place, and his poor little heart was sore and grieved when he raised his eyes to the face of the picture and "saw our Lord looking at him." A feeling came over him such as he had never known before. "I thought He was alive," said Willie, "and I couldn't keep my eyes off Him. And I looked at His hands, and I wondered how He could have stretched them out to get the nails put in."

From that day forth Willie came creeping every day into the church, and would sit as long as he could on the altar step looking at the picture, thinking who can tell what deep, tender, grateful thoughts, and drinking in the faith through his loving, longing, wondering eyes. One day after the church was shut he sat to rest on the steps of the presbytery. "and a lovely priest came out," said Willie, "and put his hand on my head and blessed me, and went away down the street. And I just thought I would be a Catholic."

So Willie was baptized, and soon after his disease grew worse; he could not move at all, and had to lie constantly on a wretched straw bed, which was at night all the resting-place to be had for father and mother and three little brothers. The sad discomfort increased his sufferings. His youngest brother used to kick Willie's

poor back in his sleep; that back which was covered with the most terrible sores; and the close air in the crowded room tormented him, and he could not eat the food which his mother was able to provide for him. Yet through all his misery Willie had one great joy which no suffering could take away from him. The "lovely priest" used to come and bring him Holy Communion; and talk to him about heaven, and teach him to bear his pains like a hero.

In the meantime his Father in heaven was preparing a home for poor Willie. One day when our arrangements for opening the Big House were first completed, this, our first patient, was carried up the stairs and laid in the little bed which he occupied so long. He begged to be placed so that he could see the statue of our Lady which stands at the end of the ward; and there he lay smiling and at peace, with his great, dark, spiritual eyes fixed on the Holy Mother's face. "I love her," said Willie, in his simple, earnest way; "I love her better than anything but God."

It was then thought that he could not live more than a few weeks or months, but peace, and care, and proper treatment prolonged his life. He had a great wish to get well that he might become a priest and a missionary, and go out into the world to work for God. These dreams of the future delighted him; and in the long summer days when he was able to lie in a chair in the sunny garden and imagine himself convalescent, he loved to talk them over with his dear friend, Thomas, who was also suffering from spinal disease, and who was a companion after his heart. Thomas also wished to work for our Lord, but he hesitated a little at the thought of becoming a priest. "You would have to face into such dreadfully dirty places," said Thomas, "and to be always in the middle of sickness!"

"I would face into anything to prevent sin," was Willie's eager reply.

Though Willie received Holy Communion very frequently he heard Mass only once in his life, when his delight was excessive; and he was afterwards troubled to think that he could not join in any of the Masses which were going on all around him every day. By accident a book was put in his hands which contained a method of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice in spirit when you cannot be actually present at it; and this happy discovery made him perfectly content. "When Marlborough-street bell

rings, I join in that," said Willie; "and when St. Joseph's bell rings, I join in that;" and so the longing little soul used to lie every morning listening for stray notes of distant bells and sending up his pure and eager homage beyond the gold-rimmed clouds which he could see from his window. He was constantly thinking of our Lord in the tabernacle, and of how if he were only well enough he would love to keep near to Him. "I would just go when the church is opened in the morning at six," he said, "and stay till five when it shuts." On last Holy Saturday he asked eagerly whether the Blessed Sacrament had been brought back to the tabernacle, he felt so lonely while it was away. When he heard it had returned he lay back with a look of indescribable peace and content. "Indeed," said a dear and faithful friend of his, who told us this story, "Willie always brought to my mind the thought of the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

Poor Willie had the most ardent devotion to the sufferings of Jesus Christ, and an earnest and loving desire to suffer with Him. No giant could have more patiently and determinedly "faced into" heavy, intolerable hours of pain and endurance than did this frail creature. "Father C— told me," he said one day to the friend before mentioned, "that our Lord came for two things, to redeem us and to show us an example. He suffered, and so I like to suffer too." The same kind Father C— also told him that he was the son of a great King, and that a glorious place was prepared for him if he bore his pains patiently. "Just the way I do, you know," said Willie, with a happy simplicity which was his peculiar characteristic. A lady had given him some pictures of the Way of the Cross, and he would study these by the hour, more completely lost in the interest of that splendid tragedy than if he had been reading the most fascinating tale—not that Willie despised stories such as children love—but the spiritual wonders of Truth charmed him most of all. "Some day I'd like you to read 'Jack the Giant Killer' for me," he said to his friend; "but to-day I would like *what St. John saw*." This meant that the visions of the Apocalypse were the sick boy's peculiar delight. "He always told me what he liked and what he did not understand," says his friend, "in the many books he read. His great favourites were

the ninetyeth Psalm, the fourteenth chapter of St. John, and above all "What St. John saw."

He once took great pains to find something he liked particularly in the New Testament. When found, this proved to be three words occurring in the story of Lazarus—"And Jesus wept."

Willie bore his pains bravely to the last. When asked if he thought upon them much while lying awake on the weary nights when no sleep would come he said, smiling, "Oh, no!" in a tone as if he were surprised at being suspected of wasting his time so foolishly. "I think of how nice it will be in heaven, and how glad I will be to see our Lord and the Blessed Virgin!"

On last Christmas Day he made up his mind for the first time that he could give up his missionary dreams and be content to go to heaven at once. His dear friend Thomas, who is now at home, though suffering badly, wrote him a touching little letter in which he hopes that as they cannot meet here any more they will soon be together with God. "Dear Willie," writes Thomas in a postscript added a night after the labour of the letter had been accomplished, "Dear Willie, I am very bad to-day; my back is bad, and my head is bad; and, dear Willie, I am very bad altogether. I wish you all the compliments of the season."

Though Willie was not allowed to live and grow up into a missionary, yet he was in some degree a little missionary among the children. He taught them their prayers, gently rebuked them for what was wrong in their words or acts, and so gained their respect that a child who grieved Willie by bad conduct of any kind was sure to be in disgrace with the rest. His example impressed them, his playful good humour encouraged them, and his sweetness and tenderness won all their hearts. If he had to chide, he knew how to make up for whatever pain he was obliged to give. A certain Joey was troublesome in the ward, an impetuous little chap, given to the use

of naughty words, and disliking all civilization and control. "I like the place well," Joey was heard to say to a stranger one day: "you get lots to eat. I worst of it is *you're washed every day*. This turbulent little man was tamed Willie, who was his idol. Willie would rebuke, condemn, and sometimes, honour bound, was forced to complain a higher authority. As soon as the lit storm was past, Willie's weak voice was heard calling softly on Joey to come him; when a store of certain "goodies" little bits of everything nice his friends brought him, was found hidden under Willie's pillow for the consolation of the culprit.

We have not space to tell more about Willie at present; we hope our readers will not think we have exaggerated by line in this slender sketch of him. He was not a clever boy, being a perfect child in all but in his one peculiar gift of spirituality. He had a difficulty about learning to write; and though he persevered in trying and was most eager for lessons, yet he was always apologizing to his friends and teacher for "doing the things so badly." He suffered great agony before death, but his one idea through all was to endure for the love of his Saviour. We will only add a few words written to us by the true friend to whom he made all his little confidences.

"His special favourite in the Apocalypse was the chapter where is told how the Lamb stood on Mount Zion, and around Him one hundred and forty-four thousand, the first-fruits to God and the Lamb, in whose mouth was found no lie, and who are without spot in the presence of their God. Among them, I confidently trust, is the pure soul of our little Willie, that now already he has seen the light in His beauty, and the land that is far off."

The usual monthly list of subscriptions and gifts is unavoidably held over, and will appear in our next number.

CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

III. EXPEDITION TO WEXFORD (*continued*).

As soon as the inhabitants of Wexford learned the answer that Cromwell had sent to the terms of surrender proposed by Sinnott the Governor, they prepared themselves for a stern resistance. To the soldiers quarter and liberty; to the officers quarter, but not liberty; and to the inhabitants freedom from pillage: these were the conditions on which the town should be surrendered within an hour. Yet matters were not so desperate within the walls that such terms need be accepted. The town was, according to Cromwell's description, pleasantly seated and strong, having a rampart of earth fifteen feet thick within the wall. It was garrisoned by over 2,000 men, commanded by an officer who had given many proofs of his bravery and fidelity. In the fort and elsewhere, in and about the town, there were near a hundred cannon; in the harbour three vessels, one of them of thirty-four guns, another of about twenty guns; and a frigate of twenty guns on the stocks, built up to the uppermost deck, which for "handsomeness' sake" Cromwell afterwards ordered the workmen to finish. Winter was setting in—it was the middle of October—and the "country sickness" would soon begin to tell on troops encamped under the open sky. Ormonde's army was at Ross—only twenty miles off; watching no doubt for a favourable moment to fall on the rear of the besieging lines, whose numbers were too few to keep up a complete investment and at the same time to repel a sudden attack that might be made on any point either from within or without.

Unhappily, within the town there was that which marred many of these advantages—discord, a want of mutual confidence between Ormonde and the inhabitants—and so far did it go, that the townsmen seem to have thought there was little room for choice between those who called themselves their friends and those whom they well knew to be their enemies. With difficulty could they be brought to admit a reinforcement from the Royalist army within the walls; it was only at the urgent request of Sinnott, whom Ormonde had sent as Governor, that they consented to receive a second body of troops, though they were much needed for the defence of the town. Some went so far as to propose that Cromwell should be treated with, in the hope that a peaceful surrender might secure to them not only life and liberty but a part of their goods, and perhaps their homes. But worse than this—they had in their midst a traitor. Such was the confidence of the Council of the Confederate Catholics in Captain James Stafford that the government of the county of Kilkenny had been entrusted to him jointly with Sir Thomas Esmond; and when it

was known that Cromwell was marching on Wexford, he was sent to act as governor of the castle there, a most important post, since the possession of it ensured the possession of the town: and now the townsmen chose him as one of their four agents to confer with the besiegers about the terms of surrender.

On the 11th of October, about noon, some breaches having been made in the walls of the castle, the Governor of the town asked for a safe-conduct for four persons to treat of surrender on honourable terms. What these terms were we have already seen. One of the four persons chosen on behalf of the townsmen was Stafford. While Cromwell was preparing his answer, and before he delivered it, the Commissioners being still ignorant of what his decision might be, the Captain (Stafford) being fairly treated—these are Cromwell's own words—yielded up the castle. The local tradition says that Cromwell and Stafford had a meeting at midnight by the river side. Carte's words leave no room for doubting of the governor's guilt: "The enemy entered the gates by the treachery of Captain Stafford." And again: "Stafford having privately received Cromwell's forces into the castle, which commanded the part of the town that lay next it, they issued suddenly from thence, attacked the wall and gate adjoining, and soon became masters of the place."

The castle was outside the walls, yet close that so communication could not be cut off between them. Seeing it in the hands of the enemy, and knowing that its guns commanded a part of the town, the besieged abandoned the defence of that portion of the works; the besiegers seized their scaling ladders, and crossed the walls without hindrance. The gates were immediately thrown open to admit those who were outside, and the whole army poured in. An attempt was made to prevent the advance of the cavalry by placing ropes and chains across the street. Meantime the garrison were retreating to the market-place; there the townspeople had gathered together. "When they were come into the market-place," writes Cromwell, "the enemy making a stiff resistance, our forces broke them."

Then the same scenes that took place at Drogheda were renewed at Wexford.* We have Cromwell's own account of these atrocities in a letter to the Speaker of the Parliament from before Wexford, 11th October, 1649. "Our men," he writes, "put to the sword all that came in their way. I believe, in all, there was lost of the enemy not less than two thousand. This town is now so in your power that of the former inhabitants I believe scarce one in twenty can challenge any property in their houses. Most of

* "In November, 1649, the Irish under Inchiquin laid siege to Carrick-on-Suir, then held by Reynolds, and used to cry at the walls that they would soon give them Tredagh (i. e. Drogheda) quarter."—"Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland." By J. P. Prendergast. 2nd Edition, p. 189.

them are run away, and many of them killed in this service. And indeed it has, not without cause, been deeply seated upon our hearts that we intending better to this place than so great a ruin, hoping the town might be of more use to you and your army, yet God would not have it so; but by an unexpected providence in His righteous justice, brought a just judgment upon them, causing them to become a prey to the soldiers, who in their piracies had made preys of so many families, and now with their blood to answer the cruelties which they had exercised upon the lives of divers poor Protestants. It were to be wished that an honest people would come and plant here, where there are very good houses, and other accommodations fitted to your hands, which may by your favour be made of encouragement to them."

And he concludes with the following pious utterance: "Thus it hath pleased God to give into your hands this other mercy"—Drogheda was the first—"for which, as for all, we pray God may have all the glory. Indeed your instruments are weak, and can do nothing but through believing—and that is the gift of God also."

There is abundant testimony of contemporary writers to prove that the cruelties practised at Wexford were as great as those of Drogheda. Dr. Fleming, Archbishop of Dublin, writing to the Secretary of the Propaganda at Rome a few months after, says that many priests, some religious, innumerable citizens, and two thousand soldiers were massacred.* Father St. Leger, S.J., in a letter to his superiors in Rome in 1655, containing an account of the events of the preceding years, states that when Wexford was taken, Cromwell exterminated the citizens by the sword. Fortunately we have a detailed account of these events from one whose testimony is beyond all cavil. Dr. Nicholas French, the Bishop of Wexford, was "then lying ill in a neighbouring town." Soon after he was sent by the Confederates to ask for aid and protection for the Irish Catholics from the Duke of Lorraine. The laws made against "Jesuits, priests, friars, monks, and nuns," and rigidly enforced, prevented his return to his native land; he died at Ghent, August 23rd, 1678.† In a letter to the Papal Nuncio, written from Antwerp in January, 1673, he thus describes what took place:—

"On that fatal day, October 11th, 1649, I lost everything I had. Wexford, my native town, then abounding in merchandize, ships, and wealth, was taken at the sword's point by that pest of England, Cromwell, and sacked by an infuriated soldiery. Before God's altar fell many sacred victims, holy priests of the Lord. Of those who were seized outside the Church, some were scourged, some thrown into chains and imprisoned, while others were hanged

* "*Spicileg. Ossor.*" By the Right Rev. Dr. Moran. I. 341.

† "*Irish Writers of the Seventeenth Century.*" By Thomas D'Arcy Magee. I. 162.

or put to death by cruel tortures. The blood of the noblest of our citizens was shed so that it inundated the streets. There was hardly a house that was not defiled with carnage and full of wailing. In my own palace, a boy hardly sixteen years of age, an amiable youth, and also my gardener and sacristan were barbarously butchered; and my chaplain, whom I had left behind me at home, was pierced with six mortal wounds and left weltering in his blood. And these abominable deeds were done in the open day by wicked assassins! Never since that day have I seen my native city, my flock, my native land, or my kindred: and this it is that makes me the most wretched of men. After the destruction of the town I lived for five months in the woods, every moment sought after that I might be put to death. There my drink was milk and water, my food a little bread; on one occasion I did not taste bread for five whole days. I slept under the open sky, without roof or bedclothes. At length the wood in which I lay concealed was surrounded by numerous bodies of the enemy that came to seize me and send me in chains to England. But thanks to my guardian angel, I escaped from their hands by the swiftness and stoutness of my horse.”*

There is another letter of Dr. French's still extant in the library of Trinity College; it is entitled, “*Apologia*,” and seems to be a defence of his leaving Ireland and seeking safety in a foreign land:

“You say nothing about my native city, Wexford, cruelly destroyed by the sword on the 11th of October, 1649; nothing of my palace being plundered, and of my domestics impiously slain; nothing of my fellow-labourers, precious victims, immolated by the impious sword of the heretics before the altar of God; nothing of the inhabitants weltering in their own blood and gore. The rumour of the direful massacre reached me whilst I was ill in a neighbouring town, suffering from a burning fever. I cried and mourned and shed bitter tears and lamented; and turning to heaven with a deep sigh cried out, in the words of the Prophet Jeremias, and all who were present shared in my tears. In that excessive bitterness of my soul, a thousand times I wished to be dissolved and to be with Christ, that thus I might not witness the sufferings of my country. From that time I have never seen my city or my people, but, as an outcast, I sought refuge in the wilderness. I wandered through woods and mountains, generally taking my rest and repose exposed to the hoar frost, sometimes lying hid in the caves and caverns of the earth. In the woods and groves I passed more than five months, that thus I might administer some consolation to the few survivors of my flock who had escaped from the universal massacre, and dwelt there with the herds of cattle.

* A copy of the Latin original is given in the “*Spicilegium Ossoriense*.”

But neither trees nor caverns could afford me a lasting refuge; for the heretical governor of Wexford, George Cooke, well known for his barbarity, with several troops of cavalry and foot soldiers, searching everywhere, anxious for my death, explored even the highest mountains and most difficult recesses; the huts and habitations adjoining the wood, in which I had sometimes offered the Holy Sacrifice, he destroyed by fire; and my hiding places, which were formed of branches of trees, were all thrown down. Among those who were subjected to much annoyance on my account, was a nobleman, in whose house he supposed me to be concealed. He searched the whole house with lighted tapers, accompanied by soldiers, holding their naked swords in their hands to slay me the moment I should appear. But amidst all these perils God protected me, and mercifully delivered me from the hands of this blood-thirsty man.*

Father Francis Stafford, in a letter written about the same time, gives an account of the death of seven Franciscan Fathers. "On the 11th of October, seven friars of our Order, all men of great merit, and natives of the town (Wexford), perished by the sword of the heretics. Some were killed kneeling before the altar, others while hearing confessions. Father Raymond Stafford, holding a crucifix in his hand, came out of the church to encourage the citizens, and even preached with great zeal to the infuriated enemies themselves, till he was killed by them in the marketplace." The names of these martyrs for the faith should not be forgotten; they were—Fathers Richard Sinnott, Francis Stafford, Paulinus Sinnott, John Esmond, Peter Stafford, Raymond Stafford, and the lay brothers, Didacus Chevers and James Rochfort.† A like fate befel any priest that fell into the hands of the Puritans during the war. When any forces surrendered upon terms, priests were always excepted; they were out of protection, to be treated as enemies that had not surrendered.‡ "During the ten years of Cromwell's government," writes Mr. Froude, "the priests and their works were at an end."

Sir Edmund Butler was shot in the head while endeavouring to escape by swimming across the ferry. About 300 of the townspeople tried to cross the river in boats; the boats, being overcrowded, were swamped, and all on board were drowned.

A tradition, still current in Wexford, says that 300 women were slain at the foot of the great cross in the public square. MacGeoghegan, who published his history in 1758, was the first writer who made special mention of this incident of the siege; and from

* "Sketch of Persecutions," &c. By the Right Rev. Dr. Moran. Dublin: Duffy. 1862.

† "Sufferers for the Faith in Ireland." By Myles O'Reilly, M.P.

‡ "The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland." By J. P. Prendergast. P. 312.

the silence of contemporaries, some of our historians have inferred that this tradition refers only to the general massacre of the inhabitants in the market-place. "Some have questioned the accuracy of the statement made by MacGeoghegan and Lingard," writes the Right Rev. Dr. Moran, "as to the massacre of these 300 females around the cross in Wexford: they say Dr. French and the other contemporary writers would not be silent in regard of this particular. But these contemporary writers sufficiently describe the wholesale massacre of the inhabitants, without mercy being shown to either age or sex; and any particulars that are added have a special reference to themselves. The same writers when describing the destruction of Drogheda, are silent as to the massacre in the crypt of St. Peter's Church; and were it not for the narrative of an officer who was himself engaged in that barbarous work, some critics would probably now be found to reject it as fabulous. The constant tradition not only of Wexford, but of the whole nation, attests the truth of the statement of the above-named historians."*

It was not the inhabitants of the town alone that were slain. Dr. Lynch states that there was soon after throughout the country an indiscriminate massacre of men, women, and children, by which not less than 4,000 persons, young and old, were atrociously butchered by the order of Colonel Cooke, who had been appointed governor of the town by Cromwell.†

After the capture of Wexford, Cromwell despatched Ireton to lay siege to Duncannon. This fort is situated on a rock projecting from the eastern side of Waterford harbour; its possession

* The following poem on this subject by Mr. Michael Joseph Barry will be new to many of our readers:—

"They knelt around the Cross divine,
The matron and the maid—
They bow'd before redemption's sign,
And fervently they prayed—
Three hundred fair and helpless ones,
Whose crime was this alone—
Their valiant husbands, sires, and sons,
Had battled for their own.

"He found them there—the young, the
old—
The maiden and the wife;
Their guardians brave in death were cold,
Who dared for *them* the strife.
They prayed for mercy—God on high!
Before *thy* cross they prayed,
And ruthless Cromwell bade them die
To glut the Saxon blade!

"Had battled bravely, but in vain—
The Saxon won the fight,
And Irish corpses strewed the plain
Where Valour slept with Right.
And now, that man of demon guilt,
To fated Wexford flew—
The red blood reeking on his hilt,
Of hearts to Erin true!

"Three hundred fell—the stifled prayer
Was quenched in women's blood;
Nor youth nor age could move to spare
From slaughter's crimson flood.
But nations keep a stern account
Of deeds that tyrants do!
And guiltless blood to Heaven will mount,
And Heaven avenge it too!"

† "*Cambrensis Eversus.*" Edited by Rev. M. Kelly. III. 103.

secured to the Royalists the only approach by water to that city. Ormonde considered it so important that he had resolved, in case General Farrell should arrive before its fall with the forces sent by Owen Roe O'Neill, to venture a battle rather than lose it. He appointed Colonel Wogan governor, in place of Captain Thomas Roche, who had been put in command there by the Commissioners; but as this was declared a breach of the Articles of Peace agreed on between Ormonde and the Confederates, Roche was restored to his command jointly with Wogan. One hundred and twenty English officers of Ormonde's lifeguard, whose fidelity had been tried by long service on the King's side in England, were sent to aid in the defence. From the citizens of Waterford he got forty barrels of powder, and a sufficient quantity of provisions to enable the besieged to make a lengthened resistance. Lord Castlehaven was sent to consult with Wogan on the plan of defence; and seeing the situation of the besieging force, they resolved to make a sally on a party of 1,500 foot that lay encamped in the neighbourhood.

The stratagem employed is thus described by Carte: "Castlehaven undertook to send that night by sea eighty horses with pistols and all accoutrements; if Wogan would mount them with so many of English officers, and make a sharp sally with them before break of day. Some Parliament ships lay before the fort; yet the tide serving at the beginning of the night, Castlehaven provided boats and ordered eighty choice horse to come to the seaside, where making the horsemen to alight, he caused the horses to be passed over. They entered the place; all was executed as designed; a considerable slaughter made, and the artillery seized. Great was the confusion among the enemy, who took it not to be a sally of the garrison alone, for Wogan retired with his party before day, but the falling in of an army from abroad, hearing and seeing horses, and knowing none to be in the fort. Their consternation was so great on this occasion, that they raised the siege that very day (Nov. 5th), and marched off with such haste that they left two brass cannon behind them."

Cromwell's soldiers were already weary of the hardships of the winter campaign, and showed a disposition to mutiny. He quieted them by a promise that the expedition to Ross should be the last service for the year, and that after the capture of that town they should go into winter quarters. On the 15th of October he left Wexford. Two days later he encamped before New Ross, a walled town situated upon the river Barrow, "a very pleasant and commodious river, bearing vessels of a heavy burden." Ormonde had sent Sir Lucas Taaffe with 1,500 foot to defend the place—there were already 1,000 foot garrisoning the town—and hearing of Cromwell's advance, he marched with his army towards Ross and encamped on the other side of the river. Taaffe, the Governor, came to the camp and asked for an order under the Lord Lieu-

tenant's hand for the defence of the town, as long as it was possible; and for the surrender, when it should be decided by a council of the chief officers that it could hold out no longer.

On his arrival before the town, Cromwell sent the following summons to the Governor:—

(1.) *“For the Commander-in-Chief in Ross: These—*

“Before Ross, 17th October, 1649.

“SIR,—Since my coming into Ireland, I have this witness for myself, that I have endeavoured to avoid effusion of blood; having been before no place to which such terms have not been first sent as might have turned to the good and preservation of those to whom they were offered; this being my principle, that the people and places where I come may not suffer, except through their own wilfulness.

“To the end I may observe the like course with this place and the people therein, I do hereby summon you to deliver the town of Ross into my hands, to the use of the Parliament of England. Expecting your speedy answer, I rest your servant,

“OLIVER CROMWELL.”

The trumpeter who carried the summons was not allowed to enter the town; he was received at the gates, and told that an answer would be given in due time. The batteries of the besieging army were therefore got ready, and preparations made for storming the outworks. Early on the morning of Friday, the 19th, the large guns began to play. Soon after the Governor sent the following answer to the summons:—

(2.) *“For General Cromwell, or, in his absence, for the Commander-in-Chief of the Army now encamped before Ross.*

“Ross, 19th October, 1649.

“SIR,—I received a summons from you, the first day you appeared before this place, which should have been answered ere now had not other occasions interrupted me. And although I am now in far better condition to defend this place than I was at that time, yet I am, upon the considerations offered in your summons, content to entertain a treaty, and to receive from you those conditions that may be safe and honourable for me to accept. If you listen to them, I desire that pledges on both sides may be sent for performance of such articles as shall be agreed upon; and that all acts of hostility may cease on both sides, and each party keep within their distance. To this your immediate reply is expected by, sir, your servant,

“LUCAS TAAFFE.”

(3.) *“For the Governor of Ross: These—*

“Before Ross, 19th October, 1649.

“SIR,—If you like to march away with those under your command, with their arms, bag and baggage, and with drums and colours, and shall deliver up the town to me, I shall give caution to perform those conditions, expecting the

like from you. As for the inhabitants, they shall be permitted to live peaceably, free from the injury and violence of the soldiers.

"If you like hereof, you can tell how to let me know your mind, notwithstanding my refusal of a cessation. By those you will see the reality of my intentions to save blood, and to preserve the place from ruin. I rest your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

The batteries still continued to play, and a breach was soon made in the wall. The men were drawn out in line, ready to advance for the storm, Colonel Ingoldsby being chosen by lot to lead them. Taaffe seeing how matters stood, sent the following reply:—

(4.) "*For General Cromwell: These—*

"Ross, 19th October, 1649.

"SIR,—There wants but little of what I would propose; which is, that such townsmen as have a desire to depart, may have liberty within a convenient time to carry away themselves and their goods; and liberty of conscience to such as shall stay; and that I may carry away such artillery and ammunition as I have in my command. If you be inclined to this, I will send, upon your honour as a safe-conduct, an officer to conclude with you. To which your immediate answer is expected by, sir, your servant,

"LUCAS TAAFFE."

On the 8th December, 1641, both Houses of Parliament in England passed a joint declaration, in answer to the demand of the Irish for the free exercise of their religion, that they would never give their assent to any toleration of the Popish religion in Ireland, or in any other part of his Majesty's dominions. Another law was made in 1644, that no quarter should be given to any Irishman, or to any Papist born in Ireland. Pym boasted that they would not leave a priest in Ireland.* We shall now understand better the meaning of the following letter.

(5.) "*For the Governor of Ross: These—*

"Before Ross, 19th October, 1649.

"SIR,—What I formerly offered I shall make good. As for your carrying away any artillery or ammunition that you did not bring with you, or that has not come to you since you had the command of that place; I must deny you that, expecting you to leave it as you found it.

"As for that which you mention concerning liberty of conscience, I meddle not with any man's conscience. But if by liberty of conscience you mean a liberty to exercise the Mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing and to let you know, where the Parliament of England have power, that will not be allowed of. As for such of the townsmen as desire to depart and carry away themselves and goods, as you express, I engage they shall have three months' time to do so; and in the meantime they shall be protected from violence in their persons and goods, as others under the obedience of Parliament.

"If you accept of this offer, I engage my honour for a punctual performance hereof. I rest your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

* "*Cromwellian Settlement*," p. 311.

(6.) "*For General Cromwell: These—*

"October 19th, 1649.

"SIR,—I am content to yield up this place upon the terms offered in your last and first letters. And if you please to send your safe-conduct to such as I shall appoint to perfect these conditions, I shall on receipt thereof send them to you. In the interval, to cease all acts of hostility, and that all parties keep their own ground, until matters receive a full end. And I remain, sir, your servant,

"LUCAS TAAFFE."

(7.) "*For the Governor of Ross: These—*

"October 19th, 1649.

"SIR,—You have my hand and honour engaged to perform what I offered in my first and last letters; which I shall inviolably observe. I expect you to send me immediately four persons of such quality as may be hostages for your performance; for whom you have this safe-conduct enclosed, into which you may insert their names. Without which I shall not cease acts of hostility. If anything happen by your delay, to your prejudice, it will not be my fault. Those you send may see the conditions perfected. Whilst I forbear acts of hostility, I expect you forbear all actings within. I rest your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

"This," says an old London newspaper, "was the last message between them. The governor sending out his four hostages to compose and perfect the agreement, our batteries ceased; and our intentions to storm the town were disappointed. Thus within three days we had possession of this place without the effusion of blood; a very considerable place, and very good quarters for the refreshment of our soldiers. The enemy marched over to the other side of the river, and did not come out at that side of the town where we had encamped." Some six hundred English soldiers that were in the town entered the service of the Parliament.

"The surrender of this garrison," writes Cromwell to Lent-hall, "was a seasonable mercy, as giving opportunity towards Munster; and is for the present a very good refreshment for our men. We are able to say nothing as to all this, but that the Lord is still pleased to own a company of poor worthless creatures; for which we desire His name to be magnified, and that the hearts of all concerned may be provoked to walk worthy of such continued favours."

D. M.

FAME.

I.

THE Orator spoke, and the crowd was hush'd,
 Men held their breath as the quick words rush'd ;
 Stern eyes grew tearful, cold hearts grew hot ;
 Though the hours sped by they heeded them not ;
 And they swore not their fault if they liv'd not to see
 The tyrant dead and their country free.

The Orator ceases—the curtain falls,
 The echoes die through the tenantless walls—
 They fought in vain, for the orator's word
 Stay'd not the sweep of the tyrant's sword,
 And the riveted chain clank'd on as before,
 And the orator's words are remembered no more.
 Scanty his guerdon, scanty his fame,
 He lives in story, only a name.

II.

The Poet sang, and the earth grew still,
 And he moulded men's hearts at his own sweet will ;
 And they ask'd his name that it might be enroll'd
 With the names of earth's greatest in letters of gold—
 And his pale cheek flush'd and his heart beat high,
 And he said—"Nor my name nor my song shall die."

He paus'd, and earth's voices, silent so long,
 Grew sevenfold louder, and drown'd his song.
 As the tide of time thro' the centuries roll'd
 The rust ate in thro' the letters of gold ;
 And newer songs seem'd sweeter to men,
 And the Poet's songs are not heard again,
 Save by a few, with less heart than head,
 Who grope for his thoughts in a tongue that is dead.
 Scanty his guerdon, scanty his fame,
 He left in story scarce aught but a name.

III.

The Thinker sat pale in his lonely cell,
 And mus'd on the Thought he had shap'd so well ;
 And his keen eye look'd through the coming years,
 And he saw thro' the haze of his happy tears
 His shapely thought thro' the world expand
 Till its impress was stamp'd on the sea and the land ;
 And he thought to himself, 'mid his vision of fame,—
 "Surely the world will remember my name."

And the Thinker died, and his Thought went forth
 To the east and the west, to the south and the north ;
 But talent such changes on genius rang
 That the world forgot from whose brain it sprang ;
 And men deem'd that the fruit of the thought of the sage
 Was the slow grown produce of many an age.
 Scanty his guerdon, scanty his fame,
 He left in story not even a name !

J. F.

AN OLD CALUMNY REFUTED.

"And not (as we are slandered, and as some affirm that we say) let us do evil that good may come."—*St. Paul, Rom. i. 8.*

IT is no disgrace to the Jesuit Order that it is sometimes attacked with that same sort of calumnies against which the Apostle here defends himself. Like causes produce like effects, and the friends, not less than the foes, of Christianity, too closely resemble in this nineteenth century their respective ancestors of the first, to carry on their warfare now-a-days in a very different fashion or with weapons altogether unlike to those used in the earliest age of the Church.

The reflection is forced upon us by the long article, headed "Jesuit Teaching," which, following another of the same kind, appears in the January issue of the (London) *Quarterly Review*. The writer is said to be an M. P. for an English midland county, who has acquired, during a residence of some years in the German towns of Frankfort and Munich, just as much knowledge of the history of the Jesuit Order, their rules and their moral teaching, as enables him to misquote their annals, misunderstand their rules, and caricature their doctrine. Following the lead of Dr. Huber of Munich, the member for the English shire put off his boots and travelling coat and set himself to indite a lengthy

paper on the Institute and Rules of the Society of Jesus. In the November issue of the *Month* a temperate and well-considered paper dealt effectively with the first or October article of the reviewer. The second article, entitled "Jesuit Teaching," was given to the world in the January number of the *Quarterly*; and together with Mr. Gladstone's "Speeches of Pius IX.," formed, we presume, for English Protestant minds the *pièce de resistance* of that much-sought-for issue. The castigation inflicted upon the *Quarterly* reviewer by the *Month* would, in the opinion of competent judges, have sobered a less courageous or better informed writer. The reviewer, however, nothing daunted by ill success, has provoked a second combat, and abandoning the guidance of his Munich oracle—Dr. Huber—has opened business on his own account. The head and front of the Jesuits' offending is, this time, the laxity of their moral teaching. No doubt the tender conscience of the reviewer is sorely touched at this. He sets down at the head of his paper four or five Jesuit authors, some living, some long since dead, out of whose works he pretends to extract propositions quite shocking to Christian morality, and which, he thinks, fully justify the satire of Pascal and the deadly hatred of the Munich doctors against the Jesuit Society. The cardinal errors of this Society the reviewer reduces to three heads, viz.: That the end justifies the means; that equivocations and mental reservations are lawful things; and last, not least, that probabilism, as it is called, is a safe and just rule of human action.

Those who are acquainted with the "splendid libel" of Pascal and his associates, will find in this recent article of the reviewer little that can be called new. They cannot, however, fail to remark what a large amount of bad logic, blundering, and misquotation can be crowded under the appearance of impartiality and of some learning into an article in the *Quarterly*.

The charges against the Jesuit Fathers are drawn from, and alleged to be justified by, the printed works of Gury, Busenbaum, Voit, Layman and Liberatore—the first four compilers of manuals of moral theology; the last, a writer on ethical and philosophical subjects both in the "*Civiltà Cattolica*" and in separate printed works inscribed with the writer's name.

The doctrine that the end justifies the means; or, in other words, that evil may be done in order that good may come, is, it is needless to say, spurned by St. Paul; and in the unlimited sense put upon it by the English reviewer, has never had a defender among Catholics—Jesuit or other. The only authentic source to which I can trace that motto is the too well-known Hans Carvel in the burlesque poem of that name by Matthew Prior—

"The end must justify the means—
He only sins that ill intends;
Since therefore 'tis to combat evil,
'Tis lawful to employ the devil."

It is barely possible that the writer of the article headed "Jesuit Teaching" in the last *Quarterly*, considering the amount of knowledge displayed in his former lucubrations, may have considered Hans Carvel to have been a Jesuit. We assure him the fact was not so. We assure him further that the witty irony of Pascal in his seventh letter entitled, "How to direct one's Intention according to the Casuists," is irony and nothing more. There is no objective counterpart to it. It lacks truth. No Jesuit ever maintained that the intrinsic characters of moral good and moral evil are dependent upon the mere artifice of directing one's intention in this or the other way: and neither Chateaubriand, nor the candid and clever English Protestant who wrote under the signature of Frank Fairplay, was wrong in designating the "Provincial Letters" of Pascal, the one as an "immortal lie," the other as at best but "a splendid libel." The writers who have been found guilty of *nine hundred* falsifications in their two famous works, cannot be good authorities for grave charges. The Munich professors of the present day cannot be much relied on; and we purpose in the following pages to open some sources of information as to "Jesuit Teaching" less liable to objection and more satisfactory to Englishmen, than what the reviewer in the *Quarterly* has thought proper to produce.

In dealing with any body of men we should accept their own declarations as the best evidence of the tenets they hold. *Ego sum proximus mihi* is true not only of individuals but of communities. Their disclaimers of doctrines or views imputed to them ought to be weighed and judged of by the same rule as those of individual persons. Humanity, as well as love of truth, prescribe this course; and it is hard (unless, perhaps, in the cases of St. Paul and the Jesuit body) to see any exception to it. Following this principle, the charge of holding that "the end justifies the means" will soon disappear from the list of Jesuit evils. No Jesuit has ever yet acquiesced in it. No Jesuit has failed to protest against it. We will deal however with Jesuit *authors* only and proceed with written evidence alone.

In the year 1625, about the same time that Herman Busenbaum was collecting materials for his "*Medulla Theologiae Moralis*," the great Jesuit commentator, Cornelius à Lapide, wrote his "*Exposition on the Epistles of St. Paul*." His annotation or, doctrinal comment on the passage of St. Paul at the head of this paper, is as follows:—"Observe here with care that no sin, not even the smallest venial sin, is a means that may be chosen or put into execution for the purpose of avoiding even the very gravest sin." A more explicit denial of the doctrine that "the end justifies the means," was never yet put forth. It has never been heard that the Jesuits in their individual or corporate capacity have objected to this ruling of A Lapide or disavowed his doctrine.

About the same time a luminary of another kind—a Jesuit, and

one whose influence was not less than that of A Lapide—was mounting high in the firmament of Italy. This was the famous missionary preacher, Father Paul Segneri. If any writer among the Jesuits can be selected as a fair representative of their teaching, it is the famous preacher, Paul Segneri. His credit with that Order for correct theological teaching (as well as for elegance of language) is immense, while the masses whom he addressed ranked his "Prediche" and his "Ragionamento" as second to the inspired volumes alone.

The extract which we give below is taken from the "Ragionamento" of November 28. The subject is "Small Sins,"—a subject with which the hearers of Mr. Spurgeon cannot be unfamiliar. More valued, however, than the effusions of Spurgeon himself, the substance of the "Ragionamento" on "Little Sins" has passed, in the House of Spiritual Exercises in Rome, into the standing text which year after year is propounded almost without change to the clergymen and laymen that frequent that house. The doctrinal teaching of this Jesuit Segneri, runs thus:—

"To be burthened with a single deliberate venial sin, however small, is a greater evil in one's regard than to be afflicted with every possible disease—wounds, imposthumes, fever, gout, palsy, paroxysms of every sort; nay, than the very devils of hell, suffered to infest the human frame. It follows that to escape these evils one can never bring himself with a good conscience to tell a single lie, though only in jest, nor attempt a slight theft, nor compass a trifling fraud or bit of knavery. Nor alone this, but were it in one's power to bring one day or other to the faith of Christ by means of such a sin all Jews, Tartars, Turks, Gentiles, in a word, all the nations rebellious to God's word, one cannot so act, nor would God be obliged for such conversion, but would punish one with pain and suffering so severe as those of Purgatory, which surpass all the torments of this world."—Segneri, "Ragionamento," Nov. 29.*

Segneri was born in 1624, Father Busenbaum in 1600. The "Ragionamento" above cited reached the public ear, however, long before any of the obnoxious phrases, which sharp eyes seem to have detected in Busenbaum, was put into print. So, in like manner, did the commentary of A Lapide proclaiming, on the authority of St. Paul, that "no morally evil thing, however small, can be done or designed for even the greatest of good results." *Loc. cit.* But earlier than either of these, the well-known Cardinal Bellarmine, a Jesuit, had given to the world his Catechism or "Dottrina Cristiana." We find in this standard Catechism (as we do in our Catechisms of to-day) the following question and answer:—

Q. Is it lawful to tell a lie [an officious lie, is Bellarmine's word] for a good end?

A. No; for a lie being intrinsically evil, no reason or motive can excuse it.

* The doctrine amounts to this, that *no* end can justify evil means.

We call the attention of the reviewer and his Munich friends to this uncompromising and highly practical doctrine of the learned Jesuit Bellarmine. It should be borne like an amulet around the necks of reviewers and Munich doctors. It might be engraved at a future day (we hope a distant day) as an epitaph over the tomb of the *Quarterly* reviewer; and if useless for the generation that now is, it might be of some service to that which is to follow.

Bellarmino is not the only Jesuit catechist who teaches that the holiness of an end or intention, however unquestioned, cannot authorize the adoption of immoral or improper means. In France, the country of Pascal, and while the light irony of that writer was ringing in the ears of many a Parisian gamin, Father Couturier, a Jesuit, was labouring to impress upon the rising generation the same stern truth that Bellarmine and Segneri had proclaimed in Italy. The text of Père Couturier is as follows ("Catech. Dogm. et Moral, VIII. Com. de Dieu"):

Q. May we not sometimes tell a lie?

A. No; it is never permitted to tell a lie. A lie is at all times a sin because always opposed to the supreme veracity of God, who of necessity detests falsehood, duplicity, and lips that lie.

Objection. There are lies that harm our neighbour in no degree, their aim is to have a laugh, to excuse oneself, to oblige, to avoid giving displeasure, &c.

A. It matters not, answers St. Austin. It is never allowed on whatever occasion. How trivial soever a lie may be, it is still a greater evil than the combined temporal evils of all this world.

Of positive witnessings to the effect that the end does *not* justify any means (in the slightest degree condemnable) we have already a goodly array. It is questionable if the whole Anglican communion can produce as many testimonies under this one head. One more shall be added to the list. The founder of the Society of Jesus is sometimes taunted with infusing into that Society in its very origin a spirit of craft and subserviency, and is charged in particular with furnishing germs of the hated doctrine, that the end justifies the means. To any one who reads the "Spiritual Exercises" of that devoted and single-minded man, no weapon from the armoury of slander shall appear more pointless. No writer could indeed declare in clearer language than Ignatius, that bad or vicious means cannot be relieved of their guilt and rendered faultless by any end or intention they may be made to subserve. This negative St. Ignatius lays down unequivocally in his "Spiritual Exercises" in the meditation on the three degrees of humility. The second degree is stated to amount to this, that we be determined on no account whatever, for no consideration of this life, to commit a single venial sin, be it ever so small. The third degree of humility (i. e. of Christian loyalty) the saint defines thus: that in case of equal (external) honour accruing to the Supreme Being from two sets of actions—two lines of conduct on our part,

we should choose of the two that which makes us more resemble the mortified life of Christ. Earlier still the saint had laid down a similar doctrine. There is, he says, one end and only one ultimate end for which man was created. He is bound to strive for that end, and to use created things in reference to that end only. Holy and excellent, however, as this last advice is, it is to be limited and explained by the axiom (self-evident to a Christian) that when any created object is commanded or forbidden there ceases to be moral option on our part; the question is settled by the highest authority that exists. The range of free moral choice does not extend to such points. They are sealed and determined by the highest of all law-givers, and no end, intention, legislation, reasoning, or permission can disturb or invalidate the ruling of that authority.—(Ignatius of Loyola, "Exercises, Fundamental Meditation.")

Thus the Jesuit Fathers, through their founder, their professors, their preachers and their catechists have held the same language, viz.—that *no end, no intention or object whatsoever* can justify or exempt from God's displeasure an act in itself prohibited or immoral. None endorse more cheerfully than the Jesuit the well-known maxim of the poet—

"Who noble ends by *noble means* obtains,
Or failing smiles in exile or in chains,
: : that man is great indeed."

From utterances such as those above given, let us turn to the jugglery by which they are sought to be set aside. "The mind of man can rest," says Gibbon, "in a mixed and middle state between self-illusion and voluntary fraud." That many of the Jesuits' accusers are just in this state we have much reason to believe, and that the M.P. for Oxfordshire has not escaped it we make bold, notwithstanding all literary courtesies, to affirm. A few samples of his manipulations will suffice for the reader.

The words of Father Gury, "*qui ignorat Mysteria Trinitatis*," &c., the reviewer translates, "he who ignores the mysteries of the Trinity," &c., instead of "who is ignorant of," &c., the nonsense or counter sense of which is briefly though effectively exposed in the last number of "The Month" (see page 230 of the periodical). Further on, a still braver feat of translation is achieved by the reviewer. Father Gury divides Mental Reservations into two kinds—*strictly mental* and *loosely, or improperly called mental* (*Stricte mentales et late seu improprie mentales*.) The former, he says, are never allowed, being only lies in another shape; the latter may, from grave causes, in some cases be allowed. The translator here renders *late*,

latently, italicizing the word to show us the fidelity with which he has translated. He then informs us that Gury permits *latent* mental reservations for a grave reason. The reviewer though representing, it is said, an English shire, in which one of the great Universities is situate, is manifestly unaware that *latè*, *widely*, *vaguely*, from *latus*, *lata*, *latum*, *wide*, has no connection whatever with *lateo*, *latere*, to lie hid, or with its derived adverb *latenter*, *latently*. This creditable mistake turns of course to the advantage of the reviewer's cause, and makes Gury say *precisely the reverse* of what Gury does say. Compared with this achievement, the effort of the spectacled parson who derived *Deipara* from *Deus*, God, and *par*, equal, and charged Catholics with making the Blessed Virgin equal to God, vanishes into insignificance! Some of the Oxford beadles or hall-porters, ought surely to be taken into our reviewer's service before the latter again honours the "Quarterly" with his lucubrations.

The same "mixed and middle state between self-illusion and voluntary fraud" which Gibbon attributes to Mahomet, appears to cling to our writer, when, endeavouring to support his charge against the Jesuits of having taught "that the end justifies the means," he flies to the pages of Gury, Busenbaum, Voit, and Liberatore. It is in vain that Gury lays down that "only means in themselves indifferent, i. e. characterised by no inherent malice, are permissible."* It is in vain for the same excellent writer to proclaim that "all choice of evil means, is evil,"† that "he who uses evil means to attain a good end contracts the guilt attaching to the use of such means;"‡ the writer will have it that guilt does not mean guilt, evil does not mean evil.

The reviewer's next assault is directed against Father Busenbaum. Father Herman Busenbaum lectured for many years in Moral Theology, in the University of Cologne, and in 1645 gave to the world his well-known "*Medulla Theologiae Moralis*." In the preface to this work the author tells us, "I have asserted nothing unless what has been the common sentiment of doctors, or what I have found in the books or writings of the most approved authors." Many of the propositions contained in the "*Medulla*" are, as Dr. Newman (letter to the Duke of Norfolk, p. 43) observes, not Father Busenbaum's but those of other people. They are not even approved by Father Busenbaum, but given for what they are worth. Busenbaum apprises us "that if he sets forth some instances where Catholic doctors thought more benignly (than the common run of authors, we suppose), he does not therefore either advise or approve of those statements (*Praef. ad fin*). The style of this moralist is orderly and lucid; concise however even to a fault, like that of the Father of Greek Philosophy himself. A hasty and superficial

* "*Casus Cansc.*" p. 332.

† "*Compend. Theologiae Mor.*" De Actib. Human. Art. II., § 3. De Fine-unde resolves.

‡ *Ibid*

De Actib. Human. Art. II., § 3. De Fine.

reader may easily, on this account, mistake the meaning of Father Busenbaum; and it is no wonder that a literary buccaneer who is in want of a Latin dictionary, and is too ignorant to understand the word *latè* (loosely, widely), but confounds it with *latenter* (latently), should be unable to supply the ordinary ellipses and the omitted but understood conditions of a close and logical writer upon Moral Theology.

The reviewer charges Father Busenbaum with being the patriarch of a maxim which he justly regards (if *absolutely* taught or acted upon), as subversive of morals and common honesty. Busenbaum's "Manual" has gone through *two hundred* editions since 1645, when it first appeared. The reviewer has got seized and possessed of *one* edition, that of Munich, 1653), and this he cites by pages only—as if every reader of the "Quarterly" is supposed to have gone to the Old Catholics of Munich, and to have furnished himself with the rare and rather antiquated edition that adorns the reviewer's own shelves. We possess better and later editions, not paged, however, as the reviewer's is. With some difficulty we have succeeded in finding a phrase or two not unlike those quoted in the "Quarterly." On these phrases, we think, rests the entire patriarchate so liberally bestowed upon Busenbaum both by Pascal of old, and by Dr. Huber and Mr. Cartwright in the present day. Among the sixty or more propositions found in Busenbaum, and censured by the Roman authorities since 1645, this *dictum*, "Cui licet finis, ei licent media ad finem" does not appear. From this alone it is clear, that Busenbaum used such *dictum* in no *heterodox* or *uncatholic* sense. The maxim or rule, "Cui licet finis, ei licent et media," "*who has a right to the end, has a right to the means*," manifestly supposes: 1. That the moral goodness or badness of the means has not been determined already *aliunde*. 2. That such are the only or necessary means to the end in question. 3. That the end in question is lawful. There is no need of repeating these suppositions at every moment. We know that no end or motive can legitimate such means as are in themselves wrong. Busenbaum's treatises on *Material and Formal Co-operation*, *On Lying*, *On Duelling*, *Self-Mutilation*, *Immodesty*, &c., suppose and rest upon such assumptions; and in the first of the two obnoxious passages (see Busenb. L. IV., cap. II., Art. ii. *resolves* 3, and L. VI., Tract VI., c. II.), the *means* said to be not condemnable are narrowed down, even in such a thing as the natural right to escape from death or perpetual prison, by these stringent limits, viz. *nisi bonum publicum aliud postulet, præcisa vi et injuria*; i. e. that such escape be not against the common weal, that it be without violence, and without wrong or injury to any. These excesses not being supposed, the natural right of any man to escape from enforced death or captivity carries with it a corresponding right to break a window, or jump it may be over a table. Will any Englishman deny the right or condemn the fugitive of a sin before God?

What one of the 600 M.P.'s. blames John Mitchell for his escape on any other ground than that of broken *parole*!*

The next delinquent in matter of moral teaching, according to our reviewer, is Father Gury. Fortunately the words of Father Gury are so clear and so full as to defeat adverse criticism. They are, "The lawfulness of the end carries with it a right to means of themselves indifferent." The miserable comment put by the "Quarterly's" writer on the word *indifferent* is altogether excluded by Gury's own definition of the word, as used by him.† A circumstance is in his language, indifferent when it neither adds to nor diminishes the morality of the act it belongs to. In the same category with Gury are to be classed two other writers quoted by our reviewer, viz. Wageman and Liberatore, both Jesuit divines. The former of these writers says:—

"(1) If the means be *indifferent*, the choice derives neither goodness nor malice from it, as is evident. (2) If the means is of the same specific malice or goodness as the end, the choice does not superinduce a new species of morality. (3) Every choice of *evil means* is evil; but on the other hand, not every choice of *good means* is positively good."

The latter, Father Liberatore offends our "astounding" critic, by giving utterance to a simple truism which no one ever attempted to deny. The proposition is what Locke would have styled a mere "verbal proposition;" more recent writers would name it a platitude. It is to the following effect as given by the reviewer:—"From the obligation to attain an end arises the right to procure the means necessary and useful towards that end." A very harmless utterance surely; yet such are the utterances which offend the tender consciences of our reviewers, and force them every three months to give an airing at once to their knowledge of Latin and their contempt of the rules of logic.

In the paper which we now close, the reader will observe a mass of *direct teaching* from Jesuit sources to the effect that the end does *not* justify any unjust or censurable means. Of the five Casuists produced by Mr. Cartwright as erring by an opposite teaching, we have dismissed two (Layman and Voit) as not affording even a pretext for the change advanced. Three others we have confronted with their accuser, and considering the mighty blunders of the latter, and the unblamed utterances against which he fights, we must say to each one of the accused:

"The formal process vanishes to sport,
And you're dismissed with honour by the court."

How long the *Quarterly* will continue to instruct its readers through such articles as we have examined, will depend much on the good sense or prejudice of the English people. M. O'F.

* It is only of a sin *in foro conscientiae* the author speaks.

† The reviewer labours hard (see "Quarterly," p. 71) for some fantastical and absurd meaning of the word *indifferent*. Father Gury informs him in what sense he uses it; viz.—"Quae (actiones) nihil conferunt ad moralitatem actus, prorsus *indifferentes* habentur." (*De Act. Human. De Circumstantiis*, p. 29. Romæ, 1866.)

JOHN RICHARDSON'S RELATIVES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NANCY HUTCH AND HER THREE TROUBLES."

PART VII.

LEFT to themselves in this state of suspense, husband and wife silently looked round them. Achilles' first glance lit upon the sealed desk, purposely left by Mary George in a place where she knew it would catch the eyes of all comers.

"Very regular—very proper, indeed!" he said on sight of this object of Miss Travers' care. Cautiously drawing it towards him (Giles' broad back just then offering a screen ample enough between him and the others), he found his curiosity fully satisfied. "G. R.," in the large plain capitals of an old-fashioned family seal, and "A. F.," in a delicately executed modern monogram, answered for "George Richardson" and "Arthur Franklin."

"Very proper and regular, really!" again commented he.

"Yes, if they didn't open it first," observed Mrs. Achilles.

Her husband shook his head. Of Dr. Franklin's part he had not the very slightest doubt; and, all things considered, he "rather thought not," he said, meaning to refer only to his cousin George.

At this moment the cook appeared. Warned by the coming footstep, Mrs. Achilles had already turned from the table, and now stood confronting her. Awed for the moment by the commanding air of the figure that thus stopped the way, the woman involuntarily made something like the curtsy that had been a daily portion of her early lessons. But quickly recovering herself, and as though feeling that she had been imposed on, she assumed even more than her ordinary share of that give-and-take, labour *v.* capital demeanour which, whether for better or for worse, domestics on this side of the water are surely and not slowly acquiring from their American cousins.

"Mrs. Richardson is out, I believe?" recommenced Mrs. Achilles.

"Yes, mem. You're Mrs. Deane, I suppose'm?"

"Certainly! I am Mrs. Deane," answered the lady, raising her voice, perhaps unconsciously, so as to send the assertion the full length of the room to the ear of Mrs. Giles. "And this is Mr. Deane—your master's nephew."

The cook glanced at the gentleman, but turned again to Mrs. Achilles.

"We're expecting Mrs. Richardson in, every moment, m'm," she said. "But if she was not back in time to meet you, mem, she left her compliments, and hoped you and Mr. Deane wouldn't think of going back to the country without dining. And the other

Mr. Deane and his lady, she hoped you'd all make one party and dine with Mr. Richardson at five. He'd expect you up to half-past for certain, and she hoped you wouldn't disappoint him."

"Oh!—thank you," pronounced Mrs. Achilles, slowly, and then she was silent. Looking on her as a natural enemy, even as the giver of gifts she mistrusted Mary George. Yet what was to be done? since, without taking time to put the axiom into words, she, too, recognised the fact that, come what might, men must get their dinner. One effort more she would make before referring, as she must, the matter to Achilles.

"Mrs. Richardson herself dines here," she said, in the tone of assertion rather than of question.

"Here, ma'am! oh, dear no, 'm!" was the reply. "She just takes a cup of tea with Miss Travers morning and evening. Mrs. Richardson doesn't give the least bit of trouble in the house; no more than if she was a child, but a great deal less." This was added with a look towards the group around the baby.

"What do you say?" Mrs. Achilles said, now forced to face her liege lord and the consequences of her own miscalculations.

"If you settled to have no dinner at home, we must have it somewhere, you know!" returned Achilles, in an aside such as he and his professional brethren would hold on a hitch in the cause of an unlucky client, and whose significance would be pretty sure to be apparent to the other side.

Now on the present "other side" the cook was nowise deficient in the mother wit that sees and catches at the enemy's weak point. She felt that she had but quietly to "hold her own" for that day in order to ensure a happy riddance of the perpetual and perhaps irregular dinners for family droppers-in, of which a vision had haunted her throughout the first night of her old master's illness. She stood still and silent; respectfully so, it seemed, but—Mrs. Achilles understood the full force of what lay behind that silence.

"Well, yes," she said to her husband, "I did tell Sophia to slacken fire in the range: coals are so——"

"Well, then," interrupted he, decisively, "there's nothing else for it!"

In short it was a decree *nisi*, which, as every one will know, Achilles had put into plain English. No wonder, indeed! the poor man was already sensible of having his appetite put forward a full hour by the clock upon the bare prospect of the only possible alternative as to getting dinner (a plate of ham-shavings at a coffee shop being none): the going home and awaiting the heating of the oven and Sophia's temper. For as to the dropping into an hotel for a good substantial meal—as some easy-going, road-to-ruin-like folk might think of doing, was, in the company of Mrs. Achilles, im-pos-si-ble!

"I'll mention Mrs. Richardson's invitation to my brother and

sister-in-law," that lady herself said to the cook, with a nod that added plainly "you may go."

That she had appropriated to herself and her husband the message more particularly addressed to the country couple, and, it might even be said, personated them for the moment, seemed to Mrs. Achilles a matter of no consequence ; since to her and Achilles, who otherwise might have to give a dinner, the moot question of accepting one elsewhere appeared properly to belong. And now that this arrangement was decided on, she took the newest, simplest, and surest means of ensuring tranquil acquiescence by laying it before Giles and his wife in the shape of an accomplished fact. This done, all that remained was to pass somehow or other the time dividing the present from George Richardson's dinner-hour.

On the following morning, George unexpectedly appeared before his brother's door just as the family were gathering for breakfast. His first thoughts on waking, at the early hour at which all folk not descended from the seven sleepers must awake in a house inhabited by three healthy children and a baby, were that as his recent visit to John's office had more or less broken the ice between them it would be too bad to let it close in to separate and chill them as before ; that a fresh piece of news, such as he now was provided with, is a great help towards getting through an awkward meeting ; and that by going to John's house there would be Mary and the children to help to carry on or off the interview. He had then, without giving his courage time to cool down into irresolution, proceeded to put his thoughts into action.

At almost the first sound of his voice in the hall, a shower of young Richardsons descended upon Uncle George ! "If they were but a little stronger, I'd make my appearance 'Lady-out-of-town,'" he said to John and Mary, as led and driven he entered the breakfast-room, where his welcome was, if less noisy, not less cordial. There were no two ways in which John could meet his own brother in his own house. And Mary's cordiality indeed was even more marked than usual : "lest," as she afterwards said to her husband, "the poor fellow might think that unfortunate money matter—which she felt sure he could not help—lessened his welcome." And as she promptly made all proper inquiries for Mary George (learning how and where she was), John was spared that difficulty as to naming the latter which he lately had experienced in meeting George alone.

"Well," the latter said, the moment he had answered his sister-in-law, "they've strange news over at Uncle Tott's—he's come to himself at last."

"Thank God," John said ; "that would be good news, even if he was the total stranger that——," here he paused, as though not choosing at such a juncture to go back on by-gones.

"Yes, indeed !" added Mary, feelingly. "Poor man ! it was

awful to think of any one being taken off in that way. When did he come to, George?"

"Late last evening. The Deanes were there in the afternoon, and went back again before Giles went home to see was there any change. So that we were all in the house when he suddenly opened his eyes and looked about him. At first he seemed to fancy we all were there about the old lady's funeral, and asked had he been let lie there while others buried his wife. They told him that it was after the funeral he fainted; and he still seems under the impression that he has been ill all the time since her death, and to forget all that has happened since. He has no notion that he has had a fit. Isn't it odd? But Franklin mentioned a man whom he had attended himself in a last fit, and whom his father had brought round from a first more than twenty years before, and who never knew of its occurrence. And Uncle Tott is not to be told of his, it appears."

"That's all right, I dare say," John replied, "He's in safe hands."

"By the way, he asked for you—that is, at least, he asked how you are."

"Not as if he wished to know more than that?" John said, smiling.

"Well to t—t—tell you the truth," stammered George, "it sounded like the mere old-fashioned politeness he always spoke with when we chanced to meet. That was how it struck me—as you ask."

"And as it struck me without asking," John rejoined.

"That's no reason though, as I said to you before, why you shouldn't go to see him. He showed no surprise at seeing any of us, and no dislike to seeing us. And no doubt he will be likely to settle his affairs now, if he has not settled them already."

Mary looked inquiringly at John. "Perhaps," she said, "the coolness between him and all of you was more his wife's fault than his own."

"A hundred to one it was!" George exclaimed, eagerly.

"What!" John returned, indignantly; and turning to his wife as though George had not been heard, "if George and his wife were dead, do you think that I could be prevented even by you—if you would prevent me—from loving and looking after his grandchildren? or that he would—if he could do it—be prevented looking after ours? I rejoice at the poor old man's recovery, but——"

He did not fill up this pause, nor did anyone else for the moment; and Mary, turning to her tea-urn—forgotten while they talked—proceeded to make breakfast ready. The children meantime had settled themselves on and around their uncle. George junior, in quality of eldest and of godson, having taken possession of the right knee, while Anna, as the only girl, claimed the left; and the younger boys seized a shoulder each.

"Now," George said to his godson, "One—"

"One-ery, two-ery, Dickery, Davy,
Hollabo, crackery, Henry, navy;
Whiskum, dandum, merri-cum-time;
Humbleum, bumbleum, twenty-nine,"*

trolled out young George, in a breath.

"That's a man!" his uncle said; "you'll soon be able to say your A B C."

The little fellow smiled understandingly at this eulogium.

"I could say it, too, Uncle George," cried Anna, eagerly: "though George wouldn't teach me."

"I only said it wasn't fit for girls," returned George junior:—"and is it, Uncle George?"

"Well," Uncle George replied, consideringly, as he looked first at one child and then at the other, "Well, George, Polly says it."

"And mamma said if it wasn't fit for girls you would not teach it to George," added Anna, triumphantly.

"Mamma said right—as she always does," George said, turning an affectionate look on his sister-in-law. "But I'll tell you what it is, Anna;—I'll" (lowering his voice confidentially) "find something for you and Polly to say yourselves."

"Would Polly have it if I went down to dine with her to-day?" inquired the child.

"Not to-day, Anna, certainly," Mary John said. "Uncle George knows when papa and I say 'No,' it is not to be. And wouldn't it be nicer for you to ask him to send up Polly and the boys to dine with you?"

"We have no hobby-horse here," Anna replied, looking at her uncle.

"You have a stable, you know, Anna," returned he; "and papa says you'll find a donkey in it some fine day. And won't that be better?"

"I know papa said we'd have a donkey some fine day. But ever, ever so many fine days came and he didn't come."

"I didn't promise the fine day to come this year," John said.

"And Dick says," pursued Anna, "that when we have our donkey we shan't be able to ride him on wet days; nor any day at night."

"Why, Dick is as melancholy in his prophecies as 'Moore's Almanac!'" George said. "Though if he once had the donkey himself, I fancy he'd try conclusions with us on that point. I hope you rode enough, Anna, when you were down last birthday?"

"Georgey gave Dick a great big piece of his pudding to let me ride as long as ever I liked," answered Anna. "But he wouldn't let George, and 'twas then they boxed and —"

* The *Times* lately attributed this rhyme to Sir Walter Scott, but it has been current from time immemorial in Munster nurseries.

"Ho, ho!" said John, in a tone that Anna understood, and she stopped short.

"I'm shocked!" George said.

"And I'm still more shocked, Uncle George," added Mary.

"Dick will have to go to school and get the 'Principles of Politeness' flogged into him," continued Uncle George, putting on a face to suit the severity of the sentence.

"Little girls who bring home stories when they dine out, had much better dine at home, Anna," the mother said, significantly.

"But Uncle George—but mamma," pleaded Anna, tears in her eyes, and entreaty in her voice for Dick and herself, "Georgey said boys *should* know how to box; and that they might as well box about the hobby-horse as about anything else."

This was a speech that struck father, mother, and self-conscious uncle as "so kind for" Georgey to make—so like Georgey's father's characteristic optimism, that no one of the three could keep up sufficient semblance of gravity to deceive the keen cross-examining gaze of childish eyes; and all the little people had read off the faces around them the conclusion before Uncle George spoke one for all: "Mamma sees that that makes it quite another affair," he said; "and no tale out of school at all."

"It strikes me, Uncle George," interposed John, to whose heart a possible pleasure lost to his children struck home with almost a pang, "we might manage a riding-party without bringing the house down altogether about your old Nancy's ears. What do you say, little woman? Suppose you four go down at eleven and stay till one and bring Polly and the boys back by two to dine with you here. You all will have two hours for the hobby-horse. And who knows but mamma, for a kiss apiece, might make a pudding for Georgey."

A general clapping of hands accepted this happy compromise.

"And now," Mary asked, "who will go down and remind Lizzie that Uncle George's eggs are to get a turn and a-half?"

"I!" and "I!" cried the two children, unattached; "and I'll turn the glass!"

"One at a time," interposed John.

"Come, boys, I'll draw lots for you," their Uncle George said, taking out his pocket-book to get a piece of paper.

"And the child that loses now is to go next time without any lots," George, junior, said, with the air of a young juriconsult.

"Quite right, Counsellor," said John.

"And," added Mary, "so that you may not have time to forget whose turn it is, perhaps Uncle George will come to-morrow morning."

Both boys clapped their hands.

"You will, Uncle George, won't you?" begged little George, who dearly loved his uncle, godfather, and namesake.

"He must, mamma," added Anna, with an air of queenly decisiveness.

"Well, I don't know about to-morrow," George himself replied. "If I have any fresh news——"

"Whether you have or not, do come, George," urged Mary. "You may as well come up to us while you are alone. It is so dreary a thing to begin the day as you do."

John was on the point of saying with surprise, "you forget the children," when he checked himself. It would almost look like a put off to Mary's invitation. It did not occur to him that a group of children—even good children—without a mother at home to keep them in order, may not present a picture quite so attractive to his wife's eyes as to his.

That point—so far at least as concerned the next morning settled, and the eggs duly watched and done to a turn, breakfast began and ended cheerily. John and George then left the house together; probably the first time since the marriage of the latter, of their thus setting off for their separate offices in each other's company. But for the remembrance of more recent meetings this would have been a great and equal enjoyment to the brothers. Yet, even here, luck favoured George's bold stroke. Before embarrassment on either side could be renewed by awkwardness of either silence or speech, a chatty neighbour of John's overtook and accosted them. Living on the same road, and going the same way daily about the same hour, and fresh from reading the same news, John and this gentleman had easily fallen into one of those walking alliances so common amongst suburban men of business. To George he was even better known as a brother merchant, and he now slackened pace and, as a thing of course, fell into line with them.

"You, like myself, are going to business for form's sake," he said to George; "though we may as well go take our pleasure. Corn is a drug in the market. Only that people must keep on eating, and, sooner or later, I suppose, must come to us, we'd have a prospect of starving ourselves in the midst of plenty."

This was just what George had wished to say once more to John: what he had thought to find, but did not, earlier that morning an opportunity of dropping incidentally in conversation. And now he could almost agree to make over his first good customer to this acquaintance, he felt so much obliged to him for thus saying what he had so desired and found so hard to say for himself.

His place of business being the first come to of the three, he parted from John as well as his friend with a nod instead of the more formal shake-hands of the day before. He did not, perhaps, quite feel as though some part of his debt was paid. But he

certainly found it to weigh less heavily upon him after the pleasant hour of old brotherhood once more spent together.

"It was very good of George to come to you again to-day," Mary said to John that evening. "It shows that he really desires to do us a service with your grand-uncle."

"Yes," returned John. "He's the old George still. To be assured of that is one good gained. What I most dreaded for him in his connection with those Johnson people was that he might lose his own guileless, open character when bound up with those, the very essence of whose nature seems knowingness. But, after all, I think there is no great reason to dread his changing, if the world go on at all smoothly with the poor fellow as to money matters."

"George may give way to others sometimes, where you'd hold out, John; but I need only look in his face when he has the children round him to feel sure that nothing could really change his affectionate nature," Mary said, warmly.

"I believe you are right," John rejoined, smiling; "you know George says you always are. One is apt to get impatient at people who are too impressionable, too easily led—over-impatient, I believe," he added, after a moment's thought. "And yet there's a *for* and *against* in it, as there is in everything else. The forces they yield to easily seem to take less from them than from harder natures; and to leave them pretty much as they were at first, down to the end of the chapter."

IDEAL LIKENESSES.

BY THE LATE J. J. CALLANAN, AUTHOR OF "GOUGANE BARRA."*

(Now first published.)

I. ARIADNE.

A SWEET, but happy-looking face, with mouth
Like rosebud opening to the pleasant south,
Giving sweets, stealing sunshine; it was gay,
As it could smile e'en sorrow's self away.
The curls were all thrown back, as not allowed
To shed o'er that young brow the faintest cloud.

* We owe these relics of the Author of the "Recluse of Inchedony," whose name we have linked with a shorter but better known poem, to the kindness of Mrs. Lynch, of Killester Demesne, Raheny, a relative of Callanan's. The dying poet gave them to her, with the assurance that they had not been and would not be published, when setting out for Portugal, where he was too soon to find a grave.

From the fair forehead's height they downward rolled,
A sunny stream, floating with waves of gold.
A wreath of vine-leaves bound them, but the wind
Kissed the stray ringlets it had not confined.
Too beautiful for earth, the sky had given
To eye and cheek the colouring of heaven :—
Blue! the clear blue, upon an April sky;
Red, the first red, the morning blush's dye.
The downcast look at times wore pensiveness,
But tender, more than sorrowful, as less
She'd known than dream'd of woe—as her chief grief
Had been a fading flower, a falling leaf.
Her song was as the red wine sparkling up,
Gaily o'erflowing from a festal cup.
Her step was light, as wont to move along
To the gay cymbal and the choral song.
Her laugh was glad, as one who rather chose
To dwell upon life's pleasures than life's woes.
And this was she whom Theseus left to pine
And mingle her salt tear-drops with the brine.
Her face was all too bright for tears, she gave
Sighs to the wind and weeping to the wave ;
And left a lesson unto after times,
Too little dwelt upon in minstrel rhymes—
A lesson! how inconstancy should be
Repaid again by like inconstancy.

II. SAPPHO.

Dark, passionate, though beautiful, the eye
Was as the lightning of the stormy sky :
Flashing through darkness—light and shadow blent—
Working of the mind's weird element.
You could not mark the features—could not trace
What hue, what outline, was upon that face.
Even while present, indistinct it seemed,
Like that of which we have but lately dream'd.
You saw a hurried hand fling back the hair,
Like tempest clouds rolled backward on the air.
Still midnight was beneath that haughty brow,
Darkened with thoughts to which it would not bow.
Midnight! albeit, a starry one—the light
Meteor, or planet, still was that of night.
She had a dangerous gift—though genius be
All the earth boasts of—immortality.
This gift too heavenly to suit that earth—
The spirit perishes with its fatal birth.

This mingling fire and water—soul and clay—
 The one must make the other one its prey.
 Her heart sufficed not to itself; such mind
 Will shrink such utter loneliness to find
 As it must in its range of burning thought;
 Will sigh above the ruins it has wrought,—
 False fancies, prejudice, affection vain,—
 Until it seeks to wear again the chain
 Itself has broken, so that it might be
 Less desolate, although no longer free.
 She loved; again her ardent soul was buoyed
 On Hope's bright wings above life's dreary void:
 Again its fond illusions were received,
 Centred in one, the dearest yet believed.
 It ended as illusions ever must—
 The shining temple prostrate in the dust.
 Look on that brow so deeply stamped with pride,
 How might it brook the grief it could not hide?
 Above her raged the storm, beneath the sea,
 And love and genius found their destiny—
 Despair and death!

III. ERINNA.

Fashioned by nature in her gentlest mood,
 Almost for human love too fair, too good—
 'Twas a sweet face,—a face of smiles, of tears,
 Of all that soothes and softens, wins, endears;
 Bearing the omen of her early fate,
 The rose upon her lips was delicate.
 Her youthful cheek was pale, and all too plain
 Was seen the azure wandering of the vein
 That shone in the clear temple, as if care,
 Wasting that brow to sickness, had been there.
 Erinna! she who died like her own song,
 Wasting too soon away—remembered long.
 Her heart and life were musical, but one
 Who marvelled at what her sweet self had done—
 Who breathed for Love, and pined to find that Fame
 In answer to her lute's soft summons came.
 See, the eye droops in sadness, as to shun
 That which it dare not gaze on—Glory's sun.

IV. CORINNA.

There is an antique gem, on which her brow
 Retains its graven beauty even now.
 Her hair is braided, but one curl behind
 Floats, as enamoured of the summer wind.

Her dress is simple, as she were too fair
Even to think of beauty's own sweet care.
The lip and brow are contrasts; one so fraught
With pride—the melancholy pride of thought;
Conscious of its own power, yet forced to know
How very little way that power will go.
Regretting—while too proud of—the fine mind
Which raises, but to part it from its kind.
But the sweet mouth had nothing of all this:
It was a mouth the bee had learned to kiss.

* * * * *

The one spoke genius in its high revealing,
The other smiled a woman's gentler feeling.

[UNFINISHED.]

THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S. J.

XII. CHURCH PROPERTY.

THE Church of Christ taken in its more extended sense, that is, for the whole society of true believers, is what theologians and jurists call a *perfect community*, namely, a moral body sufficient for itself in its own order, and not a mere part of some other body, nor dependent on any other. In this sense, speaking of the temporal order, an empire, a kingdom, a republic, is a perfect community, whilst a city, a province, a colony is not such. A perfect community possesses within itself all that is required for its own government and support. It may need, no doubt, many things which are not actually produced within its territory, but it has the means of purchasing them. It manages its own affairs for itself. There are different degrees of this perfection of a community, or rather there are different degrees of approach to the condition of a perfect community. Thus a city has more of this character than a village; a province or a colony, at least in many instances, than a city. On the other hand, a so-called kingdom may not be a perfect community, as we see in the case of our three kingdoms, England, Ireland, and Scotland.

The Church is a perfect community in the spiritual order. It is complete, independent. It is not a mere part of any larger body in the spiritual order, it is not, *as such*, a part of any state or number of states in the temporal order; it is not, as to the proper affairs of

its own spiritual order, dependent on any temporal state or number of states. It is a vast independent kingdom or empire. It comprises within it various subordinate communities participating more or less of this perfection, approaching more or less to the condition of a perfect community, but in no case possessing it. We have parishes and dioceses and ecclesiastical provinces. Shall I say *National Churches*. The phrase must be guardedly used in the present context. If we understand it in a merely popular sense, there are, of course, National Churches very dear to the Catholics of the nations whereof they are the Churches. A National Church in this acceptance is that portion of the Universal Church which exists in a particular country, and is made up of all the dioceses of the country. In it the fellowship of citizens is combined with that of Catholics. But it has no strictly ecclesiastical unity and completeness, unless so far as it is constituted or recognized by the Holy See as one body with a common organization, which appears from its having one Primate, or, if there be but one province as in England, one Metropolitan. We have, besides, Religious Orders and Congregations, which, partly each as a whole, partly in their different provinces and houses, constitute so many communities more or less complete, but none of them simply perfect as the Church is.*

The Church is itself a divinely constituted *Corporation*, and contains a great number of smaller corporations of those two kinds which our British lawyers call corporations *aggregate* and corporations *sole*. A corporation *aggregate* is a collection of many individuals who constitute one moral person having various powers and rights and duties, exercised and fulfilled either by the whole body, or, on its part, by its appointed officers, and persevering unchanged, though the individuals of which the collection was originally composed may die or cease to belong to it, their places, when necessary, being filled up by others who are introduced according to certain rules laid down. We have abundant examples of this in municipal and other bodies incorporated by Act of Parliament. A corporation *sole* is an individual who, in virtue of a post which he holds, is conceived to possess an official personality with certain powers and rights and duties annexed to it, and which passes with those powers and rights and duties to his successor in the same post, the natural person of the man being, under this respect, merged in the official person. We see this exemplified in the bishops and rectors of the Established Church of England. Corporations, whether aggregate or sole, never die—that is to say, they do not die

* Most Orders and Congregations of *men* form each one body under a chief superior, but have several houses governed immediately by a subordinate local superior. But in many Orders and Congregations of *women* it is otherwise. The bond of union among the convents in different places consists only in the identity of the Rule and the identity of origin, without any actual present association, or subjection to a common head.

by the mere death of the men, one or many, who constitute them for the time being. They may, of course, be put an end to by a competent authority, or they may *die out* by the failure of necessary substitution.

Well, then, there are many corporations of both these kinds in the Catholic Church. They have their charters from God through the Sovereign Pontiff, and are not dependent on the civil authority for their existence as true ecclesiastical corporations, though there are advantages derivable from their being recognized, as they ought to be, by the State. It is easily understood that the corporations aggregate of which I have been speaking are identical with some of the communities mentioned already, and the corporations sole are Bishops, parish priests, or other specially qualified individuals of the clergy. The whole of this organization has come to the Church from her Divine Founder, proximately or remotely, without the need of any extraneous intervention. It is all the work of Christ and of the Church herself, so far as authority is concerned.

Our Lord furnished her with whatever was necessary under this respect. But there is one thing, wherewith He did not furnish her, and yet which is requisite for her work. This, however, was not forgotten nor neglected, nor left by Him without provision made for it. He knew it would be wanted; He knew it would be forthcoming, and He took care it should accrue to her, though not given by Him. The Church does not, by virtue of its institution, actually possess what is called *property*, and yet it cannot go on, much less can it flourish, without property. Its ministers must be supported, and enabled to effect objects which cannot be effected without worldly means. To meet this requirement, besides that spirit of love and generosity with which God inspires the faithful, and especially some amongst them, there are two rights conferred by Him on the governing Church, and which may with all propriety be called *divine rights*. One is that of *being entitled* to a competent amount of temporal support from their spiritual subjects, and even of exacting that support as the fulfilment of a conscientious obligation. The other is that of *holding* and administering property otherwise legitimately bestowed by those Christians who, in their natural and civil capacity, have such goods at their disposal.

The pastors of the Church are entitled to receive sufficient material help from the faithful. The duty of affording this is imposed on them by Divine law—in truth, by Natural law; that is to say, by what is called *hypothetical* natural law, the meaning of which—in the present matter—is, that, supposing the establishment of the Church, supernatural as it is in itself, the faithful come from the nature of things to be bound to give that pecuniary aid which is required for the maintenance of its clergy. This obligation is also a matter of Divine positive law sufficiently indicated in the Scripture and taught at all times in the Church. The Pastors, too, are authorized to insist on the discharge of this obligation. Even

where what is called the *voluntary system* is followed, either wholly or partially, the duty of contributing to the support of the clergy continues.

But, besides the right which is correlative to this duty—this conscientious obligation—there is another really distinct from it, and to which I have already alluded. Many of the faithful endow the prelates and ministers of the Church, and ecclesiastical establishments of various kinds, with goods which the donors might lawfully dispose of otherwise, so that, antecedently to these endowments, there was no right to demand them. But, once given, they are held by a title at least as strong as that whereby laymen hold whatever is justly theirs. By the *divine right* of which I have spoken, with reference to this property, I do not mean a directly divine title to the goods possessed even when they have been acquired, but a divinely derived qualification to be the owner of the goods, so that, in the first place, the moral personality of the Church, or of an ecclesiastical body, or of a prelate or minister of the Church as such, is sufficient to sustain a real ownership in conscience, without dependence on any recognition by the State, of moral personality; and that, in the next place, the State cannot justly deprive the moral person of the property so held any more, at all events, than it can deprive a physical person, that is a private individual, of what belongs to him. It is with a view to this doctrine that I have spoken of the various corporations which the Church comprises within itself.

Further, the State cannot justly or validly—so far as conscience is concerned—interfere with the subordination of any such moral person to a higher ecclesiastical authority with regard to the administration of the property in question. Suppose, for instance, that a certain fund is bestowed on a parish priest, to be employed by him and his successors for parochial purposes, the State cannot validly—in conscience—authorise the transmission of the fund to the present priest's relatives, nor interfere with the canonical intervention of the Bishop as regards the disposal of the fund. The nature and incidents of the ownership depend on the constitution and laws of the Church, whether these be recognized—as normally they ought to be—or not by the State. The State may have the physical power or the legal power, so far as its own laws are concerned, to interfere, and contravene canonical ordinances or decisions regarding the Church's goods; but this power, though it often cannot be effectually resisted, and may be taken advantage of by interested parties, has no binding force in the eyes of God or of conscience. It may often be the duty of ecclesiastics to submit to the action of the State in such cases, not because that action involves or creates any real right, but because a higher law forbids violence, and imposes the obligation of rather suffering injustice than pursuing a course which would lead to still greater evils. Prudence likewise dictates that the title of the clergy to retain and

dispense Church property should be invested, as far as possible, with the conditions required to give it effect in the eyes of the law of each particular country.

Ecclesiastical property cannot be truly or justly considered *public property*, that is to say, property belonging to the State, or subject, in virtue of its peculiar character, to administration by the State. Neither the Church nor its corporations are Government institutions; they do not form a civil department; they do not owe their origin to kings or parliaments. The goods they possess have not come to them, for the most part, from kings or parliaments, and wherever these goods have, in any degree, come from kings or parliaments, they were gifts, endowments henceforth belonging, not to the donors, but to the dioceses or monasteries or other bodies on which they had been conferred. I do not speak now of annual grants, nor of continuing civil titles to levy tithes or other payments. These are successive new donations, the mere cessation of which does not imply the taking away of anything actually appropriated and enjoyed. I do not, I say, speak of such subventions, because I cannot go fully into the subject, but must keep comparatively on the surface, and I wish to avoid complications. But, assuredly, the withdrawal of such subsidies as I have alluded to may often be blame-worthy on the ground of faithlessness to promises and on other grounds. Its absolute injustice is most palpable where the yearly allowance is expressly or tacitly assigned as a compensation for Church funds iniquitously appropriated at some previous time, or where the allowance is rendered necessary by such previous appropriation on the part of the State; or even, without these circumstances, where the Church has been robbed, and full restitution has not been yet made.

Confining myself, at present, to property which has passed completely into the hands of the clergy as such, the secular authority has no legitimate power of taking it away and employing it otherwise. The Church, as represented by its corporations, has the strictest title to keep what it has lawfully got. Those who made it over to the Church did not intend it for the State, and where the State itself was the author of the endowment, it was a *giver* and not a *lender*, and the purport of the proceeding was to make the Church the thorough owner not a mere agent. Besides, in reality, but a small proportion of the goods of ecclesiastical persons as such, or of ecclesiastical bodies, has been derived from Governments. Even the endowments made by kings are not, as a matter of course, to be set down as official acts of nations through their rulers.

It is needless to say that the principle I am stating has been many times ignored at various periods; among the rest in our own day, in several countries, in different ways, on different grounds, with different pretexts, but always unjustly, invalidly as regards conscience, sacrilegiously, because the rights of the Church are

sacred rights. Sometimes the spoliation has been an act of avowed hostility to the Christian or Catholic religion. The religion was condemned as an evil thing, a pest to society, as an iniquitous institution which could not, of course, have a claim to exist at all, much less to be supported from any source. Whatever might be thought of the private possessions of those who professed it—and these were often invaded as well—the religion itself, or the Church with which it was identified, could not be allowed to enjoy and turn to its own mischievous purposes any part of the wealth of the country. Criminals as criminals could surely have no such prerogative. This is intelligible and consistent, and if the charges had been true, could not be found fault with. But where the Catholic religion is fully tolerated, or put on a perfect par with other creeds, or even declared the religion of the country and of the State, the case is very different.

The motives for spoliation are easy to find. The most obvious is desire to have the goods in as great amount as may be. Another motive akin to this, and which I call *another* because it may be turned into a pretext, is want of money, deficiency of funds. The ruling power says: "We are in distress, we are in difficulties, and there we see large amounts swallowed up by priests and monks, rendered useless, wasted on objects that cannot be compared with those we have to attain. This must not be. We will utilize these ill employed revenues." This plea may be ingeniously worded, developed, set off by a thousand calumnies on the one side, and appeals to love of country and to laudable desires of public prosperity on the other. But the plea is after all weak and unsubstantial.

First of all, the expenses to be met are often reckless and far from being really profitable to the nation. Then, however that may be, ecclesiastical property is surely not the only source whence help can be got. Those whose turn it is to despoil the Church never wait till other expedients are exhausted. One element of the theory on which they proceed is that the Church has not the same right to what it holds—to what it has most legitimately and even legally acquired—that other proprietors have. They would not think of treating private men, however rich, or even mere lay corporations in the same way. They look on the Church as fair game, and they hardly seek to dissemble this. They have *no* authority to pronounce on the utility or inutility of the revenues which the Church possesses. Those revenues belong to the Church as much as any individual's revenues belong to him. The Church is not more amenable to the temporal authorities in this regard than laymen are. I have said *not more*; I add now that the Church is *less* amenable, on account of its sacred character, on account of that position which God has given it in the world.

The State, besides, is not *qualified* to pronounce on the utility of those objects to which ecclesiastical revenues are applied. The end of the Church and of its corporations is a spiritual end, an end

which cannot be thoroughly prosecuted without material means, but yet a spiritual end, which men of the world are not ordinarily competent to deal with, and not unfrequently fail to appreciate. Laymen do, no doubt, often appreciate it to some extent, and this it is which has led so many of them to devote so large a portion of their wealth to the Church. It is not the proper province of statesmen to determine what course the Church and the clergy should follow, what works they should do, what means they need to carry out those works, at any rate where the means are not asked from the State. It is not the business of the temporal Government to settle the number of the clergy, secular or regular, nor to appoint their occupations, unless in a limited degree where they are employed and paid by Government as officials. Certainly a gaol chaplain or a military chaplain could be called to account for absence or neglect of his charge.

I am free to admit that ecclesiastical men or institutions may sometimes be too rich, unwholesomely so for themselves, though the mischief comes not directly from the amount of wealth, but from its misapplication, since worthy ways can always be found of spending it. But, without entering into distinctions, I admit simply there may be abuses in this regard, and abuses that can be seen and known and justly deplored by laymen. What then? Has the State, even in these cases, a right to despoil the men or the institutions of what is, after all, their own? Certainly not. It is the business of the Church to reform her own members and institutions. The State dares not interfere with the extravagance of laymen, so long as they are not lunatics and keep within the law. Even, therefore, where abuses clearly exist, the State cannot meddle, cannot confiscate Church property. The principle which would allow this, besides being false, is ulteriorly dangerous; because if the State could interfere thus in clear cases, there would be no tangible ground for preventing its interference in other cases too, nor for preventing its institution of vexatious inquiries.

To return to the plea of necessity: I say this plea is not valid. It is never made simply and by itself; a real pressure is not waited for; the necessity is not such as could even apparently justify an invasion of property which in no way belongs to the State, much less an invasion carried so far as such invasions are carried. I may add that in cases of real necessity, where the State has good ground for seeking material help from the Church, this help is not refused. Another motive which governments have for despoiling ecclesiastical corporations is a jealous unwillingness that these corporations should possess wealth, an unwillingness which is part and parcel of that ill-feeling which the world—the world condemned in the gospel—entertains against religion. The Church, too, is weak; the Church can be preyed upon with comparative impunity.

The public good is alleged as a justifying cause for taking away property from the Church. And yet the public good suffers much

by the proceeding. Church endowments, even where there may be or have been abuses, were and are turned largely to the account of charitable relief to the distressed : relief afforded in a way and in a spirit very different from what are to be expected or found in the action of most secular governments ; not as a dry matter of business, not for the sake of appearance or convenience, not as the necessary fulfilment of a civil duty, not stiffly or grudgingly, not with a wasteful expenditure on officials—but from sentiments of charity, and in a truly compassionate, and reasonably economical, manner. The monasteries in these our own countries helped the poor quite otherwise than they are helped now. The Church, too, besides relieving the indigent in their corporal wants, has always been a friend to learning and to the fine arts, and has made her resources available in these directions.

Some secular governments, using their power and following the bent of their bad will, have lately pursued and do pursue their course of iniquity in robbing the Church. We have a prominent specimen of this in the kingdom of Italy. We see there not only invasion of ecclesiastical property, but the most heartless depredation. There is one reflection which it is worth while to make, and repeat, and repeat often, with reference to this and other public offences against rights, namely, that they are not the less guilty because committed on a great scale, nor yet because they are committed in the name of the law, which after all is not law otherwise than in name, for a law *real* and at the same time *unjust* is an impossible thing, since justice enters into the true conception of a law. Mr. Gladstone is shocked at the Pope's having annulled "the law for the suppression of monastic Orders and appropriation of their properties . . . passed in the kingdom of Sardinia (in 1855) on the simple ground of his Apostolic authority . . . and all other laws injurious to the Church," and having excommunicated all who had a hand in them ; and calls this *invading the province of the civil power* !* Such laws did not need to be annulled. They were null already. If the Pope used the word *annul*—which I am not able just now to say—it was equivalently in the sense of *declaring* the proceedings null. Then, the Pope inflicted a spiritual penalty for a great crime—sacrilegious rapine. Was there anything so outrageous in this ? The Council of Trent did not take this view.†

All men join in condemning highway robbers and fraudulent dealers, and those lower classes of thieves, pilferers and pick-pockets ; indeed the view the law takes of some of the acts of such offenders in our own countries is fearfully, not to say pharisaically, severe ; and yet wholesale spoliation, especially of the Church, is looked on in quite a different light. The men who commit it are reputed honourable members of society, whilst their conduct is in

* "Vaticanism," pp. 88, 89.

† Sess. 22. De Reform. c. 11.

truth more guilty, more foul, more immoral, than that of those whose dishonesty consigns them to our docks and our prisons.

Should any Protestant chance to read what I have just written, and remark that the same principle applies to the disendowment of the Irish Church, my answer is, that the Irish Disestablished Church, like the English Established Church, was of its nature a State institution and nothing more. *All* its rights came from the British Legislature, and so did its property, with the exception of private endowments, for which provision was made in the Irish Church Act, 1869, section 29.

ON THE MOUNT.

“And they sat down and watched Him.”—*Matt. xxvii. 36.*

I REST my face upon my hands,
And lay the sacred scroll aside,
And let my wandering thoughts awhile
Rest on my Saviour crucified—
Trying to bring with love and pain
The scene of Calvary back again.

I follow through that awful day,
And scarce less awful night before ;
I see Him mocked, and bruised, and torn
Till hell can add no torture more.
I see its rage loosed on Him then—
His Father's wrath, the sins of men.

The worn-out lash, the clotted cloak,
The red pool in the judgment-hall,
Where flowed the Blood from veins laid bare,
Besprinkling pillar, steps, and all.
I see the reed and thorny crown,
And mark the crimson drops flow down.

Fixed to a cross with three rough nails,
That fair and fatal town outside,
While skies are black at midnight hour,
And from the grave pale shadows glide ;
Suspended 'mid the trembling air,
They sat them down and watched Him there.

The Mother stands in speechless woe,
Suffering each pang with keener dart ;
The thorny crown, the iron spikes,
Pierce sharper through her broken heart.
His low "I thirst" falls on her ear,
While gloating eyes still watch Him near.

That face so ever like to hers
Is strangely beautiful e'en now,
As tremblingly the shade of Death
Flits o'er the Lord of Life's pale brow.
His plaintive moan steals on the air,
And cruel hearts still watch Him there.

Oh ! tremble, sorrow-heaving earth,
And hide thy face, shamed sun, the more,
And Magdalen and John, press close
To her who stands that cross before—
On fire with pain, one tortured thrill—
Oh ! woe and grief ! they watch Him still.

I cry : my Mother ! give me tears,
And heart with love and sorrow rife,
For Him and thee that fearful day,
And for my own poor sinful life ;
And touch my soul with Pity's power
That I may weep with thee this hour.

Oh ! let me learn for Jesus' sake
To bear in silence lesser pain,
And with my God all desolate
To suffer meekly, nor complain.
And thou wilt teach and be my guide,
Sweet Mother of the Crucified !

M. Mv. R.

NEW BOOKS.

I. *Sketch of the Life of the late Father Henry Young of Dublin.* By Lady GEORGINA FULLERTON. London: Burns and Oates.

THOUGH this book fortunately has not for our readers all the charm of novelty, they will hardly welcome it less but more on that account in this elegant and cheap reprint; and they will feel themselves the more bound to propagate in its substantive form this pious biography with which in its detached portions our pages were first enriched. In her interesting preface, in which Lady G. Fullerton claims for herself only the modest part of "a stringer of beads which others have toiled to collect," this characteristic saying occurs: "To do some little good—and no harm—by writing, has been our lifelong prayer." That prayer must have been a humble and fervent one, for it assuredly has been granted in a very signal measure and degree. The list which fills the last two pages of this book will show this to any one who is at all acquainted with the works there mentioned; and, as this list includes only those works of Lady G. Fullerton which are issued by one publisher, there are many omissions such as "Ladybird," "Too Strange Not to be True," "Mrs. Gerald's Niece," not to go back to the volumes written before the youthful writer of "Ellen Middleton" became a Catholic, full as they also are of a devout, sincere, and earnest spirit. Yet it is strange withal that such a writer, though using her gifts only for pure and holy purposes, should ever become the biographer of Father Henry Young, whose hidden apostleship seldom strayed far from the lanes and alleys of Dublin. We may here give vent to a grudge which we owe to the popularity of this "Sketch of Father Young's Life." Though provision was made for an increase of readers when the "Life" began in this Magazine, we completely underestimated the number of the holy priest's admirers; and hence has arisen the sad dearth of our fifth monthly part (Nov., 1873), which necessitates an advertisement appearing in this or in our next issue. No doubt this welcome embarrassment of being out of print—which we trust will speedily befall also the reprint of the life of the saintly old Chaplain of St. Joseph's, Portland-row—is due in great part to the fortune which gave him for his historian Earl Granville's sister and the author of "Ladybird."

II. *The Life of Our Life.* By HENRY JAMES COLERIDGE, of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns and Oates.

THIS title belongs rather to a great work, of which the present volume, the twelfth of the quarterly series issued under the editorship of the managers of *The Month*, is only an instalment. Though the first to be published, it is not the first part of that long promised work. Father Coleridge in his preface gives some excellent

reasons for beginning with "the Ministry of St. John the Baptist," which is the title and subject of this volume, the portion, namely, of our Lord's public life which is coextensive with the preaching of the Precursor. The second division of the second part of the *Vita Vitæ Nostræ* will, we are assured, follow immediately. The careful reader of this work will no doubt study it, in connection with that earlier work by the same writer, of which we have just given the title. Of that Harmony, the twelve sections which are here developed in a full and accurate commentary, are translated in the appendix. We may remark, indeed, that everything is translated, the Latin and Greek quotations of the whole volume not amounting altogether to many lines. This, and the omission of nearly all references, which Father Coleridge accounts for very satisfactorily in his preface, hide in part the solid erudition amassed in every chapter; but these characteristics also help to adapt the work for the use of very different classes of readers. Its learning and scientific accuracy commend it to the preacher and the student, while the continuity of the narrative and the avoidance of, as it were, the pedantic forms of a biblical commentary will allow it to be used as a treasure of devout spiritual reading tending to make meditation on the Gospel more solid and fruitful. It is hard, for instance, to see what could be added for either of these objects to the chapter on our Lord's temptations.

As we have said, this very compactly though elegantly printed volume does not go beyond the introduction to the public life of our Lord. The arduous undertaking, for which Father Coleridge has evidently been preparing himself through many laborious years, is holy enough and important enough to make us pray fervently that God may be pleased to enable him in due time to accomplish it worthily.

III. *Our Lady's Dowry; or, How England Gained and Lost that Title.* By the REV. T. E. BRIDGETT, C. SS. R. London: Burns and Oates.

FATHER BRIDGETT, whose name will not sound as a stranger's to many of our readers in Ireland, has marshalled with extraordinary industry an array of testimonies to the ancient devotion of England towards the Blessed Virgin, which justify the glorious title (so miserably forfeited) of Our Lady's Dowry. Worm-eaten tomes, unpublished manuscripts, blackletter books buried in private collections—he has laid them all under tribute. These materials he has put together with great skill and care. His clear, cultivated, judicious, nay, judicial style suits well the object of the book which cannot fail to impress many outside the Church. Would that some one would give us a similar work on the devotion of Ireland to the Blessed Virgin, in which, thank God, Father Bridgett's third part, "Disloyalty," would have no counterpart. We may notice as an extraneous testimony to the Redemptorist's learning and the

polish of his style that he is the latest accession to that very select little band of Catholic writers—the Archbishop of Westminster Father Dalgairns, and Mr. St. George Mivart—who have the *entrée* of the *Contemporary Review*.

IV. *Inaugural Address at Clongowes College Debating Society.* By the REV. J. J. O'CARROLL, S.J. Dublin: M'Glashan and Gill.

OUR notice of this Address has been delayed thus long by an accident. Thoughtful and ingenious as are the reflections on oratory and eloquence with which it opens, there is no doubt that the most interesting and valuable portion of it might be labelled in commercial parlance, "William Shakspeare to Edmund Campion, Dr." It is here proved very clearly that in Father Campion's History of Ireland, written when Shakspeare was a child, is found substantially that famous panegyric on Cardinal Wolsey, which Shakspeare, in the play of *King Henry VIII.*, makes Griffith pronounce in answer to Queen Catherine. Let us place the priest and the poet side by side:—

CAMPION.

The Cardinal, a man undoubtedly born to honour. I think some prince's—no butcher's son. A ripe schoolman. Exceeding wise, fair spoken, high-minded. Lofty to his enemies, were they never so big; to those who accepted and sought his friendships wonderful courteous.

Insatiable to get, and more princelike in bestowing.

As appeareth by his two Colleges at Ipswich and at Oxenford. The one suppressed with his fall; the other unfinished, and yet, as it lieth, an house of students incomparable through Christendom.

Never happy till his overthrow; therein he showed such moderation and ended so patiently, that the hour of his death did him more honour than all the pomp of life passed.

SHAKSPEARE.

This Cardinal, though from an humble stock, undoubtedly was fashioned to much honour from the cradle. He was a scholar and a ripe and good one. Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading. Lofty and sour to them that loved him not; but to those men that sought him sweet as summer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting (which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam, he was most princely.

Ever witness to him those twins of learning that he raised in you, Ipswich and Oxford. One of which fell with him, unwilling to survive the good that did it; the other, though unfinished, yet so famous, so excellent in art, and still so rising, that Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.

His overthrow heaped happiness upon him; and then, and not till then, he felt himself and found the blessedness of being little; and to add more honour to his age than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Father O'Carroll enters into a very subtle comparison of the two passages with all their surroundings, for which we must refer the reader to the Address. This is of course no charge of plagiarism against the greatest poet of all time, for even here his genius but translates good prose into grand poetry.

V. *The Prisoners of the Temple; or Discrowned and Crowned.* By M. C. O'CONNOR MORRIS. London: Burns and Oates.

THE preface reminds us that this volume is chiefly a reprint of a series of articles which appeared in *The Month*. We trust that some of the sketches of ecclesiastical history which have appeared there may be reproduced in a similar volume, and that we may have in the same form not only the "Dialogues on the Council," which have long been promised to us, but also the highly interesting and useful tale "*Wafted Seeds*," which assuredly deserves a separate existence of its own. The present volume, to which we can devote no more than a few words of hearty commendation, treats of some of the least familiar and most interesting incidents in that strange drama of the French Revolution, of which the world never tires reading. The earlier scenes are sketched rapidly; and then we have a minute and a vivid picture of the sufferings and death of the various members of the French Royal Family. Very pathetic, above all, is the account of the two years of the Dauphin's prison-life, ending with his death at ten years of age. "I heard such beautiful music up there," he had said just before, "and through all the voices I heard my mother's."

VI. *The Origin and History of Irish Names of Places.* Second Series.

By P. W. JOYCE, LL.D., M.R.I.A. Dublin: M'Glashan & Gill. Few more thoroughly original and creditable additions have been made of late years to our literature than Dr. Joyce's work on the "*Origin and History of Irish Names of Places*," of which the present volume is the completion. If any of our readers is unacquainted with the First Series, let him turn to the last leaf of this book and read the *catena* of testimonies to its solid, original, and sterling merit, extracted from the *Saturday Review*, the *Athenæum*, the *Scotsman*, the *North British Review*, &c.—authorities quite sufficiently impartial with regard to books published by Irishmen in Ireland on Irish subjects. This second series does not consist of the mere gleanings after a rich harvest, but is fully equal in interest and originality to its predecessor, which we hope to see it overtaking soon in the number of its editions. It is indeed impossible to open at any page without meeting with proofs of the skilful research and minutely accurate knowledge of various kinds that have here been brought to bear on the etymologies of Irish topography. This is, however, by no means a chaos of curious antiquarian details. The materials so industriously gathered are woven together with much skill, good taste, good sense, and considerable grace of style, so as to make a very readable book. The last and not the least of its merits is a very full and carefully compiled index, which will kindly guide the reader to the passages that relate to any locality in which he may be specially interested. It was a happy inspiration that suggested such a task to one possessed of the very rare qualifications which have enabled Dr. Joyce to finish it so successfully.

MADAME DE SAISSEVAL.

BY CECILIA CADDELL,

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE SNOWDROP," "BLIND AGNES," &c.

PART I.

CHARLOTTE HELENE DE LASTIC, afterwards Countess of Saisseval, was born in Paris, October, 1764. Her parents were noble, and held distinguished places at court and in the army: her father being at the time of her birth one of Louis XV.'s field-m Marshals, and her mother, lady-of-honour to Madame Adelaide, his daughter.

Charlotte was baptized on the same day that she was born, her maternal grandmother answering for her as godmother at the baptismal font. When she returned with her charge from church and laid the babe in her pale mother's arms, the latter eagerly enquired if she had made an especial offering of the child after baptism to God. "Certainly," was the quick reply. "I have offered her to God through the hands of the Blessed Virgin." This incident, when afterwards recounted to the little girl, made a deep and salutary impression on her mind, and the knowledge of her early dedication to Mary, by increasing her devotion to that heavenly mother in her childhood, no doubt procured for her many of the higher graces by which she was afterwards distinguished and which enabled her to live like a saint amid the court gaities of her early married life as well as to endure the sufferings of its latter days with all the cheerfulness and constancy of a martyr.

Her childhood gave striking indications of the qualities both of mind and heart which God had bestowed upon her: beautiful and yet not vain—full of talent and yet docile to all who taught her—spirited and gay, and yet with a soul which seemed instinctively to seek good and avoid evil, her education, which was superintended entirely by her mother, was an easy and a pleasant task.

And with such dispositions, and such a mother to direct them, her own child life was naturally a happy one. For there were no domestic storms, no childish rebellion against its rules to cloud it, no repinings or idle longings for a different state of things, to spoil its innocent pleasures or make its duties seem repulsive.

To the young people of the nineteenth century, however, the everyday life of Mademoiselle de Lastic would probably appear dull and vapid; the word "excitement," which now-a-days is on the lip of every young girl almost before she has left the nursery, being then, in the sense in which it is used at present, absolutely unknown. The choice of dress, companions, studies, and amuse-

ments claimed by most modern young ladies as the privilege of their eighteen years of wisdom were, in the days of Mademoiselle de Lastic, placed as they ought to be, in the mother's hands, and no one ever dreamed of disputing her authority.

Charlotte pursued her studies in her mother's house and under her mother's eye, and her chief recreation seems to have consisted in an occasional visit to a convent of which one of her aunts was abbess. In that quiet abode of virtue she doubtless spent many a pleasant holiday; sometimes, perhaps, wandering through its spacious gardens—sometimes resting beneath the drooping branches of the lime tree, listening to the soft humming of the bees as they plunged in and out of its golden blossoms—or else surrounded by a few of her favourite companions, and dividing among them, amid much innocent mirth and laughter, the delicious comfitures (the work of the nuns themselves) which had been provided for their collation by her abbess aunt.

Occasionally also she was sent to St. Denis where the Princess Louise, having exchanged the royal purple of her birthright for the brown habit of a Carmelite nun, was giving her sisters in religion such an example of fervour and exactitude to rules as made her the joy and admiration of even the oldest and holiest among them.

The princess read the heart of her young visitor aright, and foreseeing that it would one day be devoted entirely to God, took pleasure in cultivating with assiduity the good dispositions she found there. Possibly, indeed, it was in the half maternal, half confidential communications vouchsafed to her by the most saintly princess of the age, that Mademoiselle de Lastic first acquired that indifference to worldly splendour which distinguished her through life, and which helped her to fix all her hopes and all her energies from the very beginning upon the glorious acquisitions of eternity.

Madame Louise, with all her affection for her youthful guest, did not, however, attempt to influence her, as she grew up, in the choice of a vocation. She was too large-minded to suppose that because she herself had been drawn to a monastic life there were no other ways in which souls, which God had chosen for His own, could attain perfection; therefore if she ever spoke at all to Mademoiselle de Lastic of her future prospects, it would be doubtless merely to counsel her to seek the will of her Divine Lord most seriously in the matter, and that once found, to do her best in order to fulfil it.

Innocent, however, and pious as she was, Charlotte gave no indication in her girlhood of any especial vocation to religion, and it soon became evident to her family that she was not intended for the cloister. God will have saints in all states and ranks of life, and *her* lot had fallen among those who are called, not only to sanctify themselves in the world, but to be the means by their example, of sanctifying others. She was destined to be a wife, a

mother, and a widow ; and in each of these three phases of existence she was to prove herself a saint—a saint in the smiles and sunshine of the world—a saint in its storms and tribulations—a saint, and more than a saint, a very martyr, in the desolation which fell upon her, when God, trying her more terribly than He had tried even His servant Job, took her children one after another from her until the last and dearest of them all had expired in her arms, and she was left alone to devote her best and highest energies to Him who, in the mysterious plenitude of His love, had thus stripped her soul of all earthly ties, in order to compel it to become more entirely His own !

The question of vocation having been decided in the negative, Charlotte's parents, acting in conformity to the ideas of the age, immediately resolved upon her marriage. As a preliminary to this step, she was formally introduced at Meudon, where Mesdames of France, the aunts of Louis XVI., held a court so brilliant and well appointed that even the gayest of the courtly throng who went there, pronounced it only second in grace and splendour to Versailles itself. Her marriage followed almost immediately afterwards, and at the early age of seventeen she became the wife of the Comte de Saisseval, the possessor of an immense fortune and a noble name. Like most of the young nobility of his day, he held rank likewise in the army, being colonel of a cavalry regiment at the time of his marriage and up to the very moment when the Revolution compelled him to abandon his country. The young countess was placed immediately among the ladies-of-honour of Madame Victoire, while her sister-in-law received an appointment about the person of the Princess Elizabeth, the sole unmarried sister of the king.

Rich, beautiful, full of talent, and only seventeen, yet compelled by her position to mix in all the dangerous frivolities of a court, Madame de Saisseval soon showed by her conduct the lofty nature of her character and the wisdom by which it had been fostered into maturity. No vanity made her swerve from the path of duty. No flattery or distinction unduly moved her ; and, more than all the rest, no amusement was an amusement to her, if shadowed ever so lightly by the possibility of sin. Even in the very first years of her married life, and long before what in sober earnest she used to call her "conversion" had taken place, she had adopted the holy habit of retiring every now and then for a few days to some pious convent, where she could seek God more thoroughly and commune with Him more intimately than it was possible to do amid the distractions of a court. In those precious hours of solitude she was able to pray uninterruptedly, to examine her conscience minutely, to receive her Divine Lord frequently, and thus to lay up in her breast such a good measure of spiritual grace and comfort as filled, and more than filled, the void which worldly pleasures, however innocent, are certain in the end to produce in

the soul. God is only too willing to shower down His gifts upon those who seek them earnestly; and the fruit of these pious exercises soon became visible to all who knew her. The most dutiful of daughters she had ever been, and now under the influence of divine grace she became equally noted in her new position as the most devoted of wives and tenderest of mothers, while the modest grace which distinguished her every word and action, won for her, even among the reluctant worldlings of the court, the epithet of "heavenly."

Marie Antoinette, then in the first beauty of her youth, often saw and admired the fair young countess at the court of Meudon, and she would gladly have admitted her among the chosen few in whose society she sometimes sought refuge at Trianon from the etiquette and ceremony which overpowered her at Versailles, had Madame de Saisseval herself desired it. But a far higher privilege, though one less thought of by the world, had already been accorded to her in the friendship of Madame Elizabeth, the young sister of Louis XVI., who even at that early age was leading the life of a saint at her brother's court.

Knowing how little Madame Elizabeth loved Trianon and its idle, if harmless, frolics, the king had already purchased a pretty residence for his sister at Montreuil, and here she generally passed her days, arriving in the early morning and only returning to Versailles at night. Some of her ladies and a few chosen friends were her only companions in this loved retreat; the court was as completely ignored as if it had never existed for her; and the young princess amused herself to her heart's content with her books, her gardens, her poultry yard, her poor people, and her friends.

Madame de Saisseval was no doubt often among the latter, sharing in amusements and occupations so congenial to her own heart. Sometimes Madame Elizabeth spent her day in visiting the sick and indigent of the neighbourhood; sometimes she assembled the little ones of Christ for catechetical instruction; often she superintended the distribution of the milk, which was always set aside by her orders from the produce of her farm for the use of motherless babes or delicate invalids, who would have suffered grievously, if deprived of this addition to their nourishment; and often also she took counsel with her ladies in order to contrive unlooked-for amusements and merry surprises for the best conducted of her dependents on the farm.

Nothing in this line can be prettier than the little story we find in her biography concerning "Honest Jacques," a Swiss herd, brought all the way from Fribourg for the better tending of Madame's dairy cows. "Honest Jacques" was probably better fed and better paid in the service of the princess than he had ever been in his life before, but he could not forget his native mountains or the dear little *fiancée* whom he had left there tending her

father's cows, and waiting in patient hope until he should return with enough money to enable him to marry her. Probably Madame Elizabeth observed the occasional cloud upon his brow, or she detected a note of sadness in the songs which, Swiss-like, he sang to his cows amid their pastures, for she begged the lady who had been instrumental in bringing him from his home to find out if he were really happy in her service. The honest answer, that he could not forget his betrothed, and that he feared she was pining in his absence, enlisted all her young pity for the two thus separated by poverty from each other. The Swiss girl was sent for at once, and the very day of her arrival at Montreuil, Madame Elizabeth appointed her superintendent of her dairy, and gave her in marriage to Jacques.

It is pleasant to be able to add that the young couple whom she had thus made happy for life remained faithful to the end.

"She is a good Princess! In all Switzerland there is nobody like *her*!—nobody half so good," Jacques was never weary of exclaiming, even when it was far from safe to speak well of royalty; and when that royalty was actually tottering to its fall, and Madame Elizabeth had left her beloved Montreuil, first for Versailles and afterwards for the Tuilleries, the good man proved that he had really meant what he said, for he and his wife clung to her with unshaken fidelity to the last. They abandoned in fact the quiet home she had given them at Montreuil in order to follow her to Paris; and once there, they made themselves useful to her in a thousand different ways, but chiefly, as we may easily believe, by conveying letters and messages, of too dangerous a character to be entrusted to an ordinary servant, to the adherents of royalty outside her prison. Their services in this way (however secretly carried out) drew upon them at last, as might be expected, the suspicions of the government, and towards the end of Madame Elizabeth's career the girl was seized and put in prison, while Jacques only escaped the same fate by a precipitate retreat into Switzerland. But the man who had mourned for his betrothed, while free and well cared for beneath her father's roof, was little likely to forget his wife pining in prison and in hourly expectation of perishing on the scaffold. He could not be happy in his own safety while she was in such awful danger; and he resolved at last upon making a final effort to deliver her. With some difficulty and much danger to himself, he made his way back to Paris, succeeded in rescuing her from the hands of her jailers, and returned with her immediately to his native land.

A PEARL IN DARK WATERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHILE Father de la Colombière lingered in prison, Lady Edenhall was at the height of her power. The mutual hatred which both she and Philip Engleby had conceived for the Jesuit had brought them together, and Lady Edenhall's darling wish was fulfilled of seeing Philip once more her slave. Lord Edenhall had long since found out that his wife cared not a straw for him, but only for his name and fortune. Leaving her, therefore, to the enjoyment of these, he wrapped himself up more than ever in State affairs, grew morose and silent, and the Earl and Countess rarely met.

Lady Edenhall had it all her own way. She had never looked more beautiful and magnificent than at an evening reception of the Duchess of York. Mary Beatrice had no mind for festivities when her chaplain was in prison, and her best friends scattered and persecuted; but she dared not show signs of grief, and the Duke insisted on giving more receptions than usual, in order to feign indifference to the state of public affairs.

The card tables were arranged as usual, but the Duchess had refused to play, making some smiling excuse which would have passed current, more especially as of late her card-playing had notably diminished.

In her heart Mary Beatrice said: "No, not while *he* is languishing in prison will I disobey his counsel. Gladly would I forget in the excitement of cards the aching pain at my heart, but I will not do it."

Presently Lady Edenhall approached her. "Your Highness does not play to-night," she said, in dulcet tones.

"No," answered Mary Beatrice, quickly, toying with her bracelet; "I am not in the humour to-night."

"Have orders, then, come even from Newgate?" demanded the Countess. "Then may we say indeed of your Highness's holy chaplain, though silent yet he speaketh."

Mary Beatrice started and coloured deeply. No soul save herself had known of Father de la Colombière's counsel. She trembled and looked up into Lady Edenhall's face. "Has he been *tortured*?" she faltered, while her cheeks, ere while, flushed crimson, turned deadly pale.

"Not yet, Princess, but he may be, and he shall, if he interferes with your Highness's pleasure."

Mary Beatrice rose and walked to a card table. A game was just concluded, and she soon made up her set. In a few moments

she was absorbed in play. Never had she been so excited. Her eyes shone, her cheeks flushed, her bosom heaved. No one would recognise the graceful Princess, the weeping novice torn from her convent to be an unwilling bride, the pious listener to Father de la Colombière's sermons. This was a gambler. It was easy to foresee what Mary Beatrice could and would become if this passion were indulged.

Lady Edenhall bent over her for a few minutes with a gratified look—a look such as a fiend might have worn in the flesh—and then she turned away.

"I will labour at this," she murmured to herself. "I will undo his work in that soul. I will ruin his fair hopes of her. She is easily depressed. I believe I could get her in time to abjure her creed, and then—and then—I think I should wipe out the disgrace of having once knelt at his feet. Faugh! I hate myself as I think of it. How heated these rooms are—I feel faint, actually." And going towards an entrance, she sought the corridor. Philip Engleby, always on the watch, hastened after her.

"I feel unwell, Phil," said she; "bring me a chair. Sitting here in the air will refresh me."

Philip brought a seat, and Lady Edenhall emptied her bottle of essences.

"Dost thou know, Phil," she continued, "I have dismissed Arsène to-day? The fellow was too insolent, too presuming. We have already paid him beyond his deserts; but it seems he thought we were to endow him with a fortune and make him equal with ourselves. Imagine"—and Lady Edenhall laughed scornfully—"he hinted I was to let him come to these receptions and try his luck at winning a wife. He thinks his handsome face should carry all before it. So I bade him go help the cooks and scullions, and choose his wife from them. Victoire, the head cook, is his country-woman, and a vastly pretty damsel."

"What did he say to that?" inquired Philip. "You have courage, Di. I would not have dared to stir up his fiery blood."

"He went away in a fury," she answered, "saying, perhaps this would be *my* last visit to St. James's. I do believe he will tell some tale to my lord. Poor fool! he little knoweth Edenhall." And Lady Diana laughed merrily. "In truth, though," she said, presently, "I do not feel well. I have taken a chill. Escort me, Phil, and call my people. I will hie me to bed."

* * * * *

The reception at St. James's was over, and the palace was silent, its inmates probably wrapped in sleep.

Mary Beatrice had gone to bed with fevered blood and aching heart. For the first time in her life she had tried to drown the voice of conscience. Hitherto her religion had been that of the

loving child who having erred runs to his father's feet to tell his fault and receive his pardon. God had been to her a tender Father, listening to the faintest word of contrition that fell from her lips. To-night for the first time she shunned His face. She knelt not before her crucifix; she did not kiss the feet of her Madonna; she sprinkled no holy water on her bed. Hurriedly undressing, she buried her face in the pillows. On a table near lay the heap of glittering gold she had won at play. She fell into a fevered sleep, and her guardian angel raised his eyes to the Face which he always beheld, and cried: "Shall this fair blossom wither beneath the world's scorching glare? Oh! by her long fidelity, by her deeds of charity, and by her acts of humility, have pity on Thy child."

Some hours afterwards the waiting women who slept in the ante-room to the Duchess's chamber, were awakened by loud cries. They rushed to their mistress. She was crouching on the ground trembling in terror, her long raven hair flowing around her, her hands clasped in convulsive agony. She could not speak; and when the women raised her up, covered her with blankets, and tried to soothe her, her terrified eyes wandered round the room as if she saw some frightful vision. It was some time before she could speak.

"I have had," said she, at length, "a frightful dream.* I dare not tell you unless you swear not to betray me."

The women eagerly swore, and the Duchess with trembling accents went on to say: "By my bedside stood Lady Diana, but changed—oh! awfully changed. She was enveloped in flames, and her eyes glared like those of a wild beast. She said, Oh! (cried Mary Beatrice) shall I ever forget that voice? '*I am damned! I am in the flames of hell!*'"

"And did your Highness speak to her?" asked the trembling maids.

"Yea, with a strange courage, at which I now marvel, I said, 'How can this be? I cannot believe it.'"

"And then?" demanded the servants. But another fit of shuddering seized on the Duchess, and she was so nearly fainting that the women had to give her a cordial ere her white lips could frame a sentence. When she spoke again, she said:

"The spectre answered—'Madam, to convince you, feel my hand;' and she laid her hand upon my arm. It burnt and scorched me with such exceeding anguish that I cried out and awoke."

"But, dearest Madam," said Alix la Motte, "it is impossible. Lady Edenhall is in life and health. She was at the reception."

"I know, I know," answered Mary Beatrice; and then into her

* This dream of Mary Beatrice is an historical incident in her life. The time of its occurrence, and the person of whom she dreamt, have been altered for the purpose of our tale.

memory there flashed Lady Edenhall's last words and last glance. She had done a devil's work for Mary Beatrice's soul. With a resolution which belonged to her character, although it was at the same time gentle and yielding, Mary Beatrice disengaged herself from the sheltering arms of Alix and Blanche, and walked with bare feet to the crucifix which hung above her priedieu. She fell down before it in mute and voiceless prayer. Her pious attendants knelt beside her.

What passed in the soul of the princess was known only to God, but doubtless a deep contrition was breathed from that gentle heart and a mighty resolution taken. From that day Mary Beatrice never again touched cards.

At last Alix getting alarmed, persuaded her mistress to go to bed. The fright and the sudden chill made her ill; and when morning came she was unfit to rise. Lying faint and weary on her pillows, she did not see the scared faces of her women, nor hear Alix's determined resistance in the ante-room in refusing admission to visitors brimful with news. But Alix's power availed nothing when the Duke of York, hearing his wife was ill, came to see her. He went quickly into the chamber, and taking her little hand in his, said kindly: "Has this awful news upset you, sweet heart? Poor Lady Diana! I can hardly credit it. She so full of life yestern-even lieth now a blackened corpse. What! did you not hear it?" as his wife's eyes, distended with terror, were fixed on his face. "She is dead! and by foul play, they whisper. The body is turning black already—the effect of some strong poison. She was found dead in her bed, and must have been so for some hours—Ha! Alix, Blanche! hasten hither. I have been too rough! Her Highness has fainted."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FOR several days Mary Beatrice's illness continued, and the story of her dream was bruited about, causing great indignation in the minds of many Protestants, but having a salutary effect on some Catholics ready to forsake the faith for this world's goods. That Lady Edenhall had been poisoned, there was no manner of doubt. It was supposed some slight portion had been mixed with a delicate dish of which she had partaken before going to the palace, and a larger dose with the succory water that always stood by her bedside to be taken in the night. Feeling feverish, she had emptied the glass, and an agonizing death had quickly followed. In the blackened corpse with protruding eyes, an object of shuddering dread to the domestics that but the day before had trembled at her frown, who could recognise the haughty beauty, Diana Edenhall? With a loud voice the mute corpse cried, "Have pity

upon me, my friends, have pity upon me, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me." But among those she called her friends there was none to pity her. It was only from the lips of him she deemed her enemy (hearing the news in his prison cell) that there went up a cry of anguish for her soul.

Arsène had disappeared; so also had many of Lady Edenhall's jewels. Search was made for him in vain, and a whisper that Philip Engleby for reasons of his own had favoured his flight, reached Lord Edenhall's ears, and Philip was called to account. High words passed between them, for which Philip demanded satisfaction. A duel was fought with rancour on both sides, while both combatants were skilled swordsmen. Both were borne from the field sorely wounded, and in a few hours Philip Engleby died with a curse on his lips. Lord Edenhall was maimed for life and rendered a hopeless invalid.

About a week after Philip's death, Father de la Colombière was again summoned before the House of Lords. His time of imprisonment had greatly changed him. A sharp cough shook his frame, and he looked little more than skin and bone; but his glorious eyes shone brightly in his pale, worn face, and there was no sign of fear, of faltering, or dismay to be seen on his features. Detained for some hours in an ante-chamber until "my lords" should summon him to their presence, he quietly took out his Breviary and recited the office for the day.

He was not, however, brought again before the tribunal. "My lords," probably, felt somewhat ashamed of having to confess that the accusations laid against him could not be substantiated. Great things had been hoped for by the imprisonment of her Highness's chaplain. His papers had been narrowly examined, but, like his Master, no witness, save false witnesses, could be found against him.

At last an officer of the king's guard entered the ante-chamber and displayed his warrant from the king to banish Claude de la Colombière, "a pestilent Jesuit," from the kingdom, and to witness his embarkation.

The Father bowed his head, and closing his Breviary was about to put it in his pocket, when the officer roughly seized his arm and hustled him before him. The book fell on the ground.*

It was a bitter day, with showers of sleet and a keen east wind. Ere the Jesuit and his guards had proceeded far, the former tottered in his walk and then fell to the ground. He was raised up, and a stream of blood was flowing from his mouth.

The officer felt alarmed. The death of this prisoner, even by sickness, would be a disaster involving King Charles in a disagree-

* There is a tradition that a Missal and Breviary belonging to Father de la Colombière were left in England, and were at one time in possession of Sion College. No trace of them now exists.

able manner with King Louis. The insensible form was carried into an hostelry, and word was taken to the palace; upon which the king (only too glad personally to grant the favour) accorded ten days of repose and liberty before Father de la Colombière should be obliged to quit the kingdom. Moreover, he was permitted to lodge with Father Russell, the Franciscan, one of her Majesty's chaplains, and as yet protected by the marriage contract of Queen Catherine from the prevailing storm.

With devoted kindness, Father Russell did all in his power to restore the shattered frame of his friend; and in a day or two Father de la Colombière was able, to his great joy, as he tells us in his letters, to bid adieu to many who had known and loved him. Thus he gained access to those of his brethren then languishing in Newgate.

The Provincial, Father Whitbread, had been taken from a sick bed, where he was suffering from low fever, cast into a dark, damp cell and loaded with chains. But when Father de la Colombière entered his cell, the face he gazed on was radiant with happiness.

"And so, Father Provincial," said Father de la Colombière, "you were right and I was wrong. You foresaw a storm was at hand: I thought peace and increase were to be given unto your province."

"Yes," said Father Whitbread, "I know not why, but an interior conviction has been in my mind for years that troubles were at hand. When I witnessed the success God was pleased to give to your preaching and ministry among souls, I tried to combat the feeling as a mistrust of God's providence. But ever since the Friday after Corpus Christi, when we made the consecration of ourselves to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the conviction hath grown stronger."

"And that is why you preached so earnestly to Ours at Liège on the Feast of St. James—was it not?"

"I could not help it, Father," replied the Provincial. "When I looked on the group of young fervent souls renewing their vows unto the Lord, my heart was moved within me, and the words of that day's gospel seemed so appropriate to the occasion, '*Can you drink the chalice that I shall drink? They say unto Him, We can.*' And so I went on to ask them,—Can you undergo a hard persecution? Are you contented to be falsely betrayed, and injured, and hurried away to prison? '*We can, blessed be God.*' Can you suffer the hardships of a jail? Can you sleep on straw, and live on hard diet? Can you lie in chains and fetters? Can you endure the rack? '*We can, blessed be God.*' Can you be brought to the bar and hear yourselves falsely sworn against? Can you patiently receive the sentence of an unjust judge condemning you to a painful and ignominious death—to be hanged, drawn, and quartered? '*We can, blessed be God.*' These words flowed from my lips without my will, as it were, but they affrighted none of those

ardent souls, and I comfort myself in thinking that, when we are cut down, others shall take our places."

"I have brought you comfort, Father," said his visitor. "I shall leave with you seven Hosts, that you may for a week to come feast upon the Bread of the strong."

A heavenly smile lit up the Provincial's face as he took the Sacred Gift from the hands of his brother in Christ. "Wonderful is the grace of our God," he continued. "Often do I mind me of the words of our Master—'*Your joy no man can take from you.*' What is this dark cell, these chains, this feebleness of body, when Christ consoleth me? Thanks be to Him: I shall die by His grace in the bosom of the Society, my true mother. From my infancy in her arms, I was taught that practice of mental prayer which, having become habitual to me, is now my comfort and support."

"Yes," said Father de la Colombière, "we may say of meditation, as did holy David, 'Sweeter than honey unto my mouth.' Tell me, my reverend Father, I beg of you, for we are about to part for ever—does God bestow on you many lights in prayer?"

"He is very good to me," answered the old man. "My spirit travels with Him amidst the hills and seas of Galilee. I seem to live with Him on earth, to hear His voice, to touch His hands. What are sufferings, what is death? The affair of a moment, and then I enjoy Him for all eternity of whom only to think of on earth is bliss. . . . Is your time drawing near to leave me, Father? Confess me, as it please you, before you go."

Father de la Colombière visited the following day Father Barrow, more generally called Harcourt, the Rector of the London College of the Society.* The old gray-haired Father of seventy years was bright and happy as a child. To die a martyr's death had been, as he told Father de la Colombière, his daily prayer for twenty years; and now God was about to grant the desire of his heart, he praised and blessed His holy name.

Then Father de la Colombière visited Father John Caldwell, and Father Anthony Turner, both converts (the latter a B. A. of Cambridge), and Father John Gawan, who in his novitiate had been called "the angel," on account of his childlike innocence and candour.

Having heard the confessions of these his dear brethren, and bestowed on each a gift similar to that he had given the Provincial, Father de la Colombière visited also Father Mico "socius" to the Provincial, and Father Mumford, both of whom shortly afterwards died while in the act of prayer, worn out by the weight of their irons. The five other Fathers whom we have mentioned, after a

* The papers of the Society having been seized in the Titus Oates plot, no record remains of the exact spot of the head quarters of the Society in London. It was undoubtedly situated in the City.

long imprisonment, were executed at Tyborne, and gained the crown of martyrdom. So also did many other fathers of the Society and of other religious orders, and secular priests, apprehended and executed in London and other towns. The aged Jesuit Father Neville, whose years numbered eighty-four, was flung down stairs by the pursuivants, and so went to heaven.

Father de la Colombière managed to gain admission to the Tower where Lord Stafford was confined, and bestowed all the comfort he could on the brave old nobleman. He saw Katherine Howard, who with her mother had taken up her abode in a narrow lodging close to the Tower, that they might enjoy daily access to their beloved one, and relieve as far as might be his wants.

The Father did not fail to visit the Duchess of York, and this at the earnest request of the Duke, who feared his wife's mind would never recover from the effect of her frightful dream. But to her troubled spirit her chaplain brought help and consolation. He foresaw that Mary Beatrice had a thorny path to tread and must not lose her courage for what might be only an imagination. "Pray for this poor soul," said he, "and let us not presume to judge that which is hidden in the secrets of God."

Then at last the holy Claude de la Colombière bade farewell to the land in which he had laboured, prayed, and suffered. He bent his steps to Paray-le-Monial, where he spent a few days, and then hastened to report himself to his provincial at Lyons. Having told Marguerite of her father's state, he approved of her resolve to return to England and devote herself to that father's solace.

Lord Edenhall lingered for two years, a fretful and suffering being. He was removed to Edenhall; and often did good Mistress Dorothy marvel to see the once gay and impetuous Marguerite changed into the patient, unselfish nurse and dutiful child.

In the dark waters of affliction this pearl at length shone brightly. She had her reward when death drew near. A salutary fear of God's judgment came on the proud old man. He cried out for mercy; and, by Marguerite's contrivance, a priest stood beside him and reconciled the parting soul.

About the same time Lord Stafford, at the end of two years' imprisonment was beheaded on Tower Hill, on the Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury, 1680. His wife did not long survive him; and Katherine and Marguerite, linking their fates together, went to Paris. There, some years after, Lady Katherine married, and became the excellent wife and mother all who knew her anticipated.

Marguerite entered the Convent of the Conception, and was sent after her profession to a hospital served by the sisters of her institute. Her duties led her to attend a man suffering frightful agonies from cancer in the mouth. He obstinately refused to speak to a priest, and lay mostly in a sort of gloomy stupor, save when in paroxysms of anger he wildly blasphemed. One day an English-

man happening to visit the hospital, was conducted by Sister Mary Austin (our Marguerite) through the ward. As they drew near the sufferer's bed, they were speaking in English. The wild start the man gave, the agonized look he cast ere again cowering down in his bed, convinced the sister a chord might be touched. When the visitor was gone, she sat by this poor creature and spoke in English. By degrees, in subsequent visits, she contrived to break the ice. It was Arsène the traitor, the murderer. With great difficulty, she persuaded him to listen to a priest, and as soon after he became from his dread malady speechless, absolution was given conditionally and he was anointed. He could not receive Holy Communion, and his death-agony was one of those frightful scenes upon which the mind cannot dwell.

Father de la Colombière survived his return to France little more than three years, during which time he was a constant invalid. His health never recovered from the effect of his imprisonment, and he may be truly reckoned among the martyrs to the faith in England. He died at Paray-le-Monial, February 15th, 1682.

Both Henriette de Marigny and Alethea Howard were among the most fervent of the holy community on which God bestowed the singular gift of becoming the cradle of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus,

* * * * *

Our task is well-nigh done. Yet let us linger in the spots where once those we have written of, lived and suffered. May Fair is now a fashionable quarter of the town; but hard by, on the spot where once stood the Grange or *Farm* is a shrine, dear to many hearts, and which has to many proved the threshold of eternal life. Raised in honour of Mary's Immaculate Conception, her dear name is held in constant honour and renown, and the fairest flowers blossom at her feet. And within that shrine there is a spot embalmed with love and prayer. Here on the pictured wall are the forms of Claude de la Colombière and his spiritual child, Blessed Margaret Mary. There burn the lamps before the Sacred Heart. A guard of honour pays perpetual worship. How many tears have been dried, how many hearts consoled, how many battles against our spiritual foes fought and won in that spot, none but God and His angels can tell.

There are those who believe an earnest prayer in that sanctuary is never left unheard, and no wonder. In the midst of the vast wicked Babylon the angels of the Lord keep watch, and remind Him who rewards so grandly, of the love, the patience, the prayers, the sufferings, of those who have gone before. They laboured, and we have entered into the fruit of their labours. May we be faithful to our trust. And if the hour of peace be over, may we be ready in our turn to suffer and to die, if need be, for the honour of the Heart of Jesus and of the Mother whom that Heart loves so well.

THE END.

A HOLY ANNIVERSARY.

THESE words may even still be able to call to the reader's attention in time, but only barely in time, to the recurrence of an Anniversary which ought not to be allowed ever to pass unnoticed. Passion Sunday indeed is gone by, and that is the day which was chosen for the consecration of Ireland to the Heart of Jesus, two years ago. The date was fixed upon, no doubt, partly at least on account of its suitableness for the occasion: the day which by its name, announces the approach of Passiontide, harmonizing well with the special oblation of herself to her crucified Redeemer made by that nation to which He has given such a share of His Cross. It was therefore on Passion Sunday that the faithful were exhorted in this past month by their pastors to renew that consecration of themselves. We failed to find room at the proper time for even a few hurried words on the subject; but this present too late reminder may induce some to supply the omitted acts of devotion on the 30th of March, which, according to another computation, is the anniversary of that holy event.

There is a further reason why we should strive to deepen and to quicken the feelings and convictions which find their expression in these acts of devotion. It was in the June of 1675 that our Lord made this special appeal to the hearts of His creatures through His servant, Blessed Margaret Mary, of the Visitation Convent of Paray-le-Monial; and the present year is, to use a word much in vogue, the centenary of the devotion to the Sacred Heart.* In the Archdiocese of Toulouse, and in many parts of France and other Catholic countries, preparations are being made to celebrate duly this jubilee also as well as the General Jubilee of the Church.

There are many who will not be much helped by these peculiar circumstances, and who rather need to dwell on the general considerations which urge us to make use of this and every other means that we find useful for turning our hearts to where our treasure is. "Love hath fulfilled the law;" and the devotion of which the Anniversary of Ireland's Consecration reminds us is only a means to fill our hearts with the love of Jesus. Personal and national acts of consecration are but special exercises of this love. Our own dear country (to revert to the occasion which suggests

* As his special tribute Father Nilles, S.J., of the University of Innsbruck, has brought out a fourth edition of his large work—"De Rationibus Fectorum Sacratissimi Cordis Jesu et Purissimi Cordis Mariæ"—in which the theology and canonical history of the subject are solidly and learnedly discussed, and its special literature in all languages is catalogued with great fulness and precision. The industry of the author alone, though evidently very great, could not have gathered such materials together without devoted helpers in many countries. His brethren in the priesthood will furthermore find in this work, in that one of its four books which is entitled "Asceticus," the most solid aliment for their own devotion and that of their people.

these thoughts) was dedicated to the heart of her Divine Lord by her bishops and priests and people combined, as a pledge of their special love and devotion to that Heart, which is the symbol and in some sense the instrument and the victim of the Redeemer's love for men. It may be that our love for Jesus is so cold and vague as to be startled, shocked, and almost distressed and scandalized at the device by which He has deigned to bring home to us the reality, and, as it were, the *permanent* reality of the Incarnation, and the enduring intensity of all the motives and feelings that made Him assume a body and a soul like ours. But like another mystery of His love which we think of as the greatest, as if there were degrees in the Infinite—like the Blessed Eucharist itself, we have nothing to do but to accept with love and awe the gift which God has given to us, though we should never have dared to imagine it for ourselves or to desire it. But God, who knows the hearts that He has made, has not over-estimated the resistance to be overcome in obtaining possession of His own. With all the prodigality of His love for men, do men love him too much in return? Must not He still point to His Heart and say: *Behold this Heart so loving and so little loved?* Perhaps, when the devotion to the Sacred Heart was first proposed to us, we were not able to realise the answer given by St. John the Evangelist to St. Gertrude, who expressed her wonder that he, the beloved disciple who leaned his head against the Lord's breast, had not earned literally the title that is often given to him of Apostle of the Sacred Heart. Is this the age for which this device of the Divine love was reserved, when men's hearts, grown colder, would require a stronger incentive, a more vehement appeal? The world has never been a very satisfactory place, but in many ways it *does* seem more hopeless and heartless now than ever. Reputable books and journals, that pretend, and with too much reason, to be the organs of the world's opinions, take for granted and propound with moderation and good taste, more hideous and revolting doctrines than the impious Voltaire ever dared to broach. While faith, hope, charity, and all Christian principles and virtues are dying out in the world outside, it behoves the children of the Church to draw closer and closer to the Heart of Jesus.

France in her afflictions has drawn closer to the Sacred Heart. Blessed Margaret Mary was a child of France, and so was the chief of the first instruments in spreading the devotion to the Heart of our Lord, that Father de la Colombière, who has played so considerable a part in the Tale which has but just now been brought to a conclusion in our pages. This devotion is thus congenial to the soil of France. But France sinned, and God who loves her has chastised her. After their recent terrible disasters the faithful of France resolved on erecting a splendid shrine to the Sacred Heart on Montmartre, with the inscription: "*Christo ejusque sacratissimo Cordi Gallia poenitens et devota.*" One of our contributors,

dwelling in that great and wonderful and most genial land, makes this the text of an appeal, which an accident has reserved for this appropriate occasion.

Poor bleeding France! may these blest words sink deep
 Into thy heart and mind. The lip may speak
 The hollow accents that the heart ne'er felt,
 And dupe the guileless soul that trusts in all.
 They dupe not Thee, Omniscient; Thine eye
 Scans the vain windings of the human heart,
 And reads the thought ere it can snatch the mask.
 Let *penitence* and fond *devotion* find
 Their shrine in living hearts and not in stone;
 The monumental marble would but scoff
 The words that chronicle a nation's lie.
 War's blood-stained sword, and Fortune's deepest frown
 Have taught thee better than the treacherous smile
 That wooed thee blindly to thine own decay.
 There is no joy, no hope, no strength, no peace
 When Faith and Virtue dwell not in the land:
 The pageantry of vice may screen the wreck
 Of all that's noble in a nation's life;
 But soon the pageant falls, and falling shows
 The pent-up horrors of a living tomb.
 Call back, loved France, thy virtues and the deeds
 Of days of yore; scan History's blazoned page,
 And count th' unfading glories of the past.
 Rise from thy fallen state and fix thy gaze
 On Glory's banner trembling in the gale;
 But Glory's banner bears but one device,—
 "For God and Fatherland fight, win, or die."
 Gird thee, for still the threatening war-cloud lowers,
 Strike for the aged Pontiff captive held;
 Strike for our holy Faith, despised, oppressed;
 Strike for the cause of Liberty and Right,
 And God will bless and crown thee with success.

E. D.

May that prayer which is pronounced by so many lips be heard and granted in God's own time and in God's own way: *Sacred Heart of Jesus, save the Church and France!* The interests of the Church at home and in the foreign missions are wound up closely with the stability of France as a great Catholic nation—a nation Catholic to the heart's core, in spite of some loud talkers and fluent writers, and in spite of some evil traditions, Still the pious boast is true: "*Christus amat Francos!*"

Où, ma colère expire, et l'amour est vainqueur;
 Je te pardonnerai, j'en jure par mon Cœur!
 Autour du Christ ton Chef, peuple, serre tes rangs:
 Par Lui seul tu vaincras. Le Christ aime les Francs!

Yes, Christ loves the Franks; but better (may we not say so?) He loves the Celts—He loves the Irish race that has clung so faithfully to Him through many and various trials, manifesting always

so tender a devotion to His Mother in heaven, and so brave a loyalty to His Church upon earth. However, ~~men~~ are not saved by races or by nations, but individually soul by soul. Each of us may and must say with St. Paul, "Christ has loved *me* and delivered Himself for *me*." Out of every source of grace the measure of grace that is drawn away depends on the capacity of the recipient. As star differs from star in glory, heart differs from heart in width, in depth, in generosity. Sacred rites affect various souls variously. Here is the way that the sacred rite of which we have been speaking, wishing to make the memory of it a holy Anniversary—here is the way that the national Consecration of Ireland affected one simple Irish heart. We quote from the letter of a Sister of Mercy. "Something in the IRISH MONTHLY brought to my mind a little incident which I may as well tell you. A week or so after last Passion Sunday [1873], a servant girl who had been under our care a year or two ago came up to consult us about going to America. The Sister to whom she spoke gave her the best advice she could, but did not urge her to remain, for she was steady, well-trained, not too young, and had very good prospects. The Sister, however, went on to speak of the Consecration of Ireland on Passion Sunday and of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, recommending it strongly to this poor girl, who has almost always lived in Protestant families and has had struggles of her own about religion. Poor Mary seemed touched with what was said, but made no remark. When she was leaving, the Sister said something which took for granted that she would go in search of the 'big wages' in America; but Mary turned to her and said: 'Oh! ma'am, I would not like to leave Ireland now when it is put under the Sacred Heart,' and there were tears in her eyes as she spoke."

NIGHTFALL.

ON wood and wave the gathering shadows fall;
 The trees are whispering in the twilight gray,
 As if one last farewell they fain would say,
 Ere darkness shrouds them in her dusky pall.
 Now, one by one, broad oak and poplar tall
 Melt into shade; the golden-mantled day
 O'er the hushed meadows softly steals away,
 And solemn night sits silently on all.
 Hark to the breeze! that, slowly creeping by,
 With low, dull moan the spreading darkness fills;
 The night is fraught with answering sympathy,
 For all around the oaks and poplars sigh,
 And floating faintly o'er the far-off hills,
 A deep, sad voice comes sobbing from the sea.

E. H.

THE CHANCES OF WAR.

A TALE.

BY A. WHITELOCK.

CHAPTER I.

ON SHANNON'S BANKS.

"Bè degli altri, superboaltero fiume."—PETRARCH.

I AM a schoolmaster—a humble member of a despised fraternity. The actual present contains for me very little of what is called the poetry of life, and it is this accident, I presume, which impels me to live my idle hours in a world which has long since passed away. We view the distant past through a mellow haze which gives richness to the noble figures which people it, and makes approachable the uncouth and forbidding by softening their harsh outlines and shrouding many of their defects. It thus happens that intercourse with the dead past has greater charms for some than intercourse with the living present. My own preference for the former is decided, and I have many reasons to feel thankful that it is so.

My unpretending school stands on the banks of the Shannon. When the restless community of which I am autocrat has been dissolved for the day, and coming down from my desk I divest myself of the awful dignity of my office and descend to the level of mere human feeling and human enjoyment, my evening walk usually lies along the margin of the great river which flows at hand. Alone by the water's edge, my thoughts ever wander back to the men who lived and the events which have been enacted within hearing of the waves whose music has become so familiar to me. I love the huge stream with a fervour which, I am slow to believe, will find a parallel in the poet's enthusiasm for the scenery which he describes. I love it because the murmuring of its waves has become for me like voices of the past, telling me many secrets of the great deeds of the unhistoric dead. I love it, too, because the sound of its waters mingled with every golden dream which I dreamed long ago, when my own life was beginning; and even then kept ringing musically in my ear, when those gorgeous unrealities were dispelled, and I dreamed no more. I do not think I shall ever waver in this love. I have not always been a schoolmaster, and it has been given me before I settled down to my

present occupation to visit the river scenery of many lands. From the summit of a Roman cupola I have beheld the Tiber winding through the lonely Campagna, and have marked the contrast between its yellow folds and the green meadows on its shores; but even there I could not help feeling that there were brighter waves flowing through greener fields by the home which I had quitted to visit the City of the Seven Hills. From the ramparts of Verona I have seen the lively Adige burst sparkling from beneath the frowning mountains of Tyrol; and from the towers of the old palace of Avignon I have watched the impatient Rhone hurrying through the vine-covered hills of Provence to the distant Mediterranean; but lovelier even than these was the picture which my memory treasured of the dark blue waters which sleep in their great reservoirs beneath the hills of Thomond, and thence pour noisily down over the shallow ford and under the quaint bridge of Killaloe. I have gazed with rapture on the majestic Rhine, flowing calmly on between ruin-crowned hills, and mirroring within it the spires of mediæval cathedrals and the fortress palaces of old electors; but my heart whispered that yet more beautiful was the broad river which flows between Offaly and Hy-maine, reflecting in its blue waves the crumbling gables and ruined arches of Clonmacnoise.

Lovelier even than what it is now was this "ancient river" in the distant days to which the incidents of the story we are to tell carry us back. We are concerned with events more than two hundred years old, and at this remote period the scenery of the Shannon possessed many charms which it has since lost. Remnants of the antique forests which once covered so large a part of the island still lingered along its shores. The castles of the "old Irish" and of the Anglo-Saxon settlers, which now in ruinous desolation peep from out their ivy shrouds, lifted their heads proud and defiant on the heights beneath which the river sweeps, or on the islands which its waves encircle. Convents, too, and monasteries but lately restored to their lawful owners by the domestic government which had ventured to annul the confiscating laws of Elizabeth, reposed in peace upon its banks—the campaign of the ruthless Cromwell against Irish faith and Irish nationality had not yet begun.

It is true no chartered Drainage Company had opened up the river for the passage of vessels never destined to disturb its waters, or planted buoys to mark out the navigable channel for imaginary skippers. But, though these improvements which we have seen introduced in our own time were wanting then, the picturesqueness of Shannon scenery was hardly affected by their absence. Lough Ree, in the month of May, 1646, even without these embellishments which have been added by modern engineering, might still rival in beauty the fairest landscape that Europe could offer. Our tale chooses for its opening scene Lough Ree and its surroundings, on one of the brightest of the bright evenings of that beautiful

month. Half the fiery red disc of the setting sun showed across the tops of the hills of Roscommon, and his rays fell in showers of dusky gold upon the trees which fringed the Leinster shore. A brisk wind had been blowing during the day; but it had died away as evening advanced. The surface of the lake, which some hours before had been covered with angry billows, now presented to the eye long series of glittering waves rising and falling in sluggish undulations, and rolling in languid procession towards the shore. The shadow of the gaunt hills behind hung heavily upon the western margin of the lake, adding deeper gloom to the woods which clothed the upland, and a darker tint to the heather which covered the bogs and moors.

As the last rays of the sun shot across the summits of the western hills, a band of horsemen issued from the woody border which skirted the Roscommon shore. The party consisted of about twenty men. They were armed after the fashion of the cuirassiers or pistoliers of the period. The upper part of the body was protected by a corselet of iron, the lower limbs by cuissarts formed of heavy folds of the same metal and extending to the knee, where they were met by boots of coarse leather. In front of each saddle hung, at either side, a long leathern case somewhat more than two feet in length, from which protruded the butt of a large pistol—an instrument which had already become formidable in the wars of the century, and from which the soldier who used it was sometimes named. From the girdle of each horseman hung a heavy sword, and at his right side were suspended a powder-flask and priming box. The horses on which the troopers were mounted were of powerful build, but at this moment they were evidently exhausted by a long and toilsome journey. They followed one another in dull regularity, raising their drooping heads and quickening their slackening pace only when an occasional application of the heavy spurs which swung to and fro along their flanks warned them that the hour for rest had not yet come. The riders appeared worn out by the fatigues of a long march. They sat listlessly in their high saddles, yielding to every motion of their horses—their accoutrements bespattered with the contents of many a mud pool through which they had splashed during the day. In most cases they had divested themselves of their heavy helmets, which, secured by a strap to the saddle-bow, rattled lazily against the iron-covered knees of their owners. No sound of song or joke broke the silence of the march. Now and then, indeed, some expression of impatience would find its way to the lips of a tired trooper; he would wonder aloud if they were ever to arrive at the halting-place; but no one volunteering an answer, the attempt at conversation was abandoned and all again became silent.

At the head of the little troop rode a young man of commanding appearance, evidently the leader of the party. His costume resembled much that of his followers. His armour was fashioned

like theirs, but the metal of which it was made was more highly tempered, and the workmanship which it displayed much more exquisite. The pistols at his saddle-bow were lighter and of more graceful form than those carried by his men. A sword hung by his side, and the embossed hilt of the formidable skeine was visible amid the folds of his sash. On his head he wore a broad-brimmed hat ornamented with a heavy plume; and his hair, long and flowing, after the manner of the "old Irish," fell in bright masses on his shoulders. His face, which had still the roundness and softness of youth, gave token of long continued exposure to the successive inclemencies of the seasons, and perhaps a shrewd observer would have thought that it never could have been so bronzed by an Irish sun.

For a long time the leader, like his men, had been riding in silence; but no one who observed the changes which passed in quick succession over his countenance, and the fixed and intelligent look of his blue eyes, would have said that his silence was the result of the apathy produced by extreme fatigue. His mind, on whatever subject engaged, was evidently too much engrossed by other matters to be conscious of the bodily weariness which he must have shared with his followers.

"Didst thou not say, O'Duigenan, that we should reach the castle before sunset?" he at length inquired from the soldier who rode immediately behind him.

"No doubt, captain," was the reply; "and my words would have proved true, had our horses not been so worn out by these two days' ride. Another day's journey at this pace will dismount us all."

"Horse and man shall have rest when we pass the Shannon," returned the officer. "But we cannot now halt so long in any place that our enemies in the neighbourhood may have notice of our march. To-morrow, however, let the jaded brutes have a few additional hours' rest. We are now near the head of the lake, and there is, moreover, little chance of our coming being announced by the inhabitants of this district."

The last words, spoken in a tone of intense bitterness, were accompanied by a wave of the speaker's hand in the direction of the silent wilderness of fair fields which stretched away into the gathering shadows of night.

"Canst find," he inquired after a short pause, "in thy recollections of this neighbourhood any place which will give us a better covering than the branches of these trees? The night breeze from the river is chill, and methinks we could sleep better were we separated from it by even a stone wall."

"Years ago," replied the soldier, "a Biatach* kept open house

* "Biatachs were an order of persons, very numerous in Ireland in ancient times, appointed to keep houses of hospitality, for the entertainment of travellers

at the spot where the road we now follow joins those of Killian and Ballymoe. The place lies directly opposite the castle, but it is scarcely possible that the cabin can have weathered the hard times through which the country has passed since I was a boy."

"And in which so many stouter dwellings have gone to the ground," added the officer. "But let us hope the ruins may yet be restored. In the meantime we must push on; night is almost upon us, and these drowsy horsemen look as if they would go to sleep in their saddles."

With a cheering "Forward!" to his men, the leader of the party spurred forward on the shaded path before him. The tired troopers behind roused from their lethargy, gathered up the reins and urged their jaded horses in the same direction.

After a ride of about a quarter of an hour, the soldier who had been previously addressed as O'Duigenan pushed forward his horse till he was almost abreast of his leader.

"We are almost at the end of our day's journey," he said. "Well-remembered landmarks tell me we are near the Biatlach's house."

As he spoke, a turning in the path they were following brought them in sight of the resting-place they sought. It was a large square cabin. Its walls, like those of all the humbler habitations of the period, were built of clay. The roof was, or rather had been, formed of a thatch of straw or reeds supported by rough, unhewn beams of wood. Its appearance was gloomy and deserted, and it was but too evident that the melancholy anticipations of O'Duigenan were destined to be realized. The hospitable shelter which the humanity of a former age had provided for the houseless wayfarer had suffered the fate which befell so many other edifices of a kindred nature during the wild wars of the century. Its tenants had sought some safer refuge from the bands of marauders who from time to time swept over the country, and the abandoned cabin stood chill and desolate by the wayside—a sad monument of the falling fortunes of the race to whose chivalrous hospitality it owed its existence.

A broad, grassy pathway led from the deserted inn to the water's edge. Through the opening in the trees the eye caught a glimpse of the broad waters of Lough Ree and of the numerous islands with which at this point its surface is dotted. On the

and the poor; and the establishments over which they presided had endowments and grants of lands for the public use, and free entertainment for all persons who stood in need of it; and from these arose the term, Ballybiatach, so common in Ireland as a name for a townland, which signified land appropriated to these purposes." (Connellan and MacDermott's *Annals of the Four Masters*.)

The existence of these establishments is mentioned in the *Annals* so late as the year 1609. "MacWard, i. e., Owen, the son of Geoffrey, son of Owen, son of Geoffrey, chief professor to O'Donnell in poetry, a learned and intelligent man, who kept a house of general hospitality, died at an advanced age, after the victory of repentance."

nearest of these islands, and visible from the spot where stood the ruins of the "house of hospitality," rose the high walls of a castle, or it might more properly be said, of a fortified dwelling-house. The building was of the type to which belonged most of the dwellings of the lesser nobility of the Pale. It was a rectangular edifice, about fifty or sixty feet high, built of rough, uncut stone, and surmounted by irregular battlements of various heights, the highest being placed at the corners. Its dark walls seemed to frown upon the restless waters which rippled merrily against their sides; and the gloomy battlements which protected the roof stood out against the darkened sky, like gaunt sentinels keeping guard upon the quiet lake and its peaceful surroundings.

"Look there. That is the Castle of Duneevin," said O'Duigenan, pointing to the dark pile, as his commander drew bridle in front of the deserted cabin.

"Ride down to the shore and warn its inmates of our coming. Food and provender are at hand," continued the officer, addressing the troop which had halted before him; "dismount and picket your horses in the wood, and let some one light a fire in yonder hut."

"Your men may spare themselves this trouble at least," said a voice from out the deep shadow of the ruined doorway, "a fire is already blazing within."

As he concluded, the speaker emerged from the obscurity in which he had hitherto been concealed, and advanced towards the chief of the little party, who took but slight pains to conceal the surprise and distrust which this unexpected offer of hospitality excited in him. There was little in the outward appearance of the stranger to allay his suspicions. His clothes were old and threadbare, their form alone indicating that the wearer belonged or claimed to belong to higher classes of Irish society. He wore the *truis*, *barrad*, and mantle, distinctive garments of the old Celtic population; but the cloth of which they were made had lost its original colour, and the traces of a journey over the moors and bogs of the neighbourhood were still visible upon them. From beneath a cone-shaped hat his hair fell in heavy dark masses on his shoulders. He was of middle age, of strong and active build. His glance was quick and penetrating as he scanned the little troop drawn up before the cabin, but it settled down to a quiet and subdued look as he advanced to greet the officer in command.

"I can claim to be the host only because I have been the first to arrive at the inn," he said, with a smile; "but my offer of shelter is cordial, and poor though the lodging be, it is hardly to be despised while the —"

"We thank you for your courtesy," returned the soldier with cold politeness, "and are too fatigued not to profit by it willingly. I expected to find the cabin untenanted. Solitary travellers are not often to be met with in this neighbourhood just now. It must

be very important business which tempts them to traverse this district at present."

"You have guessed rightly," said the stranger, quietly; "the business on which I travel is important."

"The circumstances under which we meet must excuse my curiosity in asking what it is."

"I am a courier."

"By whom sent—and whither?"

"By the O'Neill—to Limerick."

"You will forgive my requiring some other voucher for this besides your own statement."

The stranger drew from the breast of his faded jerkin a paper which he presented to the officer. Its contents seemed to satisfy the latter. He repeated the order to his men to begin their arrangements for passing the night, whilst he himself, notwithstanding his weariness, remained to converse with his new-made acquaintance. The conversation became so engrossing that he seemed to forget the circumstances of his position. He was at length recalled to a sense of his present duties by a gesture from his companion which directed his attention to the lake below. In answer to the summons of O'Duigenan's bugle a boat had quitted the island-castle and was now rapidly cutting its way through the water. In the stern sat a red-faced, portly individual, whose gravity of demeanour and dignity of carriage were too great for any position below that of steward of the household, and who might therefore be rightly set down as the holder of that important office.

"I must quit you for a moment," said the officer to the courier with whom he conversed. "We have need of more than is included in your offer of hospitality. We are hungry as well as tired. I will join you again presently."

He turned towards the shore of the lake, which he reached as the keel of the boat grated on the pebbles of the strand.

"Greet the Lord of Duneevin in the name of Captain Heber MacDermott, who travels on the business of the Supreme Council, and who trespasses so far on his hospitality as to ask some refreshment for himself and his troop."

"The castle farmyard lies down yonder among the trees," replied the stout dignitary from the stern of the boat. "There you will be supplied with forage for your horses. Your message I will bear to Mr. Dillon."

With a profound bow to the soldier he hurriedly ordered the boatmen to push off from the shore, and was borne rapidly away, followed by a parting injunction from O'Duigenan to lose no time in delivering his message.

CHAPTER II.

TIDINGS FROM THE NORTH.

"Welcome, good Meesala,
Now sit we close about this taper here
And call in question our necessities."—*Julius Caesar.*

"AND so you journey southwards," said the officer who had given his name as Captain Heber MacDermott, when he had rejoined the messenger of O'Neill. "Are the tidings which you bear from the north for the ears of the members of the Council alone, or might I also hear what our prospects in Ulster are?"

"In truth, good sir, the message which I bear is hardly a secret; but you err when you suppose that it is intended for the ears of the Council. I have but to report to my Lord the Nuncio the progress made in the organisation of the army of the north."

"Tis well," replied the soldier, "that you have to deal only with him. Truly I begin to believe that, priest as he is, he understands the trade of war better than those self-conceited cavaliers of the Pale."

"Or, perhaps, is more in earnest in waging it," suggested the stranger.

"Of that, too, he has given proof. You have doubtless heard that active preparations are being made to press the siege of Bunratty?"

"News does not travel so rapidly just now. I heard not of this before."

"The fortress must fall," continued the soldier, "and when it does, we shall owe the possession of it to the energy of my Lord the Nuncio. The garrison will now have to deal with a man of a different stamp from the dainty and blundering Glamorgan. We want but men of energy and determination at the head of affairs, and the land is free."

"And have you not left many such behind you in the south?" asked the stranger.

"Many!" replied the soldier, disdainfully. "Among yon lordlings of the Pale, driven by fear to take part with us, whom the government of England styles 'Irish Rebels,' there is scarcely a true patriot. Which of them would not make his peace with King or Parliament to-morrow, and purchase his own security by surrendering to their mercy his Irish confederates? They care more for the pretended friendship of the trickster Ormond than for the safety of the Irish nation. For them, to be the friends of England is more desirable than to be the deliverers of Ireland. They would not consent to be free if freedom, political and reli-

gious, implied separation from England. They are but half-hearted allies when the battle is raging, and hold us back if we would follow up the victory when it is won. Would to God we had an *Irish* government and an *Irish* army with an *Irish* general at its head. Soon would the land be rid of bloodhounds such as Coote and Inchiquin, who at this moment are hunting down our unfortunate race as if God had made it their natural prey."

"Your wish to behold an Irish army with an Irish general will be speedily fulfilled. Ulster, towards which you travel, is Irish still, and Ulster is now in the field. The Red Hand is raised again, and when it falls the enemies of Ireland and of God are likely to remember the blow."

"Heaven grant that it may strike soon!" fervently ejaculated the young soldier. "It can do more to establish permanent peace than all the chicanery of these drivelling politicians who are content to beg from the favour of his excellence of Ormond a security which their own swords might establish in a few weeks and preserve for ever."

"You will probably be witness of what you desire so much; I bear to the Nuncio the assurance that in a few days the camp will be broken up and the army of General O'Neill will march against Munroe."

"And will, it is to be hoped, effect more than Preston and Clanrickarde are likely to do in that quarter against the plunderer Coote," said the officer, pointing towards the west.

"I doubt it not," rejoined his companion; and then added with a smile, "you can yourself bear witness that Don Eugenio is not a foe to be despised, even when the odds are against him."

"Yes, I can bear witness to that, though I am at a loss to understand how you have come to know me so well. General O'Neill and I have met ere this. We defended opposite sides in strangers' quarrels; but I have seen in him as an enemy that which makes me well satisfied to serve under him as a friend. I feel assured that I could not draw my sword under a worthier commander."

"I am glad that you have formed such an estimate of our General," returned the stranger. "You will find that he is no less just in his estimate of the merits of Captain MacDermott. But I perceive that a speedy answer has been returned to your message to the castle. Boats have already put off from the island. Your presence will be necessary at the landing-place. We will meet again by the fire in the cabin when your troopers have refreshed themselves. Till then, adieu."

The stranger bowed to MacDermott and directed his steps to the ruined inn, within and around which were visible the disorder and apparent confusion which characterise the temporary resting-places of soldiers on the march. Treading his way through the piles of saddles, pistol-cases, and pieces of armour which lay

around the entrance, he entered the cabin and seated himself on a log of wood beside the blazing fire.

Long and silently did he peer into the fiery recesses of the heap of burning faggots on the hearth, watching how they leaped and crackled and struggled with one another, how the bright flame shot up for a moment into the air, and fell again buried in the smoke which issued from the pile. What were his thoughts? Did they wander to the incidents of the great national struggle imaged in the objects before him—to the great contest where all was turmoil and strife; where the flame of hope, fanned by some momentary success, blazed for a time before the eyes of the oppressed, and then went out again amid the smoke and din of some disastrous battle-field? Long he mused, heedless of the tramp of heavy feet and the sounds of harsh voices and careless laughter which accompanied the preparations made by the troopers for their evening meal. His musings were at length disturbed by a heavy hand laid upon his shoulder. He started hurriedly from his seat. O'Duigenan the trumpeter stood before him.

"Nay, start not as if a serpent had stung thee—the reptiles left the island in St. Patrick's time," said the soldier, lightly.

"I choose to believe that the brood is not yet extinct in the country," returned the stranger, drily. "But what wouldst thou with me?"

"In the first place I am charged to say to you that Captain MacDermott has accepted the invitation of the master of yonder castle to be his guest for the night, and invites you to accompany him thither. In the second place, should this arrangement not suit you, I can myself give you an invitation to a tolerable supper which we intend eating in the open air rather than under this villainous-looking roof."

"Where shall I find your captain?" hastily demanded the stranger.

"By the shore of the lake," were the only words of the reply which reached his ears. He quitted the cabin abruptly and hurried to the shore. MacDermott's voice greeted him as he approached.

"We have waited for you some time. I am impatient to be gone. Jump in and I will push off."

"I go not," was the reply. "I come but to thank you for your invitation." He stooped to push off the boat from the strand, and bending over MacDermott whispered in his ear.

"Speak not of our movements; those whom you shall meet are not all friends of our cause."

A vigorous push sent the light bark far out into the deep water. The rowers bent to their oars, and the moonbeams danced fantastic dances on the chopped and broken waves which they left behind them in their wake.

The stranger gazed for a moment after the receding skiff. "Thy love of Ireland is sincere," he murmured, "if it stand the

est by which it is now to be tried—the friendship of Ireland's
 ien aristocracy."

He wrapped his cloak round him and retraced his steps to the
 bin which he had quitted. He avoided the boisterous circle
 which surrounded a large fire kindled at the foot of a tree, and
 which noisily discussed the provisions furnished by the hospitable
 lord of Duneevin. He took his place again by the fire blazing on
 the ruined hearth of the Biatach, drew his thin cloak yet closer
 round him, and resting his head against the mouldering earthen
 wall, was released by sleep from the remembrance of his country's
 misfortunes and his own.

KNOWING AND DOING.

"If you know these things, you shall be blessed if you do them."—*S. John, xiii. 17.*

SOME Fathers in the recreation-room
 Were gaily chatting in the evening's gloom,
 When, asking silence, thus the Rector said:
 "To-day in St. Augustine's book I read—
 '*De monachorum opere*:' and found
 What strange delusions everywhere abound.
 It seems that some lay brothers, in their zeal
 For high perfection, from their work would steal
 Into the library, to study there
 What Hóly Scripture says on constant prayer;
 And when the Abbot called them to account,
 They used to quote the Sermon on the Mount;
 How birds of air will neither sow nor reap,
 Nor gather into barns; yet, while they keep
 From earth's low toils, by God's own hand are fed.
 'And such should be our state,' these brethren said;
 'For who are those designed by birds of air
 But such as give themselves to constant prayer?
 Let worldlings till the ground, 'tis fit that they
 Should work for us, while we for them will pray.'
 Now St. Augustine also was a bird
 Who higher soared than they; so when he heard
 These famous reasons, he began to laugh,
 For birds like him are never caught with chaff.
 And he, too, quoted Scripture, how St. Paul
 Both worked himself, and gave this rule to all:
 'If any work not, neither let him eat.'
 Then, after thus exposing their deceit,
 The saint exclaims: 'What folly thus to shirk
 For reading's sake your heaven-appointed work;
 And thus neglect the Scriptures to obey,
 For greater leisure to learn what they say.'

"Now, Fathers," cried the Rector, "I declare
 More birds than those are taken in this snare;
 We think or dream, speak, listen, read, and write
 On vice and virtue with so great delight,
 That oft our very joy makes us forget
 To do the thing on which our thoughts are set.
 Let each one tell the truth for candour's sake,
 And I the first will *mea culpa* make.
 In Chapter once I spoke so feelingly
 Upon our Blessed Lord's humility,
 And on his *hidden* life, that, shame to say!
 I felt a glow of pride at my *display*.
 What say you, Father John, can you deny
 Such folly ever took you on the sly?"
 "Indeed it did," said John; "not long ago
 My spirit burned so eagerly to know
 Our Lord's submissive life at Nazareth,
 And how he was 'obedient unto death,'
 That I stood heedless of the signal bell
 Which called me thence, and stopped to ponder well
 If I possess'd the mystery—but, be sure,
 Such weakness Father Charles would ne'er endure."
 "Don't be too sure," said Charles; "I was so vexed
 At being called, when writing on the text—
 'And they *immediately* their nets forsook
 And followed Jesus'—that, with angry look,
 I bade the porter say it was too soon,
 I could not leave until the afternoon.
 But, Father James, 'tis your turn now to say
 Did your calm soul thus ever go astray?"
 "Ask, then," said James, "in Adam did I sin!
 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.'
 The other day at dinner, when they read
 How certain hermits scarcely tasted bread,
 I was so lost in wonder at their fast
 That I kept eating on till I was last."
 "And I," said Father Mark, "read in the life
 Of India's great Apostle, of his strife
 Against a world of pagans, and the hope
 That gave him strength with such a world to cope,
 Till at such *hope* amazed, my heart grew faint,
 And quite *despaired* that I should be a saint."
 "Enough!" the Rector cried, "'tis clear to me
 We all are sailing on the self-same sea,
 And in the self-same boat; so let us pray
 For grace our lights more promptly to obey.
 'Not those who *know*,' says Jesus Christ, 'are blest,
 But those who *do* what they have reckoned best.'"

SAVONAROLA.

JEROME SAVONAROLA was born in Ferrara, on September the 21st, 1452. His parents wished him to become a doctor, and his early studies were such as to fit him for that career. But his own choice led him away from the world; and in 1475 we find him a lay-brother novice in the Dominican Convent of Bologna. The grounds of this choice we know in part, in part we can infer from his after-life. Italy, at the time of which we write, had become a vast theatre for the open display of vice and crime. Every rank and every order of men were tainted with corruption. Noble and peasant, the people and their rulers, had alike fallen; and with the restoration of letters, under the patronage of the Medici, the spirit of the pagan world seemed to have burst forth afresh upon the soil of Italy. From such a scene Savonarola fled—from “the great wretchedness of the world, the iniquity of men, the debauchery, the adultery, the robberies, the pride, the idolatry, the monstrous blasphemies by which the world is polluted;—for ‘there is none’” he adds, “‘that doeth good, no, not one.’” The great esteem in which he held the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, and the well-merited renown of the Dominican Order, did much to determine his choice of a religious life; while, as he assured Pico della Mirandola in after years, he was deterred from becoming a priest by the lives of many whom he saw around him—lives spent in striving after mere human knowledge, in useless disputations, or the pursuit of pleasures even less in harmony with their holy calling. “In the houses of the great prelates and doctors,” he says, “nothing is thought of but poetry and rhetoric. Go and see for yourselves. You will find them with books of polite literature in their hands—pernicious writings—with Virgil, Horace, and Cicero, to prepare themselves for the cure of souls withal . . . They tickle the ears with Aristotle, Plato, Virgil, and Petrarch—why do they not, instead of books like these, teach that alone in which are the law and the spirit of life?”

It was on his entrance into the noviceship that he addressed to his father that memorable letter, in which, as Dean Milman says, “the calm, deliberate determination of the youthful ascetic is exquisitely blended with the tenderness of a loving son.”

“DEAR FATHER—I fear my departure from home has caused you much sorrow; the more so because that departure was kept a secret from you. I would wish you to learn my motives and intention now from this letter, that you may be comforted, and understand that I have acted as I ought. You who so well know how to appreciate the perishable things of earth, judge not with the passionate judgment of a woman, but looking to truth, judge whether I am not right in abandoning the world.” [Then he refers to the state of Italy, as cited before, and continues:] “I could not endure the great wickedness of certain

parts of Italy. Everywhere I saw virtue despised, vice in honour. Wherefore daily I entreated of my Lord Jesus Christ that He would lift me from out this mire. Continually I made my prayer with the greatest earnestness to God, saying—‘Show me the path in which I should walk; for to Thee do I lift up my soul.’ When, then, God, in answer to my prayer, condescended to show me the right way, could I decline it? Bethink you, dearest father, of the affliction I endured in separating from you. Never, since I was born, have I suffered such sorrow and anguish of mind, as when I abandoned my own father, to make the sacrifice of my body to Jesus Christ, and surrender my will into the hands of men I had never seen. . . . You grieve that I left you secretly, almost as a fugitive. In truth such was my own grief and agony of soul, that, if I had betrayed myself, I verily believe my heart would have broken and I should have changed my purpose ere I could depart. . . . In mercy, then, most loving father, dry your tears, add not to my pain and sorrow. To be Cæsar I would not return to the world—but I am of flesh as you are; my senses war against reason, and I would not give vantage to the devil, particularly when I think of you. Comfort my mother. Both of you send me, I entreat you, your blessing; and I will ever pray fervently for your souls.

“GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA, YOUR SON.”

He had been received into the Convent of Bologna as a lay-brother; one, that is, whose endeavour it should be to serve God by manual rather than by mental labour. But a short time sufficed, to show the rare gifts with which he was endowed; and he was ordered to devote himself to study. Of the seven years which he passed in Bologna, part was spent in preparing for his future labours, part in teaching; and both in the chair of philosophy and in his own private studies, we can already trace the ruling principle of his life—his horror of trifling, and his love of earnest, serious work. Burlamacchi tells us how he strove to avoid the vain and useless questions with which philosophers delighted to make a show of subtlety and learning, and how when his duty to others had been done faithfully and well, he gave himself up to meditation on Holy Scripture, and on the writings of St. Thomas.

In 1482 we find him in Ferrara, his native city; but he remained there only a short time; for Ferrara was threatened with war by the Venetians, and most of the Dominicans withdrew from the city. Fra Girolamo was sent to Florence, then the first city in Italy, destined to be the theatre of his failure, of his triumphs, and of his doom. There he was appointed to teach Theology, and in 1483 to deliver a course of Lenten sermons in the great church of San Lorenzo. His reputation for learning and holiness had preceded him to Florence; and, as Professor of Theology, he had sustained it fully. Great then were the expectations raised when it became known that he was to preach in San Lorenzo; and proportionately great was the wonder, when his opening discourse proved an utter, hopeless failure. His voice was weak and displeasing, his manner bad, his style rude and unpolished, wanting in that easy grace and flow to which Florentine audiences had become accustomed. Scarce twenty-five persons came to his second sermon.

Still he continued for a time to preach, though not in Florence,

nor with any marked success. Indeed so little promise was there of that wondrous eloquence, which mastered and carried away the crowded audiences of later years, that he soon forsook preaching altogether, and devoted himself wholly to his duties as Novice-master in the Convent of St. Mark. But in 1486 he was sent to Brescia; and there, at last, the pent-up waters burst their bounds. All Brescia crowded round his pulpit, and sat breathless with terror and dismay, as he thundered forth the terrible denunciations of vice and crime which he had found in the Apocalypse. The vice he saw around and beside him—the punishment he judged could not be far distant; and so, like the prophets of old, he reproached the people with their sins, and bade them prepare for the day of chastisement, when they should become the prey of a cruel enemy; fathers should stand helpless while their children were massacred before their eyes, and the streets of their city should run rivers of blood. For generations no such orator had been seen in the pulpits of Italy. Every word he uttered came from a heart filled to overflowing with zeal for souls, and hatred of all wickedness and sin; the principles of Christian morality were made to rest on more secure foundations than the pagan writings of Greece and Rome; and men listened once again to the divine doctrines of that mysterious book, “in which are the law and the spirit of life.” No wonder that in the eyes of many his mission of Apostle was confounded with that of Prophet, and that where he only meant to terrify and warn, he was believed to foretell. Events, indeed, seem to have been on the side of popular belief, as many of his hearers must have thought in later years, after Gaston de Foix had carried Brescia by storm, given it up to be sacked and plundered, and slaughtered six thousand of its inhabitants.*

During the four years which follow, Savonarola continued to preach in various cities throughout the north of Italy. We hear of him in Bologna, in Pavia, and in Genoa. Everywhere, we are told, his success was complete; but all further details are wanting until his return to Florence, in 1490. Here he was once more charged with the instruction of the novices, and immediately began a course of lectures on the Apocalypse. The elders of the convent soon showed their anxiety to be present; by degrees some friends from without the walls were allowed to mingle with the listeners, until at length no apartment in St. Mark's could be found to hold the audience, and they were forced to meet in the convent garden. Meanwhile the fame of his eloquence had spread abroad through the city, and the desire to hear him preach in public was loudly expressed. At first he hesitated,—then yielding, foretold, it is asserted, that his apostleship would be of eight years' duration; and on the first of August he appeared once more before a Florentine con-

* Brescia was stormed immediately after the defeat of the Venetian army beneath its walls, and a few weeks before the bloody battle of Ravenna in 1572.

gregation. But there was little danger of his failing now. His voice and manner had still some of their old harshness and want of grace; but the terrible message he believed himself commissioned to deliver, and the words of thrilling earnestness in which he gave it, left men little inclination to dwell on faults like these. The human character of the prophet was forgotten in the fear of the evils he foretold.

We may pause for a moment here to examine the state of Florence at the time when Savonarola returned thither. The de'Medici, by their great wealth and liberality, had come to be the first subjects and real rulers of the Republic. From the day when Cosmo de'Medici was recalled in triumph from his Paduan exile, in 1434, his prosperity and influence had steadily increased; so that he was wont to complain to his friends, Machiavelli tells us, "that he had never been able to lay out so much in the service of God as to find the balance in his own favour."* On his death, in 1464, his only son, Piero, inherited all his influence and riches; but he, too, died soon after, in 1468, leaving two sons, Lorenzo and Giuliano. Against these was formed the famous Pazzi conspiracy†; but Giuliano was its only victim, his more fortunate brother escaping with some slight wounds. The war, with which Rome and Naples followed up the failure of the plot, only served to strengthen the power of Lorenzo. Popular sympathy had been excited by the death of Giuliano; and the courage displayed by Lorenzo, in endangering his liberty and life for the sake of his country, when he visited the King of Naples, and by a personal treaty put an end to the war, had made him the idol of the people; so that, when Savonarola entered Florence in 1490, the government of the city was in reality, if not in name, in the hands of the de'Medici. Although the hatreds and jealousy, which had so often been the cause of civil strife, still existed, the overpowering influence of the ruling faction prevented all open attempts at revolt. The dread of banishment and the strange deeds done in the secret chambers of the Old Palace had stricken fear into the hearts of their enemies; and so the city enjoyed a profound peace, broken only by the brilliant feasts and pageants with which the Florentines consoled themselves for the loss of liberty.

But with peace and prosperity had come corruption. Lorenzo

* History of Florence. B. vii., ch. 1.

† It has been asserted that the conspiracy was formed under the patronage of Sixtus IV. and Ferdinand King of Naples. Of the former Machiavelli says:—"The Pontiff offered every means at his disposal in favour of their enterprise;" and of the latter—"King Ferdinand promised, by his ambassador, to contribute all in his power to the success of their undertaking." (Hist. of Flor. VIII., 1.) But it is nowhere stated that the intended assassination of Lorenzo and his brother had been communicated to either Pope or King. Indeed it is certain that the Pope had protested against any blood being shed in the effort to bring about the desired change of government.

de'Medici and his gay and learned friends had embraced the morals, with the philosophy and learning, of the ancients; and although a bountiful patron of religion, and father of a Cardinal and future Pope, the Maecenas of Florence was a very little better Christian than his namesake of pagan Rome. The wealthy and the powerful had not been slow to imitate the wickedness of their rulers, and the evil had spread downwards, until every rank had become infected. In his sermon on the mission of St. Philip, Dr. Newman has eloquently described the mischief wrought by the disciples of the "new learning." "They flung a grace over sin, and a dignity over unbelief. Life was to them one long revel; they feasted, they sported, they moulded forms and painted countenances of the most perfect human beauty; they indulged in licentious wit, they wrote immodest verses, they lightly used the words of Scripture; they quarrelled, they used the knife, they fled to sanctuary, and then they issued forth again, to go through the same round of pleasure and of sin. Festivals and carnivals became seasons of popular licence for dramas and masquerades; and the excesses of paganism were renewed with the refinements supplied by classical associations." The priesthood too had been smitten with the contagion. In Florence, in Rome, throughout all Italy there was pressing need of reform. A spirit of worldliness, of ambition, of luxury, had seized upon the ministers of the Church and upon her princes. "Never," says Dr. Newman, "never, as then, were her rulers, some in higher, some in lower degree, so near compromising what can never be compromised; never so near denying in private what they taught in public, and undoing by their lives what they professed with their mouths; never were they so mixed up with vanity, so tempted by pride, so haunted by concupiscence; never breathed they so tainted an atmosphere, or were kissed by such treacherous friends, or were subjected to such sights of shame, or were clad in such blood-stained garments, as in the centuries upon and in which St. Philip came into the world." And St. Philip was born in Florence, within twenty years after Savonarola's death.

Such was the state of Italy and the Church, when the great Dominican delivered his first sermon in the Convent Church of St. Mark. He still preached from the Apocalypse, repeating to his terrified hearers the threats and warnings which had appalled the inhabitants of Brescia some few years before. "During the course of the year," he says, "I continued to develop to the Florentines these three propositions: 'The Church shall be renewed in our time—before that renovation God will strike all Italy with a fearful chastisement—these things shall happen soon.' I endeavoured to prove to them these three points by probable arguments, by allegories drawn from sacred Scripture, by other similitudes and parables drawn from what was going on in the Church . . . I dissembled the knowledge which God gave me of these things in other ways, because men's spirits seemed not yet in a state fit to comprehend

such mysteries." From his first entrance on a religious life Savonarola had given himself up to meditation on Holy Scripture; and for a mind constituted like his, and accustomed to think much on the then state of Italy, such meditation must have had very special charms. He knew thoroughly the corruption of civil and religious society; and if it were in the designs of God to punish always where punishment is due, what wonder that he came to think the day of retribution for Italy was near at hand? He may have had a special and a divine impulse to foretell the desolation which war and famine were to bring, or he may not. He himself declared he had, vaguely enough in the passage cited above, but openly and clearly in his later writings. Some, no doubt, will find the key to his sad forebodings in his own abilities and his knowledge of his times and country. It may be said that no man with his intellectual gifts could fail to read the warning which was written legibly through every province and on every city in Italy. Jealousy, dissension, irreligion, immorality everywhere; traitors at home, declared enemies abroad; there was no great need of prophetic spirit to see that a storm was close at hand, or even to mark out the region where its fury would be soonest felt. Be this, however, as it may, the Florentines of his own age seem to have acknowledged in him a more than human mission. All ranks and classes thronged to hear him. The Church of St. Mark proved far too small for the crowds that sought an entrance; and Savonarola was forced to preach in the Cathedral. In the Lent of 1491 he took possession of the pulpit of Santa Maria dei Fiori, for so the beautiful Cathedral was called; and thenceforth he continued without intermission, if we except a visit to Bologna in 1493, to instruct, to warn, to terrify, and to encourage the people of Florence, until his death in 1498.

In the meantime he became Prior of St. Mark's. According to the custom of their Order, the Dominicans of Florence elected their own Superior; and at the election which took place about a year after his arrival in the city, he was unanimously chosen. Now there can be no stronger testimony to his real worth than this choice. When we remember that, good and pious as the religious of St. Mark's undoubtedly were, still they had fallen away in many minor details from the fervour of their rule; when we remember Savonarola's austere life and his known views on the necessity of strict observance; and when we take into account the possible jealousy of those who saw themselves eclipsed by this stranger from Ferrara, we shall estimate at its true value the trust confided to him by his religious brethren. Few men were so well fitted and circumstanced as they to judge him rightly; few men less likely to be influenced by the popular esteem in which he was held. And lapse of time only served to show that their judgment of him was a just one. Stern and unbending as he was in his public warfare against sin, rigidly austere in his own private life, still the Dominicans of his convent found him ever a kind and tender

superior. He introduced reforms, as might have been expected — the convent property was sold, personal poverty was insisted on, the rule of St. Dominick was again observed in all its purity; but in all this there was no harsh exercise of authority. Spare diet, poor clothing, and the naked walls of a narrow cell lost half their repulsiveness, when it was seen that the Prior fared worst of all, and that in everything he strove after reform rather by example than counsel or command. In his intercourse, too, with his community we find the best proof of his sincerity in the pulpit. Had Savonarola been acting a part before the people of Florence; had he been striving after power, and for that end making a show of piety and zeal; had his anger against sin and his commission to threaten Italy with a speedy chastisement been alike assumed; then we should expect to find him wear the mask, even within the convent walls, endeavouring to prove to his companions that he was what the outside world believed. If, on the contrary, his zeal was honest and sincere; if the sole object of his life and labours was the bettering of his fellow-men; we should expect the Savonarola of the pulpit to differ widely from the Savonarola of the cloister, where a fitting theme for his anger and indignation was no longer to be found. And so it was. No recreation was so pleasant to the novices in St. Mark's as that in which Fra Girolamo took part; no one so well as he knew how to organize their hardly earned days of rest and relaxation. Pure and spotless always, grave and religious as we should expect, he was all in his private life that a saint should be, nothing of what a fanatic or hypocrite would certainly have been.

In April, 1492, Lorenzo de' Medici died. He was succeeded by his son Piero. In the following July Innocent VIII., too, passed away, to be succeeded by Roderigo Borgia, Alexander VI.

When Savonarola returned to Florence from Bologna, in 1493, he found the city hastening to a revolution. Not content to govern the republic, as his father and great-grandfather had done, unless he appeared to govern, Piero de' Medici was straining every nerve to become a sovereign. Now, willing as the Florentines were to accept the reality of the Medici rule, they were determined to preserve the forms of a republic. Hence, when Piero's designs became known, popular indignation was aroused, and it was resolved to avert the danger by driving him from the city. An opportunity soon offered. In 1494 Charles VIII., of France, invaded Italy. He desired to be at peace with Florence, and sent ambassadors to the chiefs of the republic; but Piero de' Medici had entered into treaties with the King of Naples and the Pope, and was unwilling to break with his new allies. Thereupon, Charles gave orders to march against the city, with the avowed purpose of yielding it up to be plundered by his soldiery. When too late, Piero de' Medici repented of his error. In imitation of his father he hastened to the camp of his enemy. But the time for an honourable treaty was already past. He was forced to accept hard, even disgraceful

ms ; surrendered several of the state fortresses, and promised a loan of 200,000 ducats. The anger of the Florentines was undless when the conditions agreed to were made known ; "Medici was declared a traitor ; he and his partizans were exiled from the territories of the republic ; and ambassadors were sent to negotiate a peace with Charles. The latter was, meanwhile, advancing towards Florence, and on his arrival demanded the restoration of the Medici. This the Florentines refused to allow. All hopes of compromise had been lost, and men were waiting, in an agony of despair, for the signal which was to let loose the fierce diery of France upon an almost defenceless city, when Savonarola appeared before the king. What his words were we know not ; they turned Charles from his purpose, and Florence remained

On the departure of the French army it became necessary to give a government to the city, and popular gratitude pointed to Savonarola as the man best fitted to frame a constitution. With that form of government then agreed upon we have nothing to do ; it is enough to know that it aimed at making Florence a free and a Christian state. But the question has arisen : Was Savonarola justified in quitting his purely religious labours to undertake the duties of a legislator ? That there was any desire on his part to rise to political importance by adopting the popular side of the question," as Roscoe (*Lorenzo de Medici*, ch. x), with his habitual prejudice against every opponent of the Medici, has asserted, need not stay to deny. But it has been said that his religious teaching and mission should have taught him to abstain from all interference in politics ; and many even of those who most reverently remember him hold him to have erred in so interfering. No doubt the attempt proved a failure. The constitution drawn up under his hand had only a brief existence, and the personal enemies whom political life raised up to him proved powerful enough to bring about his destruction. His want of success may explain the blame as he had to bear. That he had a clear right, however, to make the attempt seems evident. It was no self-sought mission ; the people of Florence called on him for assistance. Almost at the time when Savonarola made laws in Florence, a Franciscan, the famed Ximenes de Cisneros, ruled the destinies of Spain ; of the seven electors to the German Empire were princes of the Church, and almost independent sovereigns ; a few years after Cardinal Wolsey was made Chancellor of England ; later still, Richelieu and Mazarin governed France—we had almost said Rome ; and the Reductions of Paraguay grew up and flourished under the care of the Jesuit missionaries. The whole spirit of his age required that the ministers of religion were not to be shut out from the political life of nations. And rightly—for the lessons of history, which the Church was sent to teach, should influence more effectually the actions of mankind than they can ever do

while confined to the pulpit and confessional. Even in Protestant England this truth is partly acted on : in the House of Lords the Bishops of the Establishment sit side by side with the secular nobility for the ostensible purpose of guarding the interests of religion.

During the years which followed the expulsion of the Medici, Savonarola ruled Florence from the Cathedral pulpit. The changes which he brought about we can scarcely realize in days like these we live in. Florence became pre-eminently a Christian city ; —some have called it a Theocracy ; and rightly enough, for it was with the laws of God that its rulers sought primarily to harmonize the management of the state. The wild excesses of the carnival gave way to more Christianlike rejoicings ; the impure songs of Lorenzo de' Medici were banished from society ; the dress of the women became more modest ; the works of Catullus and Propertius were no longer the class books of the city schools ; even the painters and sculptors united under Fra Bartolomeo to protect Christian art from the reviving sensuality of pagan times. The famous bonfire in the Piazza dei Signori, during the Carnival of 1497, is at once a proof of Savonarola's influence, and of the wonders he had wrought.

In his denunciations of sin the unworthy ministers of the Church were not spared ; nor did Rome itself escape the scathing eloquence of the reformer. Alexander VI. has had scant favour shown him by writers of any creed or country ; but his personal character is of slight moment in the struggle which he waged against Savonarola, except in so far as it explains, though it cannot justify, the conduct of the latter. Rumours had reached Rome of the wonders done in Florence by the zeal of the great Dominican, and had made for him earnest friends among the best men in the papal court. Hence, at first, Alexander proceeded against him with great mildness. He was invited to go to Rome and explain his views to the Pontiff in person ; but Savonarola pleaded ill health, and he was soon after forbidden to preach in public. Then the magistrates of Florence interceded with the Pope ; the prohibition was withdrawn ; and Savonarola once more denounced the evils which had arisen in the Church, and called down judgment from heaven on the vices of her rulers. One of his most bitter sermons was transcribed by an enemy, and sent to Rome.

In the hope of silencing him by courtly favour and dignity, the Master of the Sacred Palace, the Dominican F. Ludovico da Ferrara, was authorised to offer to him a cardinal's hat and the Archbishopric of Florence, if only he would cease from prophesying. Savonarola's answer was given from the pulpit of Santa Maria, whither he had invited the messenger : " I will have no other red hat than that of the martyr—red with my own blood." *Io non voglio altro capello rosso che quello del martirio rubricato del proprio sangue.*"

It was at once evident that the contest between Rome and

St. Mark's could admit of no compromise ; and the Pope, who until now, had acted with wonderful gentleness, turned his whole attention to the struggle. On May the twelfth, 1497, Savonarola was excommunicated ; and on October the sixteenth, was issued a brief to the prior and brotherhood of St. Mark's, condemning his language, and commanding him to refrain from preaching. He obeyed in part, until the new year gave Florence a signory, composed mainly of his own friends, who were urgent with him to enter once again on the duties from which he had been suspended. Savonarola yielded, and on Septuagesima Sunday began his last course of sermons in the Cathedral Church ; where the multitudes that thronged to hear him were so great, that the seats had to be built up around the Church as in an amphitheatre. His breach with the Pope was completed now. Every word he uttered before those crowded masses was in direct violation of the papal mandate ; and disguise the fact, or explain it as he might, he had entered on a course no Catholic can justify. "Reform is not wrought out by disobedience,"* and whatever may have been the life of Roderigo Borgia, Savonarola's duty was obedience to his commands. Savonarola himself must have felt all this ; and had he been less moved by the excitement of the contest, or found some true friends among his many followers, he would, doubtless, have submitted. For when we find him labouring to defend his cause by sophisms like these : "The Pope, as far as he is Pope, cannot err ; † when he errs, he is not Pope It follows then, that this brief, which is such a wicked brief, is not the Pope's brief," we cannot fail to see that his zeal for the reformation of the Church is blinding him to his own duty, while he still holds fast the principles from which that duty must necessarily follow.

Naturally, the Pope was unwilling that such a state of things should last. New and more threatening briefs were forwarded to Florence, and the city was menaced with interdict unless the signory should silence the offending friar. Then, at last, Savonarola cast all restraint aside, and openly defied the Pope. He wrote to all the great princes of the Christian Church—to France, England, Germany, Hungary, and Spain—calling on them to save religion from the misrule of Alexander VI., and imploring them to convoke a council ; in whose presence he would prove the Pontiff to be unworthy of his high dignity, to have obtained it by simony, and to have disgraced it by many crimes. If these letters be authentic, and there seems no reason to doubt their authenticity, they offer a sad evidence of the terrible degree to which Savonarola's misguided zeal had blinded his sense of right and duty. One of them is said to have been intercepted by Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, and by him forwarded to Rome.

* Dr. Newman.

† As Dean Milman speaks of "an infallible Pope," in reference to the case of Savonarola, it is well at the present time to note that the Pope's infallibility was in no way involved in these transactions.

Meanwhile, an old feud with a party in the Church of Florence blazed forth afresh. Bitter words were bandied to and fro, till at length it was proposed to invoke the judgment of heaven by the ordeal of fire.* Savonarola himself refused to sanction such a method of dealing with his cause; but the popular mind was excited, and he was obliged to let things take their course. On Saturday, the 7th of April, all Florence seemed assembled in the Piazza della Signoria—the venerable magistrates of the city, surrounded by the trained soldiers of the state; an armed guard of Savonarola's friends; 500 *compagnacci*, to protect his opponents; and an innumerable multitude of every rank and order. But the accusers of Fra Girolamo had, it seems, determined from the first to avoid entering on the trial. To bring the people together, and arouse their expectations; to disappoint them, and throw the blame on the great Dominican, would suit their purpose quite as well, and prove infinitely less dangerous than any ordeal by fire. So hours were spent in quarrelling about the conditions to be observed; and then the rain came down in torrents, and the Signoria declared that Providence refused to be a party to the trial. But the people would not have it so. Like the Italians of our own day, they were passionately devoted to pleasure, be its nature what it might; and with the spirit of idleness which distinguished the burghers of Imperial Rome, had inherited the taste for blood which arrayed the opposing ranks of gladiators and sent "the Christians to the lions." Hence the good citizens of Florence clamoured long and loudly for the completion of the trial; and when they found their request unheeded, and the rain came down, as if to afford fresh subject of complaint, their patience became exhausted. They were dissatisfied, thoroughly dissatisfied, prepared even to believe Savonarola an impostor; for if his cause had been a good one, would he not have entered the fire himself, whatsoever conditions the others might demand? This was the hour for which his enemies had long been waiting—an opportunity of inflaming the populace against him; and so well had their plans been laid, and so zealously did their agents labour, that while Savonarola was returning to St. Mark's, surrounded by an armed guard, the people hooted and derided him as he passed; and ere the morrow's sun had set, were gathered round the convent walls, howling for his blood.

On that day, Palm Sunday, he appeared once more in the pulpit of the Dominican church, and declared his readiness to die for the truths he had preached from it. He was surrounded by loving hearts who trusted in him still; and to these, in calm and earnest words, he repeated his belief in the reality and greatness of his mission, then gave them his parting blessing, and left the pulpit of St. Mark's for ever.

* "The Ordeal was condemned as superstitious by Popes Stephen V., Alexander II., Celestine III., Innocent III., and Honorius III." (Dr. Lingard's "Anglo-Saxon Church." Vol. ii., p. 138.)

We need not dwell upon the final scene—how friends and brothers in religion offered up their lives in his defence; how the blood of assailants and assailed flowed together in the cloister and the church; and how at last, by the treachery of a fellow Dominican, Malatesta Sacramoro, he was led away a prisoner, in the hands of his enemies. On the following day his trial was begun; for men called it a trial, though sentence had been passed upon him long months before. Zeal for religion held a foremost place amongst the avowed motives of his accusers; but his real, his only crime, in their eyes, was his want of sympathy with the faction of the Medici. Piero de' Medici had attempted in the preceding year to take Florence by surprise. He failed; and five of his adherents within the city were condemned to die. That the sentence was a just one nobody denied: but the culprits appealed to the Great Council. Savonarola was asked to interfere in their behalf, but he refused; and the right to appeal was disallowed. From that moment the friends of the Medici swore to take revenge. They it was who poisoned the already embittered mind of the Roman Pontiff; they, if we can believe all impartial testimony, who urged on the strife just referred to, and who prearranged the difficulties and delays of the ordeal by fire; they who stirred up the ruffian mobs that desecrated the Convent of St. Mark. And now at last their hour of triumph had arrived, for were they not to sit as judges on the man whom they had vowed to persecute and slay? What wonder, then, if we hear of an outward show of justice, and nothing more? that a notary—Ceccone—was hired to prostitute himself and his profession by forging confessions which were never made? that Fra Girolamo's delicate frame was racked and tortured, until the desired admissions were wrung from his almost senseless lips? and that on the faith of admissions so obtained, sentence of degradation and of death was passed upon him? Then the last scene in the tragedy was enacted. Briefly and graphically the official document tells the story:—

“A dì XXII di Maggio detto.

Fra Girolamo Fra Domenico Fra Silvestro	}	A ore 13 furono degradati, e poi arsi in piazza de' Signori.”
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Early on the awful morning the three * were led to the chapel, humbly accepted the absolution offered in the Pope's name, and received Holy Communion. Savonarola at the last spoke a few touching words, imploring God's pardon for any sins he might have committed, and any scandal he might have caused. And so he died, and his ashes were cast upon the waters of the Arno, and borne towards the sea.

* Two of Savonarola's companions were condemned with him. In what their offence consisted it is impossible to say.

Thus far we have striven to do justice to the memory of Jerome Savonarola ;—to point out the greatness of his mission, his singleness of purpose, his earnestness in the cause of virtue and of truth, his own great holiness of life ; to lay bare the grievous errors into which he fell towards the end of his career, and the foul injustice of which he was the victim. Posterity has partially reversed the judgment of the Signory of Florence. His death has been judged a murder, if not a martyrdom ; he himself has been revered as one of God's uncanonized saints by men and women like St. Philip Neri and St. Catherine de Ricci ; his portrait, painted by a Pope's command, rests in a place of honour in the Vatican ; and, if his zeal had been guided to the end by prudence and humility, impartial students of his history would proclaim him one of the glories of a glorious Order, one of the noblest and most heroic of the white-robed children of St. Dominick.

P. F.

 REMEMBRANCE AND REGRET.

FLING by the withered chaplet
 That crown'd the brow of youth—
 Forego the charm of beauty's smile
 For the cold calm grace of truth ;
 Dead hopes, and lost illusions,
 Bright days whose suns are set—
 Let them lie buried ever,
 Lest remembering we regret !
 Nay, spoil not life's full music
 By the discord of a moan,
 Though the past be known too fully,
 Though the future's all unknown.
 To that future we give hostage,
 To that past we pay a debt,
 In the things that we remember
 And the things that we regret.
 Never sigh for draught of Lethe,
 For though memories have their sting,
 That is paid beyond proportion
 By the countless joys they bring :
 Days have been—(not fate can hinder)—
 Which the heart *would not* forget,
 Though 'twere bribed by not rememb'ring
 E'en the things that we regret.

J. F.

THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S.J.

XIII.—THE TEACHING OF THE CHURCH.

I HAVE already spoken of the Church's office of teaching,* and of the prerogative of Infallibility † connected with that office. I now propose entering further into the consideration of the matter, the nature, and the mode of teaching on the part of the Church. I will also dwell on some circumstances relating to the Infallibility, more especially of the Roman Pontiff. Recent discussions give additional interest to the whole of this branch of my subject; though, even independently of these, I should have considered its development desirable. It has been said before that the matter of the Church's teaching is the whole doctrine of Faith and Morals. I dwelt particularly on the latter department, to which I shall have occasion to return. In the meantime, I will, at once, proceed to some explanations about Faith, which may serve to throw light on what is to follow.

Actual Faith, or an act of Faith, is a supernatural and most firm assent to truths revealed by God, on the authority of God revealing. This assent is supernatural, not only in its motive, but in its principle, namely Divine Grace, and in its own essence, which is of a higher order than that of any natural judgment. This supernatural character, however, of an act of Faith is not necessarily perceptible. We have not an experimental knowledge of it. We have every reason to be satisfied that our acts of Faith are of this intrinsically Divine kind, but we do not, so to speak, *see* that it is so. We are explicitly conscious of believing, and believing firmly; yet we do not perceive the distinguishing excellence of the assent. Faith, too, is free, not in the sense that we can lawfully withhold it from Divine revelation sufficiently proposed to us, but that our understanding is not forced to assent, as in the case of self-evident natural truths, which we cannot help admitting, as that a whole is greater than any of its parts, that we are surrounded by light in the daytime, that Rome and Paris exist, though we have never visited either of them. We are free to believe or not, as we are free to sin or not, though we are not entitled to sin. The immediate motive or ground of Faith is the authority of God revealing. A variety of reasons, or even of arguments, may serve as preliminaries to Faith, but the act itself rests on the authority of God; and no amount of mere rational certainty about some of the same truths which we believe can hold the place of *Faith* on the

* IRISH MONTHLY, pp. 120 and following.

† *Ib.*, pp. 219 and following.

testimony of God by revelation. Christian Faith consists in believing revealed truths *because* they have been revealed by God. So much for *actual Faith*.

Habitual Faith—or the virtue of Faith—is a permanent supernatural gift infused into the soul, whereby we are specially qualified to make acts of Faith. Though called *habitual*, it is not a habit acquired by repeated acts, but comes directly from God. Children receive it in baptism, though not as yet capable of using it, and are truly enrolled among the *Faithful*.

The consideration of Faith naturally leads us to that of *Infidelity*, which is opposed to Faith. Infidelity, in its Theological acceptation, is a generic term. Divines recognise three principal degrees of Infidelity, namely—the rejection of all supernatural revelation, and this goes by the name of *Paganism*, irrespectively of idolatry or other errors with which it may be combined; the rejection of the New Testament, while the Old Testament is admitted, which is *Judaism*; and the partial rejection of the Christian revelation by a denial of some of its doctrines, and this is *Heresy*. Wilful Infidelity is a sin. That which is inculpable is called *Negative Infidelity*, and is chiefly spoken of in connection with those among whom the Gospel has not been preached. The popular sense of Infidelity coincides pretty much with that of the first of the three species I have enumerated as assigned by Theologians. Those who admit no supernatural revelation are called and considered Infidels, and they alone are so called and considered. I am content to speak in this sense, whenever I may have to use the terms Infidelity and Infidels. I would observe, in passing, that among those who give what may be called a civil adhesion to various Christian sects, and even occasionally, though not perhaps in these countries, to the Catholic Church, are found men who deserve to be classed, and indeed sufficiently class themselves, with Infidels, manifesting unmistakably their disregard of all revealed doctrines, while others often use expressions that point in the same direction and afford good ground for suspecting them of similar principles.

As the words *heresy* and *heretic* are of frequent occurrence in religious discussions, it will be useful to fix their meaning and correct application, which admit of some little variety. The *sin* of heresy, according to Theologians, consists in the pertinacious rejection of one or more doctrines of Catholic Faith by those who profess to admit the Christian Religion. The *pertinacity* of which there is question here does not imply perseverance or continuance, but the degree of wilfulness dependent on the degree of the proposition of the doctrine to the person, which is such that it is placed well within his reach, within the reach of his knowledge, so as to take away the plea of ignorance—even culpable ignorance. It is needless to say that culpable ignorance does not excuse from guilt, and very often even from grievous guilt, though the trans-

gression is somewhat less than it would otherwise be. But the precise nature of this particular sin of heresy lies in a very decided wilfulness. Mortal sin against Faith can be committed without reaching the grade of heresy. This may be illustrated from the crime of murder, as viewed by the law of the land. Murder, in its legal acceptation, involves a particularly notable amount of malice, the absence of which by no means necessarily exempts the accused party from severe punishment. He may be still held accountable for killing his fellow-creature; and manslaughter, as it is called, is often visited with a very heavy penalty, though less than that which is inflicted for murder. It is not required for heresy that the person should actually recognise the Divine revelation of that doctrine which he refuses to believe. Few men are so wicked as *explicitly* to give the lie to God. But, as I have said, the doctrine as revealed must be placed within his reach.

The doctrine, too, must be of *Catholic Faith*, that is to say, it must not only be contained in the body of revealed truth, but must be proclaimed by the Teaching Church as therein contained. It must either be *defined* by a Council or a Pope, or else, without a definition, it must be preached so decidedly, and so constantly, and so universally as a revealed doctrine that the voice of the Church propounding it is unmistakable. I have said elsewhere that dogmas may be quite sufficiently proposed by the Church to the Faithful without being defined, and that some which have been defined were so proposed antecedently to their definition.* A doctrine may be so manifestly contained in the Scripture that the proposition of the Scripture as the Word of God is a sufficient teaching of the doctrine as revealed. When we say a thing is of *Catholic Faith* we mean that it is *entitled* to be believed with that assent which has been described as constituting an act of Faith; that it has been so thoroughly and finally promulgated as a revealed truth that all are obliged to receive it and believe it on the authority of God; that in its explicit and developed form, and not as merely contained in the general deposit of Faith handed down from the Apostles, it has a special place in the Church's profession of Faith. Many things which are of Catholic Faith are not known expressly by all the Faithful; but all the Faithful believe in general terms *whatever the Church teaches* to be revealed truths, and in the form in which she teaches them. Hence, their belief of those dogmas of Catholic Faith which they have not heard in so many words, though personally on their part implicit, really takes in the same dogmas according to the explicit shape which they have in the Church's profession, and nothing is wanted for the personal explicit belief of them but the intimation of their having been distinctly proclaimed by the Church. It can even happen that a good Catholic, unaware of the Church's teaching on a particular

point, may innocently think the opposite of what she teaches; but this is a mere accidental mistake which does not interfere with the soundness of his Faith.

A distinction is made between *Catholic Faith* and *Divine Faith*: a doctrine is said to be of *Divine Faith* though not of *Catholic Faith*. It is not at all difficult to understand that one or more individuals may believe with Divine Faith a revealed truth which they see with certainty to be such, though it be not promulgated by the Church so as to make it of Catholic Faith. I am, however, inclined to think these cases are rare. But how can a doctrine be itself classed as of *Divine Faith* and not of *Catholic Faith*? One meaning, and a true meaning, of the phrase is that the doctrine has been in reality revealed, and is therefore a proper object of Faith, needing only to be duly propounded in order to its becoming of Catholic Faith. But those who state things to be of Divine Faith appear at times to imply more than this. The view they take comes perhaps to this: that the revelation of a doctrine, though not as yet propounded by the Church so as to make its belief obligatory under pain of heresy, is so plainly established that a well-informed and consistent Catholic can hardly reject it without running counter to the Faith. There is also, perhaps, this further meaning, that the Church *almost* teaches the doctrine as revealed—not that the Church has *almost defined it*, for this is not very intelligible, and a definition is not the only mode, as we have seen, of teaching a doctrine as belonging to Faith; though once a doctrine is seriously controverted among Catholics, nothing short of a definition is likely to settle the question. When, therefore, a doctrine is said to be of Divine though not of Catholic faith, the idea conveyed may sometimes be not merely that it has been revealed, but that this has always been, or has become, peculiarly patent, and that the Church goes near preaching it as a revealed doctrine, though she may not have formally pronounced, not only on the revelation, but even on the truth, of the doctrine, nor expressly condemned the opposite in any shape. But, after all, such a qualification of a doctrine ordinarily, not to say always, remains a matter of opinion, and may be questioned with impunity by many, who hold the doctrine to be true; while, in some instances the truth of the doctrine is denied with equal impunity. Certainly the denial is not heresy in the eyes of the Church, though it may be so in rare instances before God, not because the thing is *said* to be of Divine Faith, but because its revelation is made sufficiently manifest to individuals, who, notwithstanding, pertinaciously shut their eyes against the light. But instances of this kind are quite exceptional. As a rule, the sin of heresy is not committed unless by the pertinacious rejection of a truth of *Catholic Faith*.

If the rejection be not pertinacious, in the sense explained, there is no imputable sin of heresy committed, but only what Theologians call a *material sin*, that is to say a forbidden act the

prohibition of which is not known. Dr. Newman, in his letter to the Duke of Norfolk, has given an amusing illustration of the sense in which this word *material* so applied would probably be taken by those unacquainted with Theological language.* Nothing is more common among Divines than to speak of *material sin*, *material heresy*, *material heretics*, in contradistinction to *formal sin*, *heresy*, *heretics*; the latter expressions being intended to indicate the accountableness of men before the tribunal of God for the acts of which there is question. It is well, however, to remark, as regards the present subject, that, even where there is not formal *heresy*, there may be formal *sin* against Faith, as I have already intimated, namely in the case of culpable ignorance. The term *heresy* is used also to signify the false doctrine itself which is opposed to that of Catholic Faith. We speak of *heresy* in a generic sense, of *a heresy*, of *heresies*, of *heretical propositions*, statements, books, without direct reference to persons.

The formal sin of heresy, the actual, imputable guilt of heresy deprives the person who commits it of the habit or virtue of Faith—if he previously had it—and, so long as he perseveres in the same disposition, he is incapable of habitual Faith, and also of a genuine act of Divine Faith. The man who heretically denies one doctrine can believe no other with true Christian Faith. He may hold other Christian doctrines sincerely, and seem to himself to believe them as he ought. But his Faith is not really Divine.†

To sum up what I have said about *heresy* and *heretics*, so far as the terms are concerned, it appears that heresy is the rejection of a doctrine of Catholic Faith. If this rejection be *pertinacious*, or wilful in the sense explained, there is the imputable sin of heresy; otherwise there is not. Therefore, to qualify the rejection of a certain doctrine as *heresy* is not necessarily to charge the person or persons who reject it with the *sin* of heresy: to qualify a *statement* as a *heresy* or *heretical* is not necessarily to charge with the sin of heresy the party who makes it. When we talk of *heretical doctrine* we do not, as a matter of course, mean to say that those who profess it are heretics before God. It is the same when we speak of *heretical sects*; we do not pronounce judgment on all their individual members. It is the same, again, when we call Protestants *heretics*. On the other hand, there are cases where ignorance is pretty obviously out of the question, not on the general ground of learning and ability, but on that of previous education and profession, and, in such cases, the terms have naturally a different force.

It will be well here to explain briefly what is meant by a *Theological Note*, as Divines call it, attached to a proposition condemned by ecclesiastical authority as doctrinally wrong. A *Note* is a word

* Pages 93, 94.

† This is the common opinion of Theologians.

or phrase employed to indicate the particular kind of evil character attributed to a statement concerning Faith or Morals, and on account of which it is proscribed. Thus a proposition is condemned as *heretical* or *erroneous*, or *savouring of heresy* or *error*, or *schismatical*, or *impious*, &c. It is not my intention to go into these and many other notes, the precise force of which respectively is discussed and developed by Theologians. The Note of *heresy* implies, as is obvious from what I have been saying, that the opposite doctrine is of Catholic Faith. What kind of opposition this must be, I will state just now. In the meantime, I will observe that this Note holds the highest place. It is the worst Note, so to speak, with which a proposition can be visited. It may be intensified by association with other notes, especially that of *blasphemy*. But it stands at the top of the list of Notes.

In connection with this relative position of Notes, I may mention a remark of Mr. Gladstone in his rather harsh article on "The Speeches of Pope Pius IX." "The Holy Father," observes Mr. Gladstone, "says (I. 286) 'In Rome not only is it attempted to diffuse impiety all around, but men *even* dare to teach heresy and to spread unbelief.' Now as impiety proper is the last and worst result of heresy or unbelief, it is strange, at first sight, to find it placed on a lower grade in the scale of sins. But, when we remember that in these volumes it simply means Italian liberalism, the natural order of ideas is perfectly restored."* Of course, the Pope is not here engaged in attaching Theological Notes to condemned propositions. But, even so, his words are not open to the criticism to which they are subjected. *Impiety* may be taken either in a restricted sense for language or conduct injurious to God as our Father, or to his representatives, especially the Roman Pontiff, or to our natural parents; or, in a wider sense, for disrespect to God, to religion; or more widely again, for all great offences against God, all wickedness. Now if it be understood in a confined meaning, heresy and unbelief are something worse still. If it comprises all wickedness, heresy and unbelief are within its range, but are a very advanced degree of it, and thus heresy and unbelief are something more than is implied by the mere mention of impiety. Certainly wickedness is a comprehensive term enough. It includes all kinds of very considerable misdeeds. Yet we can say of a man, he is *not only* wicked, he is a murderer. No doubt, murder is wickedness, but there may be a good deal of wickedness short of murder. What Mr. Gladstone means by impiety proper I do not exactly know; but I do know that heresy is a very horrible thing, a great offence to God, one of the greatest that can be committed, and the spreading of it is worse still. The truth is that the evil of heresy is not appreciated by many as it ought.

Mr. Gladstone is offended at the place the Pope assigns to

* *Quarterly Review*, January, 1875, p. 261.

Italian Liberals, and, among the rest, at their being denominated impious, though, on the other hand, it would seem that this very application of the word to such a respectable set of men mitigates in his eyes what would otherwise be the terrible odiousness of the idea conveyed. Impiety, he appears to say, signifies in the Pope's mouth Italian liberalism, and, therefore, no wonder there should be other things a great deal worse. "The natural order of ideas is perfectly restored." Now, without discussing the exact sense of the word liberalism in Mr. Gladstone's vocabulary, or any other, it is an undoubted fact that a large proportion, at least, of those who call themselves Liberals in Italy are patently irreligious; that several among them publish, while others encourage, blasphemous writings and prints; that sacred persons and things, held in veneration by the mass of the Catholic people, are turned into ridicule; that the parliament, which is a fair exponent of the sentiments of, at least, a large proportion of the Liberals, makes laws and sanctions acts which good Catholics through the world look on as sacrilegious. The constituted authorities forming, or representing, the executive, and the municipal authorities, are not backward in carrying out this legislation, and doing work of the same kind on their own account. I should be very sorry to think that Mr. Gladstone approved of a great deal of what goes on through the action of the Liberals. Some part of it, no doubt, he looks on favourably; another part—I don't say the whole of the rest of it—not as unfavourably as Catholics do. But the Pope cannot be expected to take the same view as a Protestant, which Mr. Gladstone *is*, much less as an infidel, which Mr. Gladstone *is not*.

I must not indulge further in this digression, but say at once the little that remains to be said, for the present, about theological notes or *censures*, as they are also called, though of quite a different character from the ecclesiastical penalties which go by the same name. I alluded to the kind of opposition which is required between condemned propositions and the truths inferrible from their condemnation. Logicians, in discussing the opposition of propositions, speak, among the rest, of *contrary* and *contradictory* opposition. This is the only distinction we have need of considering here. One proposition is said to be the *contradictory* of another, when the former denies precisely what is affirmed by the latter, or affirms precisely what is denied by the latter neither more nor less; whilst a *contrary* affirms or denies more than is respectively denied or affirmed by its opposite. To give a trite example, these two propositions are contradictory of each other: All men are good; Some man is not good; these two are contrary: All men are good; No man is good; or even, *Some men* are not good, for *one man* is enough, and more than one more than enough, for the contradictory opposition. Contradictory propositions can neither be both true nor both false; contrary propositions cannot

be both true, but may be both false, as is obvious in the illustration given. Applying this logical doctrine to the matter in hand. Every proscribed proposition is set down as false; for it is not intended to condemn the truth. Falsehood, or falsity, is one of the theological notes often used; but, whether used or not, it is implied and contained in every one of the others. Well, then, a proposition being declared false, its *contradictory*, which cannot be false too, is equivalently declared to be true, and we have the same authority for the truth of the one as for the falsity of the other. But the *contrary* proposition need not be true, and we have not the same authority for its truth as for the falsity of that which is condemned.

I have said that every condemned proposition is set down as false. The meaning of this is not that the proposition may not be true in some possible sense, but that it is false in the sense in which it is condemned, and that sense is to be ascertained, partly from the words as they lie, partly from the context in which the proscribed proposition is found. Generally speaking, the sense in which the proposition is taken, and in which it is condemned, is sufficiently ascertainable without reference to the context of the book or writing from which it has been extracted, though that context may afford additional light, more especially where there is any ambiguity. Sometimes propositions are proscribed without any allusion to particular authors or to anything else that can serve to explain them, and, in these cases, the meaning must be such as can be reached independently of extrinsic help, at least by Theologians. We have instances of this kind in the long lists of propositions condemned by Alexander VII. and VIII. and Innocent XI. commonly to be found prefixed to Treatises on Moral Theology.

There are condemned propositions which convey exaggerated statements concerning the truth or falsehood of certain doctrines, and in which the censure may fall only on the exaggeration, so to speak. Take, for instance, this proposition condemned by Alexander VIII.: "The assertion of the authority of the Roman Pontiff over an Ecumenical Council, and of his infallibility in pronouncing on questions of Faith is futile, and over and over thoroughly refuted (literally, uprooted—*convulsa*)."

What seems to be precisely condemned here is the alleged futility and thorough refutation of the doctrines alluded to. The simple denial of those doctrines would not have been clearly opposed to the condemnation, and in fact those who denied them were not conceived to hold the condemned proposition, which still undoubtedly went some way towards sustaining the prerogatives in question.

As to the manner of applying Theological Notes, sometimes one proposition, or each of several, is definitely qualified and its special evil character determined by the annexation of a particular note or of several notes, in other cases a series of propositions is proscribed with a general statement premised or subjoined that

they are respectively *heretical, erroneous, &c.*, without a specific determination regarding each. In such case this much is made known; that each of the propositions deserves one or more of the notes enumerated, and that each of the notes is deserved by one or more of the propositions.

Lastly, it is to be observed that the *prohibition* of a proposition is quite another thing from its *condemnation*, and may occur with reference to a proposition perfectly true but inexpedient to be used at a particular time.

THE DAUGHTERS OF MARY.

A MAY CAROL.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

FROM sin—but not alone from sin—
That Bright One of the worlds was free;
Never there stirred, her breast within,
That downward Creature-Sympathy,

Which clouds the strong eyes that discern,
Through all things, One—the All-True, All-Just,
And bids the infirmer instinct yearn
To beauteous nothings writ in dust.

O Mary, in thy Daughters still
Thine image pure, if pale, we find;
The crystal of the flawless will;
The soul irradiating the mind;

The heart where live, in memory sheathed,
But ghosts of Nature's joy or grief,
Like wood-scents through a Bible breathed
By some thin-pressed, long-cherished leaf.

Hail, Mary's child, and child of Heaven,
The Church! Thou shar'st her heavenly life;
To thee, the Virgin-Spouse, is given
The Virgin-Mother's peace in strife.

JOHN RICHARDSON'S RELATIVES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NANCY HUTCH AND HER THREE TROUBLES."

PART VIII.

ONE of these mornings, when the brothers had breakfasted together and walked from John's house into town together, John found in his office letter-box a large, blue, business-like document which on the instant so took up his thoughts that he walked on to his customary place and sat down to consider it, forgetting to shut his door and even to take off his hat. He read it twice over and then laid it, open as it was, upon the desk before him. Here at last was the offer of that contract which he had been expecting! The grand opportunity waited, wished, and hoped for, and come now when it must come in vain. "If," thought he, "that offer had been made him a few months before, how he should have welcomed it!—how he should have longed for the coming of dinner time, to hasten home with the good news to Mary!" But the next moment brought with it another and a different thought. "Had this business indeed been given him when the matter was first talked of and he first thought that he had a chance of getting it, all his own resources would at once have been engaged in or pledged to it; and if (as he must believe) Johnson really had not ready money and would not raise it otherwise in George's hour of need, George would now be bankrupt—George, his one brother, seen cheerful and hopeful though still straitened not ten minutes since. No; he could not regret that he had been able to save George—though, if it were to do again, he certainly would see Johnson nailed to his promise beforehand. So he would think no more of that first thought. But he was free to be sorry that, delayed so long, this offer had not been delayed a little longer—three months, two, even one, may make all the difference in the world just now when their granduncle was hanging between life and death. For himself, directly, he expected nothing, whether the old man lived or died. But George might be more lucky; and he (John) should then indeed count on his own money back again. But meantime what was to be done about this matter in hand? No expectations could alter the fact that there the letter was, in black and white, waiting to be answered 'Yes' or 'No.' Should he reply off-hand (this really was the only thing concerning it that there was any sense in thinking about now), should he let it be as if it never had been, and so spare Mary the pain of knowing that it had come too late or too soon to be availed of? But he never yet had kept anything from her, and did not like to begin doing so now."

"He might, perhaps, without offence let some posts pass before he wrote his answer. Busy men, or men supposed to be busy, may take some days of grace before attending to even important communications. He thus might keep the matter pending for some days. But what good was there," he asked himself, "shilly-shallying about it?—waiting, Micawber-like, to see if anything would turn up? He saw no good, so far as he could see, to be effected by any such delay. Yet it was hard to have to take Fortune by the shoulder and turn her from his door; and a something—was it a presentiment? he could not tell—seemed to urge him to take time on trust.

"Yes, this was what he would do: postpone his reply for a week or say ten days (worse than lose he couldn't); then accept of course, if he could accept, or decline, if he must decline, the offer. And meantime he would put the entire affair altogether out of mind, not give it so much as a single moment's thought which might prove to be a moment wasted. He would bring his every energy to bear on the business that he actually had in hand as though—"

Tap! tap! tap! very gently interrupted him. And the pencil taken up to put his resolution into instant practice, was dropt, as, in answer to "Come in!" the open door opened wider, and his wife appeared.

"You are surprised to see me in town," she said. "But papa has just been with me to say mamma has caught cold and is in bed to-day—nothing serious, thank God! but of course I'm going to see her."

"Of course, dear!" echoed John.

"He was asking, among other things," resumed she, "what about that contract? 'Because,' he says, 'if you are not quite sure of it, there is a friend of his'——."

"Oh!" groaned John in spirit, "'it never rains but it pours.' Tell him, with many thanks," he said, interrupting Mary, "there's not the least occasion for anything like that. I am sure of it—of the offer at least."

And he turned up the opened envelope so that its post-mark of that morning showed her that it had only just then reached his hands.

"I thought I'd come in on my way and tell you," Mary said. "And now I'm glad I did. I can tell him you've got it, and it will be all right."

"But, Mary, if I cannot undertake it—and as things are I fear I cannot—how will it be?"

"Well," she said, hesitatingly, not liking to forecast unpleasantness, "that will be—disagreeable. If papa knew nothing of it we need not tell him; but you see he does. What will you do?"

"The best I can when it comes to the point. But at present I have made up my mind to wait awhile before doing anything. And there is but one thing for you to do, dear: tell him I am offered it."

Mary turned to go away; her face full of perplexity despite an anxious effort to conceal what she felt.

"Mary!" her husband called, before she reached the office door. She turned round quickly. "Do you remember what you told me your old nurse used to say—'God is good, and He said He would?'"

Mary smiled; and before the smile vanished she had vanished too. John was not disposed to delay her any longer. For once in their married life he preferred her absence to her presence. Habituated to confide to her his every thought and feeling, he found it hard indeed to be constrained to dissemble in this his first serious trouble. Yet discuss it freely and fully with her he could not, inasmuch as she herself had just unwittingly added to it more than he would be willing to acknowledge to any one—and last of all to her—by the few words that she had spoken in her father's name.

Mary Richardson's father was a worthy, in fact, an excellent man, with one only failing. Had he been early and sufficiently indoctrinated with the now universal and all powerful principle of non-intervention, Mr. Leeson would have been as agreeable as he really was estimable in all the relations of family life. But he unhappily was born half a century too soon to benefit by the growth and spread of this modern moral all-heal; and in consequence was what nature made him, somewhat of a busybody, less or more as circumstances varied. Having retired whilst yet comparatively young from his own business (which he had conducted with the success so often remarkable in the career of men of one idea), he naturally enough felt desirous of finding fresh interest and occupation in the directing a little, now and then, of the affairs of others; and believed that those others would be all the better and happier for his being permitted so to do. If the clever, industrious, and affectionate husband whom his daughter Mary had been fortunate enough to secure (he did not even to himself dare to say whom he had secured for her, seeing that beyond a mere consent he had had neither act nor part in the making of the match) had a fault it was, Mr. Leeson in secret ponderings decided, that he did not often enough ask advice nor yet take a hint when offered it as to the material difference between one head and two; that he was, perhaps—for time alone could prove it—a thought too self-reliant. The good man did not go so far as to say self-sufficient: that was what no one could even think of the very unassuming, modest-mannered young architect.

Intuitively Mr. Leeson was aware from the first that it would not be easy to intermeddle unasked and without good cause given with his sometimes rather silent son-in-law. Such cause indeed he did not absolutely desire to have provided, seeing that this would import downright mismanagement of business on the part of John Richardson. But no doubt, did any cause present itself,

Mr. Leeson would count it his duty to his daughter and his daughter's children promptly and decisively to interfere. Of this John was well aware; and not by intuition only, but also by means of pretty frequent altercations between his excellent father-in-law and an elder daughter's husband, with whom Mr. Leeson had been blessed by good fortune and his own energetic endeavours to settle his family. There were then few things that John Richardson had more at heart than the avoidance of giving his father-in-law any such hold on him as that which the worthy man maintained on John's sister-in-law's husband. So much so that it was a mere apprehension of the facts coming somehow to Mr. Leeson's ears and so giving him a pretext for a first intervention which, rather than a doubt of fair dealing on the part of either George or Richard Johnson, had caused John's hesitation to trust them with his loan unsecured for twenty-four hours; and which made him, when he had so trusted them, regret not having managed matters with more caution; instead of hastily doing what Mr. Leeson would look on as an act little short of lunacy. "Without so much as the scrape of a pen," John then imagined him saying, "to lend a man's all for any other man's business! Is our son-in-law mad, Anna, my dear? I certainly must make it my business henceforward to inquire into things more closely for Mary's sake."

And now John could almost realise the inquiring into that really threatened his domestic peace should nothing in very deed turn up to enable him to accept and carry out this much-coveted contract. That there might seem a need for any one's thus coming between him and the wife of his bosom, protecting her, as it were, against him, lessening, perhaps, her reliance on and trust in, if not her love for him was, even in imagination only, torture to a high-minded, sensitive, and, where his deepest feelings lay, a reserved man. Here was the sting of the failure! This it was that forecast trouble upon trouble. Were the contract lost to him and yet the fact of the loss kept to themselves—that is, to himself and his Mary—it would, he now thought, matter little. It would only be the working on more slowly, but little less contentedly in peace.

Where now was his determination not yet ten minutes made, and that so sturdily—to "think no more of it?" He thought, he could think of nothing else than this unlucky contract. Pushing his still idle, and for the time, useless, pencil farther from him, he got up hastily; under the impulse of the moment deciding that he would at once go see if anything could be made of Richard Johnson's promise towards the averting of what he so much dreaded. Not through George, though, would he essay this! In this George (though good and true at heart) and George's wife must be looked upon and held as one. He would go himself to Johnson straight ahead. Johnson, at worst, would not taunt him with having acted like a fool—whatever he might think. He could but refuse to keep his word to hold him (John) scathless; and to have tried him

would at least provide an answer to one of the questions that he owned to himself, with another groan in spirit, he must now prepare to encounter if—if, in short, nothing were to turn up. There he was, a regular out-and-out Micawber! he once more reflected, with a dismal endeavour to smile at the resemblance.

Whilst thinking thus he was already on his way to try this sole obvious resource. But it seemed fated that when alike in trouble the brothers Richardson should also be alike unlucky in the matter of finding Mr. Richard Johnson at home.

"The governor was gone abroad—on the Continent," Johnson's head clerk answered rather loftily to John Richardson's questions. "Not expected home before the end of next week at soonest."

The simple truth was that the first excursion prompted by Mary George Richardson had in due course brought about this second and more distant one. Struck with some improvements in the mill-gear that he then inspected, he speedily made up his mind to do as his enterprising brother-miller had done: go to France himself, and in person order and bargain for the same or a suitable modification thereof for his own somewhat larger concerns. And this week happened by mischance to be the time he pitched on for his journey. So John Richardson had nothing for it but to thank his informant and return the way he went; only more slowly and more perplexed in mind.

He might, he dared say, aided by his well-known character and with the certainty of a heavy and remunerative undertaking ready to his hand, raise somehow a sum sufficient to meet his needs at starting. It was an expedient new to him indeed, and one he should not altogether like: yet with so much at hazard he would, probably, once in a way determine upon trying it but that here again his worthy but peculiar father-in-law stood "like a lion in the path." Trained in the customs and attached to the traditions of the ready-money or simple long-credit dealings of good old slower-going times, Mr. Leeson looked on bills in bank, promissory notes, I O U's and all—if these are not all the denominations of those wandering Jews of commerce, degenerate offspring of the old Lombards, Latter-day exponents of the economics of extravagance, with an alarmed aversion. "Kites" was his comprehensive name for all. To learn—and whatever others particularly wished to keep secret, he was pretty sure, as busy-idle men will be, to learn—that his daughter's husband had "flown a kite" would excite much the same sort of emotion and commotion as might be expected to arise in another man's heart and house if told that his daughter herself had gone up in an aerial flight. The keeping of such a fact from him was not for a moment to be counted on; while, if it were likely to escape him through all other ways, the direct question of "Had you funds enough for the calls of this affair in hand?" too likely to be put to Mary, may bring out the truth. Then neither Mary nor himself would ever hear the last of it: so

that this expedient was not to be thought of seriously, come what might

There undoubtedly was one alternative—he almost wished there was not—of which nine men out of every ten he met would say to him: “Why, man, there’s your father-in-law! What real difficulty can there be in settling such a thing as that between you? Stuff and nonsense! I can’t understand such—delicacy—if that’s what you call it. What’s the old fellow’s money for but to help to push his own children on in the world? If you lose such a chance as you are offered now just because you’re too mealy-mouthed to speak up and own you’re short of cash, it will serve you right if you never get such another. No doubt you did very wrong. ‘There are no brothers in the world we have now,’ as a poor woman said some time ago, and you made a mistake in forgetting that fact. But at worst he can’t eat you—we don’t live in Owhyhee! If it was my case I’d make a face as long as my arm; say I was ever so sorry, and would be the best of good boys from this day forward, and never lend a brown ha’p’ny to the end of my days. And I’d pocket the lecture I’d get with the money, and sleep and forget it. Take a friend’s advice and go tell him your story; or, go home and write to him if you think it easier: he’ll have half his steam blown off before you come to close quarters.”

Between recollection and imagination of other folk’s sayings and doings in difficulties like his own, John’s thoughts supplied him flowingly with this and much more of the same sort of Job’s comforting. But it left him where it found him. Nay more, it annoyed and irritated him; pursuing him like some real body’s chatter kept up at his ear, whether he would or not. Other men’s fathers-in-law were not only not his but really were not to be looked on in the same light nor reasoned about in anything like the same way.

To retire and live upon a certain round sum, aside from what he had fixed on as a fair first provision for his children, had been the dream and aim of his father-in-law’s life. And to break in, now that it was realised, upon that sum by so much as a single pound would, John felt assured, break in on the harmony of Mr. Leeson’s existence, and possibly on that of all those surrounding and depending on him. His capital was a thing regarded with such complacency as to give a certain sort of pleasure to contemplate (in the dim distance of the future) even the prospect of dividing its undiminished amount into certain smaller round proportions. Once chip that egg, and it would seem to its possessor as if stricken by the doom of “Humpty Dumpty;” that nothing could ever make it whole and round again. How, then, could he (John) think of attempting to lay rough hands on it in this free-and-easy kind of way?

Not but that he knew that however great the grievance of being asked to break in thus upon his funds might appear to Mr. Leeson,

not to be asked, not to be consulted, not to be afforded the option of giving or withholding help would be looked on as a grievance, as great perhaps as the other. John did not know but that it might be looked on as greater. He only knew to a certainty that, whether he struck high or low, there would be an outcry against him. And yet this idea that he might apply to her father was a part of what he had read in his Mary's candid countenance half an hour before. She might think, perhaps she could not help thinking, that as the fault had been his in losing their reserve, or at least putting it beyond present reach, it was his part as a father, rather than let this golden chance go by, to put his pride under his feet and try the alternative of borrowing till George could enable him to repay. This, naturally, would seem less difficult and disagreeable to Mary than it must to him. She probably looked at the matter much as if it were one between Anna grown up, and Anna's husband and their own two selves. To John alone it belonged to feel all the difference. Mr. Leeson was Mary's own father. But, though Mary and he were one, he (Mr. Leeson) wasn't his own father, nor could he make his own of him. No ; were he not thus swayed to and fro by troubled thoughts as to Mary's impressions, he would rather sweep the streets for the money than ask it of his father-in-law.

Deep in these thoughts as he walked back slowly, he took no note of those who passed him either way till stopped suddenly by a person who, standing straight before him, laid a black-gloved, trembling hand upon his arm. Looking up with a start, he recognised in a pale, pretty, young woman in deep mourning, the widow of an old school and class-fellow who had gone to India and (as he had lately learned) died there ; as have so many other triumphant and rejoicing marksmen who gained their appointments but to lose their lives.

No sooner had he taken the hand thus laid on him in his and shaken it cordially, than its owner burst into an agony of grief which she vainly tried to hide by pulling down her widow's veil. John's instant kindly impulse being to shield her from the notice of curious passers by, he hailed an empty cab in sight, and both were seated in it, and driving towards Mrs. Moss's lodgings before a second minute of their meeting had gone by.

"I can bear up against coldness," she said, sobbing bitterly, "and God knows I get enough of it to bear: but a kind word or a kind look upsets me. O, Mr. Richardson ! my poor, poor Tom was very fond of you ! He often talked of you and happy old times even out there. It looks as if Heaven sent you in my way to-day to advise and even help me."

Poor John was too embarrassed at the prospect thus opened on him to be able to reply. He help anyone ? he who needed help himself, if all the truth was known ! Would that he could, indeed, for both her sake and his own.

"I am just now returning from an attorney's office. God help me!" pursued little Mrs. Moss.

"Amen! and all others who have been there before you, or may need to follow you!" silently responded John.

"You know Mr. Frazer, I suppose? He is trustee to my settlement. Being an old friend of my father's, my mother thought he would be better than any one else. But she made a sad mistake for me. When I was thinking what I could do to support my four poor little girls after coming home, an old acquaintance told me of an excellent open for a school in her neighbourhood, and promised me her own children to begin with. Nothing else I could attempt would answer me so well as that. I was always used to children, and fond of them; and I could always have my own children with me then, you know. So I thought I had only to look for a house and begin at once. But the only place I could find to suit me belongs to a man who will let no house to a woman without security or money in hand. He could not bring himself to come down on me if I failed, he says: so he must have a man's security or a whole year's rent in advance."

"A peculiar kind of tender-heartedness," thought John; but he said nothing. Indeed he hardly could, had he wished it, now edge in a word; so eager was this poor little woman to detail her whole sad story before giving him an opportunity to decline interfering.

"Then I went to Mr. Frazer, thinking that as he has all in his own hands now—for the other trustee is dead—I had only to tell him what I wanted, and ask him to let us have part of our own money. Would you believe it, Mr. Richardson?—he laughed at me."

"At your simplicity it must have been: not at your troubles or yourself, I am sure," John said, soothingly. "But what did he say?"

"He says he can do nothing in it: that he could be made to pay the money over again. As if I, or any child of mine, could be so roguish, so base, as to do that! 'If I preferred it,' he said, 'he was quite willing to put the business into Chancery, and let the Chancellor do as he thinks fit then.' Just think, Mr. Richardson, of one poor thousand pounds put into Chancery! How much of it would ever get out? What can I do with my poor little girls if he persists in his cruelty. You know—and so must he—that I could not keep them on the interest alone; we'd just starve together and die. I want only means to turn to something to support them by. Does he think I want to rob my own children? I thought when I saw you that perhaps if you spoke to him—men mind what other men say so much more than what a woman says!"—and speaking thus she looked anxiously and pleadingly into John's face.

"If I thought I could be of the very slightest service," began he, "but ——" He really did not see that he could.

"Do try," urged she. "You know that it really is my own, own money,"—this feeling gave her courage to press the request—"and only two hundred pounds for rent and school fittings and to keep us going till I get established. If you would kindly try he might be persuaded."

It seemed hard to say No, though John did not think that he should have the very least chance of success. And just now, too, with his head and heart full to overflowing of his own cares, it was a horrid bore—no; much more than that to have those of other people thrust on him. "But," was his second thought, "if I was dead, instead of only in a difficulty, what should I think of the man who would refuse to say a word for my wife and children?"

"I'll do my best," he said aloud; "I can but fail."

"Oh, thank you! But I thought you surely would," exclaimed little Mrs. Moss.

"But, my dear Mrs. Moss, do not be too sanguine of my succeeding where you yourself have failed. I am not, I own. You may be only preparing fresh disappointment for yourself."

"I cannot help that," she said; "I am beginning to look for little else. But I feel somehow *you* won't fail. But perhaps I oughtn't say that to you. And even if you do I'll always, always be obliged to you, and thank and bless you all the same. People say a widow's curse has great power; I often heard it never fails to fall. And surely a widow's blessing ought bring some good with it."

("God grant it!" thought John. "She little guesses, poor soul, how much it is needed. Time was when I both could and would have asked this money in the only certain way of getting it. But insecure myself, I dare not be security for others. Indeed who would take me? Not Frazer, I suspect.")

"I only wish," he said cordially to her, "from the bottom of my heart, that it was possible for me to do what you require myself, and you should not need to ask Mr. Frazer twice. But as that is really all that I can do, I'll go this moment to him lest something interfere to prevent me."

The something that he most dreaded was the giving way of the courage with which the little widow's appeal had momentarily inspired him. Laughed at he, too, might be indeed. Well, be it so. A widow's blessing may fairly balance an attorney's sneer. He should but be where he was, so far as he was concerned. Leaving her then with a friendly parting at her own door—i. e. the door of a lodging-house in a quiet, cheap by-street—and a promise to come back at once to her should he have good news to tell, he turned his face again towards the heart of the busy city in one of whose genteel professional thoroughfares lay the offices of Mr. Frazer. Not slowly, though, this second time; on he strode post-haste; not giving himself time or opportunity to cool down, nor even taking thought as to what he should say, trusting to the spur of the moment for the most urgent arguments and most moving words.

This uncalculating warmth of friendly zeal which went near inspiriting him into fancying that he must succeed, did not however outlast his rapid walk undashed. Against the post of Mr. Frazer's door hung a brazen advertisement—now glittering like gold in the midsummer sunshine—of “STUBBS'S LIST.” It was a sign of ill-omen, John felt, if ever there was such. This was the List and this the office, the dread of which had driven George to him on that unlucky day—unlucky in different ways to both. Could he look for anything but disappointment in this house whence all his own cares had come on him? And as he laid his hand on the big brass knob of the green door opening from the hall into the attorney's outer office, his courage felt ready to escape, like Bob Acre's, through the finger-tips that touched it. But he let go the door and stood a moment outside as he thought, “This will never do. If I have any chance with the fellow it is by not pulling a long face and looking poor mouths on my own score.” So he made up his countenance—as he fancied—to the cheerful off-hand cast of well-to-do people: the countenance that he would have worn naturally, not many months before, carrying with it the feeling that, if refused, he should have the alternative of being able to do a something himself for the poor little soul whose cause he was about to plead.

CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

V. SIEGE OF WATERFORD.

CROMWELL'S continued successes brought about the revolt of various English garrisons throughout the country, Cork and Youghal among the first. Lord Broghill, afterwards Earl of Orrery, was the chief agent employed to win over the soldiers. He had served in Ireland on the side of the Parliament for some time. After the King's death he retired to his seat in Somersetshire. Growing weary of his retirement, he determined to apply for a commission to levy troops in Ireland for Charles II. The Committee of State was informed of his purpose, and was about to proceed against him with the utmost severity; but Cromwell, knowing his great abilities, asked leave to have an interview with him, and told him that his design was known to the Government. Broghill found it impossible to dissemble any longer; he accepted the command of a general officer, and promised to serve faithfully against the Irish rebels. He kept his promise well, for Lord Broghill's name, when

it occurs in our history, seems ever a prelude of woe to the Irish people.*

On the 23rd of October the garrison of Cork threw off their allegiance to the cause of the King; they declared that the quarrel was no longer between the King and Parliament, but rather a national quarrel between the English and the Irish, which could be brought to an end in no other way than by seizing the lands and reducing the people to the state of serfs.† "I was lying ill in my bed," writes Lady Fanshaw in her *Memoirs*, "when Cork revolted. It was in the beginning of November. At midnight I heard the great guns go off, and thereupon I called up my family to rise, which I did as well as I could in that condition. Hearing lamentable shrieks of men, women, and children, I asked at a window the cause; they told me they were all Irish, stripped, and wounded, and turned out of the town, and that Colonel Jeffries with some others had possessed themselves of the town for Cromwell. Immediately I packed up my husband's cabinet—by chance he was gone to Kinsale on business that day—with all his writings, and near £1,000 in gold and silver; and about three o'clock, by the light of a taper, and in the pain I was in, I sought Jeffries, who gave a pass for myself, family, and goods, which brought me safe to a garrison at Kinsale."‡

Youghal soon followed the example set by Cork. Lieutenant-Colonel Widnam, of the Youghal garrison, invited a party of cavalry, under Colonels Giffard and Warden, from the revolted garrison of Cork to seize on the town. The Governor, Sir Piercy Smith, strove to prevent their entrance by drawing the chain of the iron gate; but Widnam called to Ensign Dashwood and Town Major Smith, who were within, to seize the Governor and open the gate. This they did, and Youghal was rendered up to the Parliament. The reward of Widnam's treachery was Castletown Roche, the ancient seat of Lord Roche, who, with his children, for years after "lived destitute of all kind of subsistence, except what alms some good Christians did in charity afford them."§

On the 14th of November, Cromwell writes to the Speaker, that he had sent Colonel Phayr to Cork with 500 foot and £1,500 in money for the promoting of the English interest there. The frigate which carried them was forced by stress of weather to put into Dungarvan harbour. The Mayor came on board and offered to surrender the town on certain conditions. But Lord Broghill assuring him that it would be for the advantage of the townsmen to surrender without making any terms, he submitted accordingly. Phayr and Broghill "landed, and were received with all the real demonstrations of gladness an overjoyed people were capable of." Bandon Bridge, Baltimore, Castlehaven, Cappoquin, Kinsale, and "some other places of hard names,"|| surrendered before the 1st of

* "Cromwellian Settlement," p. 91.

† *Ibid.*, p. 192.

‡ "Memoirs of Lady Fanshaw," p. 77.

§ See Lord Roche's Petition to the Lords Justices, "Crom. Settle." p. 361.

|| Carlyle, "Cromwell's Letters," ii.

December, and received garrisons. As these soldiers had previously gone over to the Royalist side, their revolt from the Parliament barred their claim to the reward due to "constant good affection;" an Act, however, was passed five years after, at the instance of the Lord Protector, for their indemnity; and such officers as could show that they had been active in the revolt of the Munster garrisons were rewarded with lands in Ireland as if they had never swerved from the interests of the Parliament. Even after the restoration of Charles II. they were allowed to retain the lands they got, if they could prove that they had made some reparation for their former fault by their "timely and seasonable appearance for the King's restoration."*

A considerable number of Cromwell's soldiers had been left behind in Dublin, disabled by wounds or sickness; these, to the number of 1,500, joined him at Wexford. Inchiquin had been told that they were on their way, and had tried to intercept them. The fierce and irregular onset of his cavalry threw them for a while into confusion; but their steady discipline enabled them to reach the main army without much loss. With these came, very probably, volunteers from England—some of the "old blades, stout men, and well horsed, ready for the service"—that Colonel Lelburn had got together at Carlisle about this time for the war in Ireland. This accession of strength was most welcome, as the army was much reduced in numbers by the hardships of the campaign, and by the garrisoning of the various towns and castles that had been captured.

Cromwell with his army remained for some time at Ross after the surrender of the town, "not without some sweet taste of the goodness of God," for the Parliamentary fleet took some rich prizes and brought them into the harbour. During the siege he had employed a part of his forces in making a bridge of boats across the river Barrow, to enable his army to pass into the county of Kilkenny; the work was almost completed when the town surrendered. Ormonde did not think the forces under his command a match for the enemy in the open field; he resolved to hang on the rear of the advancing army, and to cut off their supplies. For this purpose he sent Lord Taaffe to destroy the bridge, but the attempt did not succeed. As soon as he was reinforced by Hugh O'Neill, who had arrived from Ulster with 1,500 foot, he tried to prevent the crossing of the river by fortifying Rossbercon, opposite Ross. But his plans were again frustrated by the activity of the enemy: when he was about to begin his march, he heard that a large body of horse had crossed the river, seized on Rossbercon, and secured the bridge on that side from any attack. His army was at this time encamped at Innistiogue, whither he had come from Graig—a walled town on the Nore, about ten miles above Ross, which was in the hands of the Royalists. A few days after he retired to Thomas-

* "*Cromwellian Settlement*," p. 194.

town, intending to remain there until he should be joined by Inchiquin, who was in command of the cavalry. But as that town did not afford sufficient security, he abandoned it on Cromwell's approach and marched to Kilkenny. Here, being joined by Colonel Farrell, with the rest of the Ulster forces that had been sent by Owen Roe O'Neill to his assistance, he determined to meet the enemy in the open field and risk his fortunes on the issue.

For some days Cromwell lay "very sick, crazy in his health," at Ross. On the 15th of November, he sent Ireton and Jones with two battering guns to seize on Innistiogue. A party, under Colonel Abbott, approached the gates, and attempted to set them on fire; the garrison immediately took to flight and escaped across the river. The heavy rains that had fallen did not allow the army to cross the ford; they marched, therefore, to Thomastown, but on arriving there they found the bridge broken down, and a garrison left to defend the place.

"After seeking God for direction," the main body of the army returned to Ross, as their stock of provisions was exhausted. Colonel Reynolds and Sir John Ponsonby were sent with some troops of horse to capture Carrick, in the hope of obtaining a passage by the bridge there into the county of Waterford. Ponsonby seized on some of the country people; these he induced by promises and threats to mount on horseback and advance in a body with the soldiers to the walls of the town, and there proclaim to the townsmen, in the Irish language, that they were some of the Irish army sent by Ormonde to strengthen the garrison. The townsmen readily opened the gates. No sooner did the dragoons enter than they took possession of the gates and walls; the garrison, seeing their mistake, fled in terror across the bridge into the county of Waterford; a few shut themselves up in the castle; they surrendered, however, on the following day, and were allowed to march away to the nearest garrison town.*

Having heard of Reynolds' success, Cromwell, recovered from his illness, left Ross on the 21st of November at the head of his army, intending to march on Waterford by Carrick, and lay siege to that city. The strong castle of Knocktopher was summoned to surrender, and yielded without resistance. On the 23rd he entered Carrick; there he met Ponsonby and congratulated him on the successful issue of his stratagem; as a reward for his services he obtained the large tract of land that his descendant, the Earl of Bessborough, still holds, a part of which belonged to the ancient family of the Daltons. Sir John was made military governor of the town. His first care was to put it in a proper state of defence—a wise precaution, for it was attacked a few days after by the main body of the Royalist army under Taaffe and Inchiquin. For four hours they tried in vain to effect an entrance; they burnt the gates and sprung

* See "The White Lady of Bessborough." *Duffy's Hib. Mag.* iii. 17.

a mine under the wall, but they were repulsed with considerable loss.

The next day the army crossed the Suir at Carrick, and on the 24th, about noon, arrived before Waterford; it numbered then but 5,000 foot, 2,000 horse, and 500 dragoons. Cromwell thought that the city would surrender as soon as he appeared before it. Some of the more timid among the citizens wished to submit without awaiting the assault, and sent to Ormonde to consult about the terms on which they should surrender. But the greater number preferred to try the fortune of war. Waterford had yielded to no other city in its devotion to religion and to the royal cause. It was there the Nuncio Rinuccini had determined to land before he was driven from his course by Plunkett, a renegade Irishman, who pursued him and made him put into the bay of Kenmare; and when the intrigues of Ormonde and his party forced him to leave Kilkenny and threatened his liberty, he was sure of a refuge from danger in the fort of Duncannon. Patrick Comerford, the Bishop, was to the last the firm friend of the Nuncio and the unyielding supporter of his policy, in spite of the threats of the Ormondists to deprive him of the temporalities of his See. To such threats he was wont to reply: "Though I were to be stripped of all the world could give for my submission to the decrees of Holy Church, I will, nevertheless, persevere in obedience; nor will I cease to pray God that you may guide faithfully the councils of the confederates of this kingdom."*

Strong defences and numerous batteries protected the city from assault; the only hope of taking it lay in the tedious process of investment. Ormonde encouraged the citizens to a vigorous resistance. Leaving Kilkenny, he advanced at the head of his army to Carrick, in the hope of finding the enemy and giving them battle. There he learned that Cromwell had marched on Waterford and was investing it; he determined to go forward and relieve the place. Some time before he had sent Lord Castlehaven to provide for the security of the city and of the fort of Passage, which lay opposite Duncannon on the Waterford side of the river. But the citizens, through distrust of Ormonde, had forced him to leave the town. Alarmed at Cromwell's approach, they asked that 200 men under the command of Major Kavanagh might be sent to their aid. A fortnight after, another reinforcement of 1,500 Ulstermen—a part of Owen Roe O'Neill's army—was sent, and their commander, General Farrell, was appointed military governor of the city.

During the progress of the siege, Cromwell sent Jones, with a regiment of horse and three troops of dragoons, to invest the fort of Passage; its capture was of the highest importance to him, as it commanded the entrance to Waterford harbour; the possession of it would also enable him to reduce the fort of Duncannon,

* "The Irish Hierarchy in the Seventh Century." By Rev. C. P. Meehan.

by preventing supplies being brought to it by water. About 200 of the garrison were killed in the assault, and fifty taken prisoners. An attempt was made a few days after (December 13th), to retake it. Colonel Farrell sallied from Waterford; and it was arranged that he should be joined by Colonel Wogan, the governor of Duncannon fort, who was to advance to the attack from the opposite side of the river. Ormonde, attended by fifty horse, had crossed the river in order to encourage the garrison by his presence. Cromwell was made aware of the intended attack; he ordered Colonel Sankey, who lay on the north side of the Blackwater, to march in haste with his regiment of horse and two troops of dragoons, in all about 320 men, to the relief of the place. When he came near, finding the fort closely invested by O'Neill and Wogan, he determined to attack them before they were reinforced by Farrell's Ulstermen. O'Neill and his men resisted bravely for some time; but the horse pressing upon them broke their lines. About one hundred were killed; the rest were taken prisoners, among these were Wogan and O'Neill. Farrell came up soon after; but seeing his party utterly defeated, he retreated towards Waterford, hotly pursued by the enemy. Ormonde with his horse checked their further advance, and covered the retreat into the town.

The citizens were much disheartened at the failure of this attempt. In order to protect the city, Ormonde proposed to transport his troops over the river, and to quarter them in huts outside the walls; the magistrates would not listen to the proposal; some of them even threatened to seize him and treat his followers as enemies. Irritated at what he conceived to be blind obstinacy on their part, he withdrew to Clonmel. The citizens again renewed their entreaties for succour; they declared that unless they received a reinforcement of troops and a supply of provisions they could hold out no longer. He set out therefore from Clonmel, and marching all night along the north side of the Suir with a considerable force of horse and foot, he encamped early the next morning on a hill opposite the town. His sudden coming changed the aspect of affairs. Disheartened by the length of the siege and by the great losses of men through sickness, Cromwell resolved to retire and seek winter quarters elsewhere. Ormonde asked the magistrates to have his men ferried over that they might fall on the rear of the retreating army. But now that the danger was past, they feigned excuses for delay until the opportunity had gone by; they were afraid that the Royalist army, if once admitted within the walls, would take up their quarters permanently there. A few days later a body of Ulster troops under Bryan O'Neill were admitted; but they were soon withdrawn at the urgent request of the citizens.

On the 2nd of December Cromwell's army began their march from Waterford towards Dungarvan; this and the other towns throughout Munster that had gone over to the Parliament would afford

secure winter quarters. Butlerstown Castle, outside the liberties of the city, was seized and blown up. Kilmeadan, on the banks of the Suir, the residence of a branch of the Le Poers, was also destroyed; the owner was hanged, and his property, extending from Kilmeadan to Tramore, was afterwards divided among the soldiers; from them it passed to John Ottrington, and through his granddaughter, by marriage, to the St. Legers, Earls of Doneraile, to whom it now belongs. Curraghmore, the seat of another branch of the same family, was saved from destruction by the courage of its owner. Donhill offered a stubborn resistance; it did not surrender until a part of the walls was beaten down by the artillery, and the small garrison was weakened by repeated assaults. The first day's march was to Kilmacthomas. The following day was spent in crossing the Mahon, which was swollen by a winter flood. During the night the soldiers were quartered in the neighbouring villages. On the evening of the 4th the army reached Dungarvan, and proceeded without delay to invest the place. The townsmen seem to have repented of their hasty submission to Lord Broghill; perhaps they were not satisfied with the terms imposed on them. Terrified at the near approach of danger, they surrendered at discretion. An order was issued to put the inhabitants to the sword; as the soldiers were about to execute the merciless command, tradition says that a woman took Cromwell's horse by the bridle and drank "to the health of the conqueror." He was so pleased that he revoked his order, and not only spared the lives of the inhabitants, but saved the town—the church and castle excepted—from being plundered by the soldiers.* On the 5th he entered Youghal, where fresh supplies from England awaited him. Here he determined to establish winter quarters for himself and for a part of the army; his residence was the castle, the remains of which are still in existence, and joining St. John's House on the north; the rest he distributed through the towns that had lately submitted to the Parliament. Winter had set in, and sickness was beginning to spread: "I scarce know one officer of forty among us," he writes, "that hath not been sick; and how many considerable ones we have lost is no little thought of heart to us. The noble Lieutenant-General (Jones), whose finger, to our knowledge, never ached in all these expeditions, fell sick; we doubt not, upon a cold taken upon our late wet march and ill accommodation. He went to Dungarvan, where, struggling for some four or five days with a fever, he died; having run his course with so much honour, courage, and fidelity, as his actions better speak than my pen. What England lost hereby is above me to speak. I am sure I lost a noble friend and companion in labours." He died of a pestilential fever on the 10th of December. His body was brought to Youghal, and buried with great solemnity in the chapel belonging to the Earl of Cork in St. Mary's Church.

* Ryland's "History of Waterford," p. 181.

Ormonde was anxious to find winter quarters for his army whence it might be ready to issue forth to meet the enemy when they should take the field in spring. But both Limerick and Waterford, the most important cities now in the hands of the Royalists, refused to allow any of his troops within the walls. They were therefore obliged to scatter over the country, and to seek quarters where they could find them. The Ulstermen went to the north, Inchiquin to Clare, and the Connaught forces to their own country.

The history of the spring campaign we must reserve for our next issue.

D. M.

TO ALICE.

A CLUSTER of violets deep in the shade,
A tremble of green on the woodbine near,
And a sweet sound made in a lonely glade,
By a rippling streamlet low and clear.
Not a voice around of a living thing,
Save mine, and the birds that flock in the trees;
With a farewell ring, in the notes they sing,
Ere they spread their wings for the distant seas.

Will they pass thy home in their flight away?
Will their song as they soar in the clouds above,
To thy true heart say, as to mine to-day—
That 'tis hard to part with the things we love?
Oh! I know thee happy, and well, and strong,
With a thirst for pain in the brave, deep heart;
Yet the memories throng, from the years along,
And I sigh to-day, we are far apart.

I muse on the battle, brave you fought,
With affections strong and a spirit high;
And the soaring thought, that was gently brought
Through the daily life, to itself to die.
And like one for whom love has made all sweet,
As the rich heart gives, with a smile you gave;
And but thought it meet, to lay at His feet,
Each thing that was dear till beyond the grave.

The days and the hours are with good things rife ;
And you gave up much, and you gave up all,
When the young heart's strife, in the earlier life,
Kept never a thing from the Lord's low call.
Midst the holy called to a holier height :
Very near to Him on the Calvary way ;
Oh ! your soul is bright, in the angel's sight,
With the beauty of sacrifice to-day.

Do you remember you sent home here
A crucifix once as a gift to me ?
It has grown more dear, from each passing year,
And its sermons sweet of God and of thee :
Athirst for the cross, and with love on fire,
And holy and happy as I might will—
Yet I know you require, with the heart's desire,
To work, and to suffer, and love more still.

Sweet are the violets hid in the ground,
Tender the green on the woodbine spray,
And the rippling sound, of the waters round,
And the birds' farewell on their flight away.
And I stand and think of the distant sea,
And my sad heart asks as they sing above,
Will they say to thee, as they do to me,
That 'tis hard to part with the things we love ?

M. Mr. R.

MADAME DE SAISSEVAL.

BY CECILIA CADDELL,

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE SNOWDROP," "BLIND AGNESS," &c.

PART I. (*continued.*)

THE frequency of Madame de Saisseval's visits to Montreuil probably tended much towards her loving union with the Princess, and the latter made no secret of her intention of demanding her, as one of her ladies of honour, from the king whenever the death of his aunt, Madame Victoire, should release her from her present engagement.

Probably like all holy, sympathetic souls they were of much mutual service to each other, though Madame de Saisseval in her humility always ascribed her great advance in virtue to the counsel and example of her royal friend. According to her, it was to Madame Elizabeth she owed what she was pleased to call her conversion, albeit those who knew her best, declared it to be no conversion (in the true sense of the word) at all, but simply a stronger and more vivid impulse towards that perfection for which she had striven from the beginning and which God gave her then to reward her past efforts, and perhaps also (we may now conjecture) to prepare her for the trials which were so soon to fall heavily upon her.

This so-called conversion took place on the 25th of March, the Feast of the Annunciation. Madame de Saisseval had just finished a novena, made at the instance of Princess Elizabeth, to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; and when she received Holy Communion, our Divine Lord, by one of those wonderful graces which He gives when He wills and where He wills, and which no one has a right either to expect or demand, seemed suddenly to descend in an almost visible manner into her soul and to replenish it with delight. It may be, that such an extra grace was needed for her, living as she did in the very midst of a court; it is certain at all events that God, who is a jealous God to souls as love Him, did then and there make her comprehend that He had chosen her most especially for His own, and that her life henceforth was to be all for Him and nothing for the world. Her resolution was taken on the spot. God had called, and she would obey the call. She would shake the dust of earthly vanities from off her feet, and the future should be His and His alone.

But resolutions taken in an hour of fervour are not always so easy to carry out afterwards as the soul fancies while still rapt in prayer, and so it was with Madame de Saisseval. Two whole months passed away and found her still hesitating over that com-

plete renunciation of the world, its habits and ideas, which she knew only too well to be inevitable in a life given to God alone.

Upon the first of May, however, she took her courage in both her hands and made the promised sacrifice—made it frankly, freely, fully; with a loyalty of heart which was certain to ensure success. She offered herself to God and to His holy service, without a “yea or nay,” as St. Francis has it. She made Him the sacrifice of her whole being in whatever way He should choose to demand it of her. She surrendered to Him her wealth, honors, family and friends. She promised with that entire abandonment of self, which is the only test of real love, fidelity in the smallest as well as in the greatest things, and she laid at His sacred feet her fixed resolve to fulfil in the most perfect spirit of religious perfection the fourfold duties He had imposed upon her, as wife, mother, daughter, and (harder far to a soul on fire to serve Him alone) as attendant upon a great princess and frequenter in consequence of a court.

Thus the conversion began on the Feast of the Annunciation, Mary's own especial day, was concluded on the first of May, Mary's own especial month; and doubtless our heavenly Mother smiled upon it, foreseeing as she must have done, how it would be persevered in to the end, and how the only change it would ever know would be that progress from one stage of virtue to another, which saintly souls never cease to make until the happy hour arrives when their crown, perfect and complete to the minutest jewel, is awaiting them in heaven.

Her first step towards reform was undoubtedly in the right direction. Ladies in those days never rose before eleven o'clock, so that one half of the day was gone before any of its real duties had commenced. The previous hours were spent in bed, where on magnificent couches adorned with hangings wrought in gold and silver, and dressed themselves in the most splendid *negligée* attire, they could procure for money, they received visiting gossipers over the latest fashions, or listened to tales of courtly scandal, and which they helped afterwards to propagate. The afternoon was passed in driving, shopping, and visiting, while night was devoted to courtly gaieties, theatres, masquerades, and balls. Little time was left in such a life as this for God, and even that little He rarely got, excepting from the very few who, amid this whirl of dissipation, remembered at all events that they had souls to save.

That first half of the day which other women spent in gossiping and idle ease, Madame de Saisseval resolved to appropriate entirely to God, leaving the afternoon for such duties as were required of her by her position in the world. With some difficulty she obtained her husband's permission to rise at the unheard-of hour of five o'clock; and she spent the time thus snatched from self-indulgence partly *with* God in long hours of prayer and meditation, and partly *for* God in personal attendance

on the poor. It was not quite so easy as at first sight it may appear to carry out this arrangement thoroughly. Etiquette in the age of the Bourbons was stronger or, at any rate, more implicitly obeyed than the laws either of God or man. No one could attempt to infringe on its regulations without incurring its censure, or yet worse, its ridicule. And etiquette had ordained that no lady of rank should be seen in public excepting in her carriage, or accompanied, when she walked, by servants in full livery. But Madame de Saisseval was not of a nature to be tied down by rules when those rules interfered with higher duties; and having first obtained the consent of her mother and husband, she dispensed once for all with both carriage and servants, and made her morning visits to church and hospital in the company of some Sisters of Charity with whom she was acquainted.

No one knows, and until the day of general judgment, no one will ever know, how much we have been helped or hindered in the great affair of salvation by those who live around us. We meet, we mingle, we rub up against each other like pebbles on the seashore, sometimes polishing and smoothing, but alas! I am afraid, just as often spoiling the smooth and increasing the roughness of that which was only too rough already. Quite unconsciously to ourselves, in fact, we are continually working for or against the souls with which we are in daily contact. We draw them whether we will or not by our example to good or evil, and a word of ours, a look, an unguarded action may result in the loss or gain of a soul for all eternity. It is an awful thought, and surely it should make us cautious—cautious for others as well as for ourselves, since we may have to answer, in part at least, at the last day for many of their sins as well as for our own.

But if we would really help, not mar, our fellow creatures in the great affair of salvation, let us never forget that we must begin at home. For it is only by a constant watch over our own hearts that we can hope to influence the hearts of others, and it is only by making virtue sweet and amiable in our own lives that we can hope to induce them to practise it in theirs.

Lacking these great qualities, much as we may desire to do good, we are sure to fail, and we may even think ourselves happy if our endeavours should prove fruitless only, and not actually baneful, in the fruit they bear. Madame de Saisseval began by cultivating her own soul, and the holy life she led soon drew others to follow her example, her first conquest being a lady, who became at once not only a life-long friend, but also a most zealous co-operatrix in her works of mercy.

Madame de Carcádo, the lady in question, was deformed in her person, but such was the beauty of her face and the marvellous brightness of her intellect, that even in the court of Versailles, the most critical in such matters in the world, men forgot her one personal defect in admiration of the gifts by which it was surrounded.

Her father, who was very poor, thought he had done the best he could for his daughter when he had married her to M. de Carcado, a rich man about court ; but the marriage, made chiefly from interested motives, proved, as might be expected, anything but a happy one.

As far as the world went, however, the prospect seemed bright enough. The bride, nothing loth in those days, soon became one of the leading beauties of Versailles, and the personal friend besides of Marie Antoinette. A mutual admiration drew her also to Madame de Saisseval ; and after the conversion of the latter, an amiable contest arose between them—Madame de Carcado trying to coax her friend into the world of which she herself was a jewel of the first water ; and Madame de Saisseval, on her part, warning the triumphant beauty of the danger she was so rashly courting, using for the purpose perhaps the very words by which Xavier had been converted : “ What will it avail a man to gain the whole world if he lose his own soul ? ”

Just then it happened fortunately that Père Beauregard, one of the most celebrated of that marvellous school of preachers which France possesses above all other nations, was drawing all Paris by his zeal and eloquence to listen to his sermons. The court went, the city went. Philosophers and fine ladies, flaunting courtiers and grave men of business, all flocked to hear him—some to learn eloquence at his lips, even while scoffing at his theme, others for the sake of a new excitement when old ones had begun to pall upon their senses, others again from fashion or habit, or because their acquaintances went ; but others also, and these, happily, not a few, for the sake of their own souls—not merely to catch a passing pleasure from the sublimity of the preacher’s thoughts and the beauty of the language upon which he strung them—but better far than this, to absorb the lessons which he taught into their own hearts and souls, that applying them afterwards to their daily lives they might bring forth the good fruit they were intended to produce.

Madame de Saisseval naturally became one of Père Beauregard’s most zealous auditors, and she soon convinced herself that if her friend could only be induced to listen to him also she would of her own accord turn aside from the frivolous life she was then pursuing and give her whole heart to God.

The event justified her predictions, but it was not brought about without some pain and trouble. Such were the numbers that flocked to Père Beauregard’s sermons, that persons who wished to hear him were obliged to be in the church hours beforehand in order to secure their places. The spoilt and unwilling beauty was not very likely to take this trouble for a sermon ; she had no real desire to hear, and Madame de Saisseval therefore engaged to do it for her. She went early to the church in order to keep both her own place and that of her friend, and truly she had her reward.

Madame de Carcado left the church another woman ; and resolving not only to renounce the false maxims of the world, but to brave at once its worst mockery on her desertion ; she went straight from the church to Trianon, and in presence of the choice little circle of wit and beauty assembled there, boldly announced her determination ; supplementing and strengthening it by a further declaration, that after what she had heard that day, she would never enter a theatre again. Now in those times, just as much as in the days of Louis XIV., the theatre was a perfect passion among the French. It was, moreover, one of the chief amusements of royalty. While France continued a king-loving nation, whatever the monarch loved was sure of being loved and sought after by his people. Most of the splendid old chateaux of the great noblesse possessed their theatres ; the court had a private one of its own, and never moved anywhere without a full train of actors in its suite ; and an invitation to attend these performances before royalty was the high ambition of every one who aspired either to social or to kingly favour.

No wonder, therefore, that Madame de Carcado's solemn renunciation of worldly pleasures for the future was received (as she had expected) with a perfect avalanche of mockeries and jeers. It was the first time in her court life, probably, that aught save applause and flattery had ever greeted her slightest word ; and bravely as she had stood out the storm, she was obliged to lay her hand on some article of furniture which chanced to be beside her in order to steady the trembling that had seized upon her frame. But it was only her bodily nerves that were so affected ; her soul remained unmoved as ever ; and having once again repeated the declaration which had called forth their ridicule, she left them to enjoy the joke among themselves.

The noble firmness which she displayed on this occasion naturally drew her closer than ever to the heart of Madame de Saisseval, and from that day they became sisters in feeling and affection—companions in the numberless good works which they either organised themselves or took in hand after others had abandoned them in despair—and joint executrices in the end of that last pious wish of Madame Elizabeth which, had it not been for them, must have perished on the scaffold with her.

But in what that last wish consisted, and how strangely it became the groundwork of some of the noblest works of charity which Madame de Saisseval and her friend afterwards accomplished for their ruined and bleeding country, must be told in another chapter.

NEW BOOKS.

I. *A Reply to Mr. Gladstone's "Vaticanism."* By the Very Rev. JAMES KAVANAGH, D.D., President of Carlow College. Dublin: James Duffy and Sons.

"HAVEN'T we had quite enough of it?" is the question with which most are disposed to greet any fresh addition to the controversy with which Mr. Gladstone has amused himself during his unwonted period of repose. Dr. Newman, indeed, Cardinal Manning, and Canon Neville, treating the subject each in his special manner, and from distinct points of view, have vindicated the truth triumphantly, and left nothing more to be said. But we must remember Hudibras' saying about the man that is convinced against his will; and friend and foe agree in crediting the originator of this contest with a will of the very strongest. Accordingly, Mr. Gladstone "holds the same opinions still," and propounds them more vehemently than ever in "Vaticanism." To this latter pamphlet of the ex-Premier—which, like "Paradise Regained," and all such Continuations, is notably weaker than Part First—Dr. Kavanagh, the President of Carlow College, has furnished the only special Reply that has come under our notice, though both Dr. Newman* and Canon Neville have disposed of it in the new editions of their Answers to

* We cannot refrain from recording here the solemn profession of faith which a passage in "Vaticanism" has elicited from this great and venerable man:—

"It is indeed a stern question which his words suggest, whether, now that I have come to the end of my days, I have used aright whatever talents God has given me, and as He would have had me use them, in building up religious truth, and not in pulling down, breaking up, and scattering abroad. All I can say in answer to it is, that from the day I became a Catholic to this day, now close upon thirty years, I have never had a moment's misgiving that the communion of Rome is that Church which the Apostles set up at Pentecost, which alone has 'the adoption of sons, and the glory, and the covenants, and the revealed law, and the service of God, and the promises,' and in which the Anglican communion, whatever its merits and demerits, whatever the great excellence of individuals in it has, as such, no part. Nor have I ever for a moment hesitated in my conviction since 1845, that it was my clear duty to join that Catholic Church, as I did then join it, which in my own conscience I felt to be divine. Persons and places, incidents and circumstances of life, which belong to my first forty-four years, are deeply lodged in my memory and my affections; moreover, I have had more to try and afflict me in various ways as a Catholic than as an Anglican; but never for a moment have I wished myself back; never have I ceased to thank my Maker for His mercy in enabling me to make the great change; and never has He let me feel forsaken by Him, or in distress, or any kind of religious trouble. I do not know how to avoid thus meeting Mr. Gladstone's language about me; but I can say no more. The judgment must be left to a day to come."

the original attack. Dr. Kavanagh's particular object is to give a popular reply to the difficulties urged in "Vaticanism" and its fore-runner, and he has fulfilled his purpose well. His arrangement of the subject is very plain and clear, and the various branches of it are treated with lucid simplicity, and with just the proper degree of fulness. On one point he is peculiarly satisfactory, and it is the one which Mr. Gladstone has urged with the utmost energy, not to say violence. If that amateur theologian sincerely wishes to find his way out of the dilemma which he proposes at page 60 of "Vaticanism," let him read Dr. Kavanagh's plain statement of facts in pp. 49-57 of his Reply, which treat of Martin V. and the Council of Constance. A very able rejoinder to this, the most plausible passage of "Vaticanism," was given at the moment by the Rev. Professor Walsh, of Maynooth, in a letter addressed to the *Freeman's Journal*: but the present writer brings out, even more clearly, a distinction to be made between the authority of a certain and recognised Pope and that of a doubtful one, such as were the claimants during the schism which the Council in question was assembled to heal.

The Rotterdam shoemaker, who attended Latin disputations of which he understood not a word, always knew how the battle fared, by observing which of the disputants got angry and talked loudest. Can this test be applied in the present instance? Dr. Kavanagh, at least, is more than moderate throughout, and many will think that he carries the courtesy of controversy to an extreme, in taking, at the end, so hopeful a view of the transitoriness of this cloud which has darkened down on Mr. Gladstone. One needs a large amount of charity to believe that so persistent an assailant of the faith, honour, and sincerity of the loyal children of the Catholic Church can be prompted and sustained in his attack by a spirit of candour and a love of truth.

II. *Considerations for a Three Days' Preparation for Communion.*

Taken chiefly from the French of Father St. Jure, S.J. By CECILIE MARY CADDELL. London: Burns and Oates.

THE size and get-up of this little book are such as will allow it to be carried about with us, and to accompany us, especially in our visits to the Blessed Sacrament. It is admirably adapted for constant practical use. The author's name is a guarantee for solidity and unction, and the translator's name is a guarantee, likewise, for the merits that a translation should possess. It has been said that none but a poet can translate a poem; and the dictum, or something like it, might be applied to every real translation of good prose. Correctness and refined simplicity of diction do not always set off the solid merits of our translated works of devotion. They are found in this very holy and useful little book.

III. *The Month of Mary.* By Rev. M. COMERFORD. Dublin: M'Glashan and Gill.

THE compiler of a new "Month of Mary" can at most aspire to St. Augustine's purpose of saying *non-nova sed nove*. It is not easy on a theme so blessedly familiar to say what is new, or even to say what is old in a new way. The zealous priest to whom his brethren in the sacred ministry are indebted for "Blessed Leonard's Counsels to Confessors," and to whom the faithful owe more than one useful work of devotion, has on the eve of the Blessed Virgin's month brought out another excellent little work in her honour, which will, we hope, help many to make a real Month of Mary out of this beautiful month before us.

IV. *Life of the Blessed Virgin, Proposed as a Model to all Christian Women.* Translated by JOSEPHINE MACAULAY. Dublin: Elwood, 9, Capel-street.

THE issue of a new edition of this instructive and attractively-written book gives us the opportunity of again recommending it at this appropriate date. What we have said in the preceding page about the translations of another Irish lady holds good of this work also. It has indeed a certain brightness and elasticity of style and a practical adaptation to the wants of Catholic girls at home which must, we suspect, be superadded to the original.

MY THREE.

O H! lovely blossoms of a fruitful tree,
 Dear Aloysius, Berchmans, Stanislaus!
 Sometimes, in all my love for you, I pause
 To think how is it that I love you three.
 Saints nearer earth were surely best for me.
 But why should I thus wonder at the cause?
 Is it not one of Nature's ancient laws
 That like attracted by unlike should be?
 And so I place my special trust in you—
 Who are not saints, but angels, to our view—
 And not in those of less sublime degree.
 Oh! if that other maxim's true above,
 That they who love grow like to what they love,
 Then, blessed Brothers, make a saint of me.

S. M. S.

THE CHANCES OF WAR

BY A. WHITELOCK.

CHAPTER III.

CIVIL WAR AND DOMESTIC PEACE.

"Altera jam teritur bellis civilibus ætas."—HORACE.

THE rebellion, as it is called, which began in 1641 and ended with the first siege of Limerick, has a strange interest for the historian. It was at first the uprising of many widely distinct classes against a system of tyranny which weighed heavily on all. In the protracted contest which ensued, the interests of the different sections of the belligerents alternately clashed and coincided, and the combatants themselves became alternately foes and allies, according to the vicissitudes of the conflict.

The Celtic population of Ulster was the first to begin the struggle. It was the earliest in the field because its wrongs were the most grievous. Six of the northern counties had been seized and "planted." The native Irish had been driven from the plains, and were obliged to content themselves with the precarious means of support afforded them by the barren mountain side. It was of course impossible that men with human feelings could tamely submit to such a flagrant violation of natural justice. The outcasts smarted under their injuries and were eager for an opportunity of vengeance; but their sense of wrong and their hatred of the power that oppressed them were intensified to an uncontrollable degree by the efforts of their despoilers to extirpate the faith to which, in their misfortunes, they tenaciously clung. At last they rose against a tyranny which had become insupportable. Badly armed, and even insufficiently clothed, they were incapable of carrying on an effectual war against the forces of the Government; and it required no prophetic spirit to foresee that, left to themselves, they would soon be overcome. But they were destined to receive support from a quarter whence they least expected it; the conspiracy formed by a few homeless peasants and plundered chieftains was fated to attain the dimensions of a national league embracing all the adherents of the national religion.

The Catholic Lords of the Pale, though they had many grievances to complain of, were little disposed to take part in the rebellion at its commencement. They had suffered severely at the hands of successive English governments, but they were still attached to the English rule. By ties of blood and kindred they were bound to the invading power, and though in language and customs they had to a certain extent become identified with the Celtic population among which they dwelt, yet in feeling and

sympathy they were Saxon still. The history of the English settlement in Ireland shows that the Lords of the Pale were often among the most turbulent vassals of the English kings; but their resistance to the English power never proceeded from a patriotic love of the country in which they had settled. Private grievances were the cause of their rebellions, and with the removal of these grievances their rebellions ended.

As it had been before, so was it now. Their private wrongs drove the Lords of the Pale to rebel. They, like their less favoured Irish co-religionists, writhed under the disabilities and penalties which a profession of the Catholic faith entailed; and their property, now that the native Irish had been almost entirely despoiled, had come to be regarded as legitimate prey by the harpies to whom the government of the country was intrusted. At the outbreak of the disturbances they had, in the exuberance of their loyalty, offered their services to the Lords Justices to assist in crushing the rebellion of the northern Irish. But it suited not the purposes of Parsons and Borlase that they should have this opportunity of displaying their attachment to the throne. It was the plan of these rapacious ministers to force the wealthy gentry of the Pale to take part in the insurrection in order that the confiscations, which were certain to follow, might be the more extensive. The offer of the would-be defenders of the "king's rights and privileges" was coldly rejected, and they themselves were summarily bidden to retire to their respective homes, at the same time that the means of self-defence which the troubled state of the country rendered necessary, were refused them. Soon these gentlemen, who had been so demonstrative in their condemnation of the Ulster "rebels," found that their own persons and property were not secure against the forays made by the ruthless soldiers of the Government into the unprotected districts. Their apprehensions were still further increased by learning that "Coote had uttered at the Council Board of the Castle speeches tending to a purpose to execute upon those of their religion a general massacre." The soldiers of Coote and Ormonde ravaged Leinster. The inoffensive inhabitants of Munster were wantonly murdered by the troops of St. Leger; and the gentry of the province who ventured to remonstrate against the atrocities they committed were threatened with immediate confiscation of their estates. In Connaught the barbarities committed by the troops of the Government drew from the Earl of Clanrickarde the most earnest remonstrances—and Clanrickarde was slow in reproaching the Government with its misdeeds. The gentlemen of the Pale who "submitted" to the commanders of the royal troops were imprisoned without trial, and, in some cases, tortured without pity; those who hesitated to give this proof of their confidence in the Lords Justices were included in the same category and subjected to the same penalties as the "Irish rebels." What these punishments were

will best appear from the instructions issued to the Earl of Ormonde when departing on one of his marauding expeditions. "It is resolved, that it is fit that his lordship do endeavour, with his Majesty's forces, to wound, kill, slay, and destroy by all the ways and means he may, all the said rebels, and their adherents, and relievers; and burn, spoil, waste, consume, destroy, and demolish all the places, towns, and houses where the said rebels are or have been relieved or harboured, and all the corn or hay there; and to kill and destroy all men there inhabiting able to bear arms."

It was useless to endeavour to propitiate the Government by surrendering to its representatives. The army which overran the Pale was ordered to destroy all the rebels there without exception, and "those who offered to come in, were in no other manner to be taken in, than as prisoners, taken by the strength of his Majesty's army." The king was unable to protect his staunchest supporters against the rapacity of his ministers. From the English Parliament it was vain to hope for protection or redress. That assembly had declared its determination never to consent to "the toleration of the Popish religion in Ireland, or any other his Majesty's dominions," and had voted the confiscation of two millions and a-half acres of the lands of the Irish proprietors. There remained to the Catholic inhabitants of the Pale but one resource—an appeal to the law of nature from the iniquitous tribunals of man—the defence of their persons and property by the sword. They threw themselves into the struggle which the "old Irish" had already begun. From the coalition between them and their Celtic co-religionists sprang the national league known as the "Confederation of Kilkenny."

We have dwelt thus long on events which belong to the purely political history of Ireland because it is necessary to have them clearly before us, if we would understand the views and aspirations of those who took part in them.

At the period with which we are immediately concerned, the game of war in which, even at the beginning, so many separate interests had been at stake, had become still more complicated. Another belligerent was in the field—an enemy to both the previous combatants. Shortly after the beginning of the insurrection a Scottish army under the command of Major-General Munroe had been sent to Ireland to aid in suppressing the rebellion. The king had consented with reluctance to take these auxiliaries into his service; but they had been forced upon him by the discontented faction in the English Parliament. The malcontents knew that in the Scots they had steadfast friends upon whose support they might rely in their war against the throne. The regiments of Munroe were composed chiefly of those gloomy fanatics who had sworn to extirpate "Popery, prelacy, heresy, schism, and profaneness," and who shrank from no deed of violence or blood by which they conceived their vow could be accomplished. In Ireland, however,

their religious zeal did not tempt them into a sustained campaign against the insurgents. Such a course might have promoted too materially the interests of the English king, whom they were by no means too eager to serve. They contented themselves with garrisoning a few of the fortresses of Ulster, and thence as opportunity offered, they made raids into the districts inhabited by the "rebels."

The frequent incursions as well of the royal troops as of the soldiers of the Covenant into the unprotected Pale made it necessary for those of its inhabitants who were not engaged in the active service of the Confederation to stand well upon their guard. The castles which protected the lands of the nobility and gentry were put into a state of defence, and the proprietors retired with their families to their securest strongholds. It was thus that at the period of which we write Arthur Dillon, Lord of Duneevin, had been forced by the dangers of the times to take up his abode in the gaunt castle which rose over the waters of Lough Ree, and to immure within its dull walls those whose safety was the chief object of his concern. He had seen his kinsmen, whose names have become famous in the history of the civil war, depart for the camp or the council board; and he, too, would willingly have gone forth to do battle for his religion and his king. But his duty to those who claimed his first care prevented him from giving the cause with which he sympathised the support that faith and loyalty prompted him to offer. While yet a young man he had been left a widower by the death of a wife to whom he had been devotedly attached. He had felt the loss keenly, the more keenly that all his schemes of earthly happiness had been bound up with her whom he lost. At the present day many persons will find it difficult to realise a state of society in which mere domestic pleasures constituted the chief enjoyments of life. We are accustomed to a civilization which attends only to the wants of the *nation*, and which is ready to sacrifice domestic ties and domestic happiness to the national prosperity. Now-a-days we are communistic even in our enjoyments. The great pleasure-seeker is the public; and, alas! indulgence in its boisterous merry-makings soon renders insipid the simple pleasures of home. In this respect the contrast between our own condition and the comparatively rude state of Irish society two centuries ago is striking. Many people will, no doubt, think that society is to be congratulated on the change, and will say that if participation in the amusements of the public interferes with some private joys it more than compensates us for the loss by alleviating many private sorrows. We will not quarrel with the argument. For ourselves we would willingly part with many of the gratifications provided by modern refinement, if we might regain by the sacrifice the warmth of home affections and the strength of home attachments which have, in a measure, passed away with the ages we call unenlightened.

To Arthur Dillon, in his earlier life, had been granted more than an ordinary share of these household joys. But death had appeared in the family circle; she who was its central figure was taken away, and life lost more than half its brightness for the Lord of Duneevin. There were those left behind who tried to console him in his affliction, those on whom his heart's affections could still centre themselves; but nothing could entirely repair the loss which he had sustained, the shadow which death had thrown across his path in life hung over it to the end.

At the time of which we write, Mary, the eldest daughter of Arthur Dillon, was in her eighteenth year. Personal beauty was said to be the inheritance of the ladies of her family, and Mary Dillon had been favoured with a large share in the family heritage. Hers, however, was not a beauty which consisted in mere external symmetry of form; it was of that rarer cast in which exquisite graces of body but reflect or express the noble qualities of the soul which they enshrine. In the gentle lustre of her dark eyes shone the undimmed light of innocence and candour—a light which in the glare of fashion soon goes out; and her glance had all the impressiveness peculiar to eyes which have not been trained to look what the heart does not feel. On her broad brow, overshadowed by braids of raven hair, was set the unmistakable though indescribable seal which intellectual culture imprints. Her smile was sweet and winning, the tones of her voice soft and melodious, harmonising with the moods of mind which they expressed, with the sorrow she sought to console, or the joy she sought to spread around her. She had grown up in the retirement of her father's house, the angel of the household. She knew nothing of the great world beyond the limits of her father's estates but what she heard during the visits of some fashionable friends of the family, or what she learned from her conversations with the family chaplain, her tutor—an old man who, in his youth, had studied at Salamanca and at Paris—and who told her strange stories of the gay hidalgos and gallant cavaliers with whom he had there come in contact. This retirement, however, had not been without its advantages. Her mind had been cultivated to a degree unusual, in that age, among maidens of rank. She was of a studious turn, and under the direction of her aged preceptor, she had mastered much of the useful and much of the useless knowledge of the time.

With the great world outside Mary Dillon did not wish to become more intimately acquainted. She was content to preside over her father's household and to devote herself to the care of her younger sister, who had never known a mother but her. From her birth, Kathleen, as her eldest sister always called her, was weak almost to helplessness. The pleasures which make the happiness of our first years had never existed for her. Her childhood was a dreary season; it had, it is true, few storms, but then it had little sunshine. She was now ten years old, and life had not begun

to look brighter. She was still frail and helpless as ever. Her wants were few and easily satisfied, her enjoyments simple, even childlike, and always attainable. According to philosophic definitions, she should thus have been perfectly happy; as happiness is understood here below, perhaps she was so. Her favourite seat was the window niche of the great hall of the castle. Here she loved to sit on bright sunny days, watching the lines of waves following each other in never-ending succession across the lake, and listening to their low murmurs as they struck against the stubborn rocks on which the castle stood.

On the evening to which the events narrated in the previous chapter carry us back, the invalid child occupied her usual position by the window of the great hall. Resting her tiny hand on the shoulder of her sister who knelt by her chair, she watched intently the rise and fall of the lazily-moving waters, following them with curious eyes as they rolled away to the dark shore beyond. By the huge fire at the extremity of the hall sat her father—a man still young in years and vigorous in body, but bearing in the furrows of his brow and the premature greyness of his hair the marks which deep and lasting sorrow leaves behind. Near him sat a young man whose dress and manner would have led one to think him an Englishman. But the ease and fluency with which he replied in Gaelic to the remarks addressed to him were irreconcilable with this supposition. He was very tall and very pale, with dark, gleaming eyes, which flitted uneasily from one object to another, as if they were always on the look-out for some expected danger. This wandering of the eyes was accompanied by a constant contraction of the muscles of the forehead, so that the white face seemed to wear an habitual scowl. To the window niche where sat the sick child and her sister the dark eyes were frequently turned; and when they rested on the two silent figures, the forehead above them appeared to expand, and the scowl grew less marked upon the white face.

"Mary," said the little invalid to her sister, in a low tone, "you say we are to have another visitor at the castle to-night. I hope he will have a pleasanter face than the one who came yesterday. Oh! how I wish he would go away. I do so dread those piercing black eyes. He reminds me of the wicked ogre who, you remember, carried off the beautiful princess from the castle far away down the river."

"Hush, Kathleen, dear!" replied her sister, kissing the pale face uplifted to hers. "You must not speak so of father's friend. I have often told you that there are no ogres now, so you need not fear that either of us shall be carried away."

"But there are bad men in the world still," objected the child.

"What matters it to us? They cannot come hither to disturb us. They are far away beyond yon dark mountains, and will never trouble our quiet home."

"Yes, yes, they are fighting there," said the child, with a shudder. "I am sometimes afraid to look towards the mountains lest I should see the wild soldiers coming; and at night when the wind is blowing, I often hear them shout, as if they stood upon the shore. Why do they fight, Mary? What dreadful men—to continue this war which makes everybody so sad!"

"They are not all bad men, Kathleen," returned her sister. "You know Uncle Walter and Cousin Robert, for whom we pray at night, are gone to the war, and they surely are not wicked. But those who are fighting against them are wicked and cruel. If they could, they would drive us out of our home, and send old Father Edward across the seas, or perhaps kill him."

"But they will not be able to do this?" asked the child, in alarm.

"Oh, no! The soldiers with Uncle Walter are very brave, and will not allow them to harm us."

"Ah, dear Uncle Walter!" continued the child, musingly. "When will he come back to us? How I should like to see him again, with his great coat of steel and the tall plumes waving from his helmet! And the soldiers who fight with him, how grateful we should be to them!"

"Kathleen!" said her sister, pointing towards the shore, "do you see yon bright blaze that shines through the trees?"

"Yes, I have been watching it for some time."

"It has been kindled by the friendly soldiers of whom I told you. Do you see the boat, with old Connor at the helm, which is coming towards us from that spot?"

"I do."

"It carries one of these good soldiers, who is to stay with us to-night."

"How glad I am!" answered the child. "I am sure," she continued, after a pause, "he will have bright eyes like yours, Mary, and that he will not frown when he looks at us."

The little boat was meantime cutting its way rapidly through the water, its occupants all unconscious of the interest they excited. The moonbeams glanced from the dripping oars, and from the armour of the soldier who sat by the helmsman; and the pale child watched the approach of the boat in silence, wondering within herself if a friendly face could wear a frown and have dark, restless eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CONFEDERATE CAPTAIN.

"Non-è alcun fra tanti
 Tranne Rinaldo, o feritor maggiore,
 O più bel di maniere e di sembianti,
 O più eccelso ed intrepido di core."
Gerusalemme Liberata.

HEBER MACDERMOTT who commanded the troop of horse marching northwards on the service of the Council, did not owe the ardour which he displayed in the national cause to an actual experience of the national misfortunes. He had not been born in Ireland, nor had he ever visited it till within a few months of the date at which we introduce him to our readers. His father when a young man had witnessed the failure of the great enterprise undertaken by the Ulster chieftains. He had sympathised with their efforts and had built great hopes on their first successes. But when the final reverse came, he abandoned himself to the despondency which took possession of most of the patriot minds of the day. There was no one to fill the place of the Chiefs of Tir-Owen and Tir-Connell in the minds of their countrymen. The northern earls carried with them into their exile, and subsequently down to their humble graves on the Janiculum, the hopes of a nation. The men who had been the most ardent in the national cause under their leadership, looked on in silence at the confiscations which succeeded their flight; or themselves fled in despair from a land for which, it seemed, there was not to be liberty or peace any more.

Amongst those who quitted their country at this most disastrous period of her history, was Hugh MacDermott. He had not joined in the submission made by his kinsmen to the Deputy, Lord Mountjoy. The cause in which he was chiefly interested—his country's—was lost; he cared not to retrieve his private fortunes by doing homage to the victorious power. He retired to France, where he served with distinction in the wars of Louis XIII. against the Huguenots. After the taking of Rochelle he quitted the army and withdrew to an estate in Brittany, which he possessed in right of his wife.

Madame MacDermott was the only child of a Breton gentleman of ancient family and considerable fortune. During the passage of the Royal army on its march against the rebels of Poitou, some of the officers of a division which had been ordered to cross the Loire at Nantes, had been entertained at the Chateau of Boisville. The old mansion became henceforth so attractive to an Irish officer of cavalry who had been of the party that he found frequent

excuses for visiting it during the tedious campaign in Poitou. After the siege of Royau he obtained prolonged leave of absence, during which was celebrated his marriage with Mademoiselle de Boisville, the beautiful heiress of the old chateau on the Loire.

When Rochelle had fallen, and the country of his adoption was delivered from the most dangerous of her enemies, Hugh MacDermott resigned his commission. He retired to the chateau of which he had become proprietor by the death of his father-in-law, and devoted himself to the management of his estate, and to the education of the children with which his marriage had been blessed.

Under his father's care, Heber MacDermott grew up a proficient in those manly exercises which, at that time, constituted a large part of the education of a gentleman. He rode well, was a clever marksman, and handled dexterously both broadsword and rapier. Of what is called book learning he received enough to develop the energies of a mind naturally vigorous and thoughtful. With these accomplishments, joined to a handsome figure and elegant address, he was qualified to enter the higher classes of French society. His early training as well as his naturally ardent temperament inclined him to seek distinction in the profession which had been his father's. The affection he bore his mother and sister delayed for a time the execution of his resolve to become a soldier. But youth and hope suggested arguments which at length silenced their protests and the scruples which their distress occasioned him. His father obtained for him a commission in a cavalry regiment of the army of Comte de Soissons, and followed by the tears and prayers of its inhabitants he quitted the old chateau to join the army which operated on the frontiers of Champagne against the forces of Spain.

One other feeling besides his love for military glory he bore away with him from the home of his youth. Whilst yet a boy he had learned to take a deep interest in the fortunes of the land from which his father was an exile. Often in the winter evenings he had sat by the fire in the castle hall listening with rapt attention to the tales his father told of the adventures of his early life. He had become familiar with all the details of the last war waged in Ireland against the English dominion. His sympathy was enlisted for the people whose sufferings he realised so vividly, and his admiration for the great chiefs who had directed the rebellion was unbounded. His father remarked with pleasure this affection for the land which he himself had loved so well, and took every opportunity to foster a state of feeling so much in harmony with his own.

The career of the young soldier had been successful. He had assisted at many of the great battles that succeeded each other so rapidly towards the close of the Thirty Years' War; and he had won promotion by his courage. In the August of the year 1645, accident brought him to Paris. Much excitement prevailed about

that time among the Irish exiles of the French capital. Innocent X. had despatched a Nuncio to represent him in the Council of the Irish Confederate Catholics, and had supplied him with a large sum of money to be employed in forwarding the interests of the Catholic party in Ireland. The Nuncio had stopped at Paris to provide himself with military stores for the Irish campaign. There he had secured the services of many of the Irish officers of the French army, who willingly consented to accompany him to aid in what they believed to be the coming deliverance of their native land. MacDermott, on his arrival in Paris, was earnestly solicited by many of his former companions in arms to take part in the enterprise. The invitation accorded well with his love of adventure and with his love of Ireland. He resigned his commission, wrote to his father to announce his purpose, followed the Nuncio to Rochelle, and embarked with him on board the *San Pietro*.

His honesty of purpose and his enthusiasm for the cause to which he was devoted, attracted the notice of Rinuccini. The Archbishop held frequent conversations with the young soldier, discussed with him the state of political parties in Ireland, and discerning in him rare abilities, as well as rare uprightness, determined to attach him to his own particular service. Arrived in Ireland, MacDermott was for a time the companion of the Nuncio in his journeys. But the life of a diplomatist suited him not, and he longed for the activity of the camp. His desires were granted. O'Neill, the favourite general of the Irish and the firm supporter of the Nuncio, had nearly finished the preparations for his campaign against the Scots, who, despite the truce concluded between the Government and the "rebels," ravaged the country wherever they could do so with impunity. Rinuccini had supplied the northern general with money and with arms. In his reports of the organisation of his army, O'Neill complained continually of the lack of tried officers to lead his newly raised regiments. Many of the foreign officers who had accompanied the Nuncio to Ireland had taken service under the Ulster general; MacDermott requested the permission of his patron to follow their example. His request was acceded to. At the Nuncio's expense a small troop of horse was raised, the command was entrusted to MacDermott, and he was ordered to join, as soon as possible, the army of The O'Neill. Such had been the career of Heber MacDermott.

As the boat sped swiftly across the lake, the young soldier sat buried in deep thought. The warning which the stranger had whispered in his ear at parting made him look forward with some anxiety to his meeting with the inhabitants of the castle. About to partake of a hospitality he had been warned to distrust, his thoughts turned to the kind hearts who mourned his absence far away in the old chateau. The time and place, too, forced upon him remembrances of home. The dark walls rose from the waters

before him strangely resembling those within which his youth had been passed, and the moonbeams played upon the waves just as he had seen them, when a boy, play on the eddies of the Loire. Trifling details of place or circumstance are the links by which our memory clings to the past. His thoughts left the scene before him, and hurried away across the sea. He was again in the hall of the old mansion. From a dark corner of the room he watched the group which sat by the fire. He heard them talk, and listened intently, when he discovered that the conversation was of him. His mother was surprised that no tidings had come from him of late. His father explained that in a soldier's life there is little time for letter-writing; but, even so, he doubted not that they should have letters from him soon. His sister sat and listened in silence, wondered that Heber did not think of them oftener, and then punished herself for thus accusing him by imagining him sick or wounded, and unable or unwilling to make known to them his misfortunes.

He was roused from his reverie by the shock of the boat against the rocks on which the castle stood. He hurriedly rose from his seat, and followed the aged steward up a rude stone stairs which led from the water's edge across what looked like a flower garden, and then beneath a low arch which admitted him into a narrow hall. At the further extremity of this narrow passage a bright stream of light issued from a half-open door, and bursts of noisy mirth, tributes to the sallies of the wit or story-teller of the servants' hall, issued from the lighted apartment, suggesting pleasing thoughts of home comforts to the weary cavalier. Midway down the passage he was traversing, his conductor turned to the right, mounted a narrow staircase, and opening the door of the "great hall," announced Captain Heber MacDermott. The master of Duneevin Castle advanced to meet his guest, welcomed him with unassumed cordiality, presented him to his daughters, to his kinsman, Mr. Plunkett, and lastly to an old man robed in a worn-out cassock, Father Edward O'Farrell, the family chaplain.

Supper had been waiting his arrival. It required but little persuasion to induce the soldier to do ample justice to the meal. He took scarcely any part in the animated conversation carried on between the host and Mr. Plunkett. They discussed the state of political parties and the recent movements of the opposing armies; MacDermott, mindful of the warning he had received, listened attentively to the opinions expressed by the speakers, but was reserved in the expression of his own. Apart from the advice given him, this reserve would have been forced upon him by the feeling which he conceived towards the kinsman of his host. It is said that nature writes the character of the individual in the lineaments of his face, and that the symbols she uses are intelligible to all who give attention to the study of them. MacDermott, during his frequent residences in the French capital, had enjoyed rare oppor-

tunities of becoming a proficient in the deciphering of these inscriptions. He had profited so well by these advantages that before he had passed many minutes in Mr. Plunkett's society, he determined to be extremely cautious in his communications with him. The frank, open countenance and unconstrained manner of his host were incompatible with duplicity, and defied distrust.

"And so you are bound for Ulster?" said Arthur Dillon, after a somewhat prolonged pause in the conversation.

"Yes; I am entrusted by my Lord the Nuncio with communications for The O'Neill," returned MacDermott.

"I have heard that that general is making active preparations for a new expedition," interposed Plunkett. "What may be the number of men now under his command?"

"I am unable to say," answered MacDermott. "I am comparatively a stranger in the country, and as yet know little of the resources of our friends or our enemies."

"You have never visited Ulster before?" asked Plunkett.

"No. It is but a short time since I first set foot on Irish soil. My duties have never called me so far north before."

"Pardon my curiosity," put in the old chaplain; "although your name is decidedly Irish, your accent would make me think you a Frenchman."

"I can to a certain extent claim to belong to both nations," replied MacDermott, smiling. "My father was, in his younger days, almost a neighbour of your own. He became a citizen of France a long time ago; but his love of Ireland has remained unchanged, and he is now happy that his son can take the place which he is too old to fill in the struggle for her liberty."

Something like a sarcastic smile played on Plunkett's pale face as he listened to the concluding words of the reply. Arthur Dillon gazed with unaffected admiration on his guest, and said with warmth:—

"I could wish that our country had a host of such champions."

The invalid Kathleen, who listened in silence to the conversation, bestowed a look of gratitude on the stranger who had come across the sea to fight in their defence. But the approving glance that shone in Mary Dillon's dark eyes, as they were raised to the face of the enthusiastic soldier, was a commendation more valued than all.

To the attentive observer woman's character reveals itself quickly; it is not necessary to place her in difficult or critical positions in order to prove her title to our esteem. There is enough in her manner of rendering the most trifling service or offering sympathy in the smallest misfortune to exhibit true natural gentleness and genuine kindness of heart; and these are the qualities which constitute the amiability of her character. Brilliant talents and high mental culture may render woman attractive; they can of themselves do little to make her amiable, and can never replace

in her those qualities of the heart which are the secret of her power over man.

MacDermott had been struck by the unostentatious affection of Mary Dillon for her feeble sister. He did indeed admit to himself that beauty superior to her's he had never gazed on before. He confessed to himself that her artless manner and simple attire outshone the haughty mien and gorgeous robes of the great dames whom he had seen sweep through the galleries of the Palais Royal in the train of Anne of Austria. But the charm which attracted him was not in the mould of her features nor in the bright flash of her dark eyes. Graces such as these he had seen in abundance, and he had gazed upon them unmoved. But when to these personal attractions was added a sweetness and gentleness which softened every glance of the eye and mellowed every tone of the voice, the combination was such as he had not seen before; and MacDermott felt that no sign of woman's favour had ever gratified him half so much as that glance of approval from Mary Dillon's eyes and that pleased smile on her lips. Motives of choice, then, as well as motives of prudence, induced him to direct the greater part of his conversation to the fair girl by whose side he was sitting.

"Holding this island-fortress against his Majesty's troops, Miss Dillon is, doubtless, an ardent patriot?" he inquired with a smile.

"If sympathy with the people be enough to make a patriot, I think I may boast of being one," she answered; and then continued in a more serious tone, "it would be hard not to sympathise with them. You who are a stranger can hardly picture to yourself what they have suffered."

"Unhappily I am no stranger to the horrors of war. I have seen them in their worst shape in my native country."

"Alas, sir! civilized warfare will hardly give you any idea of the way in which war is waged in this unfortunate land. It is but a year since both sides of the river were overrun by the soldiers of Stuart and Munroe. The tales of horror which their visit has left behind among the hapless peasants would freeze your blood. And now the troops of Sir Charles Coote are destroying whatever the first marauders spared."

"On my way from Kilkenny to Limerick," returned the soldier, "I had an opportunity of seeing the traces of his prowess which Inchiquin left behind him, and from these I can judge how war is conducted by the generals you speak of. But methought that precautions had been taken to save this province from such devastations."

"Yes, it was said that the forces of General Preston and Lord Clanrickarde had united to protect us, but they have not succeeded over well. Coote's horsemen still scour the country in all directions. You will permit me," she continued, with a show of interest

which made the heart of the soldier beat quicker than usual, "to warn you against the dangers which beset your march. The west bank of the river, which you must follow for some time, is often visited by troops of horse who have little respect for the articles of the cessation. You cannot be too much on your guard against a surprise. I speak like a politician or a soldier," she added, smiling sadly; "but here in this lonely isle we talk but of war and politics, and so I have come to assume a little of both characters."

"I am deeply indebted for the warning, and still more for the interest you are pleased to take in our safety," returned the soldier, with something more than gallantry in his tone.

"You doubtless find Miss Dillon an enthusiast in the national cause," broke in Plunkett, addressing himself to MacDermott.

"I find her an enthusiast in the cause of humanity, with which, if I mistake not, the national cause in Ireland is identified."

"No doubt, no doubt!" assented the master of Dunccevin; "the rulers of Ireland have dealt harshly with its people."

"The severity has not been entirely unprovoked," observed Plunkett; "the restlessness of the northern cosherers and creakhts could not fail to force the Government to harsh measures."

"You do not, surely, call the resentment of the dispossessed chieftains and peasantry of Ulster a justification of the barbarities of Coote and Inchiquin?" asked the soldier, warmly. "It may be politically wise to destroy a people that has been robbed of everything that could give it an interest [in the maintaining of public order; but before the laws of justice and humanity, there is no excuse for the robbery or the murder. Perhaps, too, the time is at hand when the rulers of Ireland will learn that prudence as well as justice was on the side of mercy."

"I look forward to the issue with interest," said Plunkett, carelessly.

"And I with doubt and dark foreboding," said the host. "But we will not yet despair. To the triumph of King Charles!" he cried, filling his wine cup and bowing to his guests.

"If it mean the freedom of Ireland," said MacDermott, as he raised the goblet before him to his lips.

THE MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART.

JUST now, and the varied shades of green
 Stood out 'gainst the soft May sky full clear;
 The lilac bloomed, and the chestnut waved,
 And the fragrant thorn hid blushing near.
 All day came the corncrake's twisted note,
 The swallow's song with the stream made tune,
 While the summer hours kept chiming sweet
 Their prelude low for the coming June.

The deep mid-June and the Sacred Heart—
 The Heart transpierced and the crimson tide,
 The lance and rays, and the open wound,
 Where the stricken ones and the tired may hide.
 Have our lips for Him no words of love?
 Our souls no want, or no pain our life?
 Have our hearts and hopes been wronged and tried,
 And spirit crushed in the world's rude strife?

As none beside, will He feel for us;
 No pang or pain but His Heart once bore—
 The parted friend and the fresh green grave;
 And the chill neglect and spirit sore;
 The unkind word, and the thoughtless act,
 And love that perhaps met cold return—
 He knows them all, and He is our God,
 Whose Heart with pity and love doth burn.

The wild bird cooleth his purple wing
 Where the lazy leaves still float away,
 The lily bends and the red rose droops,
 And rapture breathes o'er the earth to-day.
 'Tis our Lord's own Feast—the Feast of Love,
 He pleads, as once by the olive tree,
 From yearning depths of a human heart,
 "Could you not watch yet an hour with me?"

We'll watch and pray, and we'll come to Him,
 With the bleeding rose and the lily white,
 The mignonette and the scented thyme,
 And trembling star of the jessamine slight.
 We'll bring the flowers, and we'll bring our hearts,
 Our wants shall plead, and our weakness pray,
 For 'tis love's own feast, in deep mid-June,
 And God can reject no prayer to-day.

M. MY. R.

A VISIT TO POMPEII AND THE AUTHOR OF "FLEURANGE."

BY M. C. BISHOP.

THE 23rd of May, 1870, found us thoroughly enjoying the almost overpowering beauty of the Bay of Naples, as seen from Castellamare, scenery so well and so often celebrated in prose and verse, ancient and modern, that I need not print for the *ennui* of my readers the notes I made of my impressions at the time. But there is generally some interest in even trivial personal adventures, and the report of a day or two spent at La Cava, in the society of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Craven, a lady known to many in the pages of her "*Récit d'une Sœur*," ought, if for her sake alone, to be pleasant reading for her admirers.

After Mass at Castellamare, where the people sat and lounged most of the time in attitudes more picturesque than respectful, and where the individual who served also sat, lazily pulling a string when the bell had to be rung, we hired a carriage to take us to Pompeii, which lay on our way to Cava, and which, heat notwithstanding, it was, of course, our duty to see. We gladly preferred an hour of dusty road to encountering the shrieking *faccini* of the railway station and to risking a second personal encounter between them and our English servant, who, on our arrival at Castellamare, had checked an importunate beggar by the well-directed application of a dressing-case between his shoulders. Our plans obliged us to start at an hour when only Englishmen and dogs are abroad in the Italian sun, but the extreme cultivation of the district rested our drowsy eyes. There were potatoes in full blossom, and yellowing corn in trim patches. The maize was well advanced in the irrigated gardens, and there were flourishing crops under the vines, tended by hot-coloured faunish-looking creatures in scanty garments, who rested under orange and fig-trees from their morning's work of filling the reservoirs for evening irrigation from the wells, the long levers of which crossed the greenery like spars of shipping. High farming made itself known in more than one way, and the sea-breeze, new-born every noon, flung "arrowy odours" at us now of orange flowers, now of the well-bred black pigs that seem to find a happy home in the valley of the Sarno.

Pompeii was quite different from what I had expected, though I suppose I was as familiar as are most people with drawings, and plans, and Crystal Palace imitations of its peculiar features. On the whole, South Kensington and Crystal Palace copies seem to me among the many educational mistakes prevalent. They fill the mind with knowledge that fails just so much in accuracy as to be

more injurious than ignorance, as the worst falsehoods are those that wear the mask of truth. Anyhow, we went past sentries and officials and mounds of excavated ashes, into a large, clean town with the roof off. The houses being of one story, their ruin was less apparent, and the presence of the luxurious villa population is easily imagined. Temples for serious worship of the sacred Emperors were in perhaps the most startling contrast to our ideas. As for the cult of Bacchus, Isis, and lesser personifications of natural forces, the whole country seems still haunted by them. The living Vesuvius, still rent by labouring Titans; the sea-grottoes, not altogether deserted in their opaline loveliness by Tritons and Nereids, for in that enchanted land the fabled links which drew earth and sky together appear not altogether broken; the airy messengers and sentient echoes seem still to syllable the names of pagan deities. We had seen in the museum at Naples the more precious relics of the old Pompeian life, its refinements and comforts that might vie with those of this age of physical invention, and its ornaments more beautiful than any we can boast of; but there were still series after series of mosaics left *in situ*, and frolic fountains, and traces of complacent luxury in abundance along the straight, narrow streets, the monotony of which was beginning to tire us, when we came on the calcined form of a mother and son, an exact reproduction of the agonizing group as it was found in the attitude of despairing struggle when the fiery rain of ashes came storming down on it, she warding off imminent suffocation with hand before her mouth, both with contorted limbs in wrestle with victorious Azrael, more awful than any death I had seen in painting or reality.

The sight altered the bent of our fancies. Isis and Dionysos fled as we remembered that in this place the Christ had been blasphemed in the drawing that has been found of a crucified man with an ass's head. The revulsion was abruptly great, and in it we realised for a second how in this country, soiled with past crimes, instinct with sensuous life, throbbing with perfume, overshadowed and undermined by volcanoes, there came on ardent Christian men a passion of ascetic contradiction to their surroundings, and an impulse to flee from the overpowering beauty of the plain to desert places and wild mountains.

Meantime, we found ourselves without the embankments that encircle the city of the first century, and waiting at the station for the train that was to take us on to Cava de' Tirreni. We kept everywhere within the clear cut edges of the shadows, sheltering ourselves from the arrows of the Sun-god. Cool water in porous jars, and cherries and nespoli, a small yellow fruit, helped us to pass the time; and as we were debating whether the said nespoli were really a useful food, or whether eating them was a waste of time, a sturdy ballad singer, calling himself the *Trovatore di Pompeii*, began an ode in honour of Garibaldi, "The man born of

heaven, the terror of France, under whose powerful influence Napoleon was already dead." When he had done he handed round his hat, and I remarked that I considered Garibaldi a brigand, but that I would throw him a paul in honour of Pius the Ninth. His blank astonishment that all Englishwomen do not admire the hero of Aspromonte was amusing.

Our purpose in going to La Cava was to fulfil a promise made in Rome, the previous month, that we should in our southern wanderings visit our friends Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Craven at Castagneto, their villa, that overlooks the Bay of Salerno. My readers ought to be, if they are not already, familiar with the author of "*Le Récit d'une Sœur*," as she has partly revealed herself in the "*Pauline*" of that most fascinating biography. But in it only glimpses are allowed of the writer's own personality, gracefully effaced, that the interest of the story may be concentrated on Alexandrine de la Ferronays, the convert wife of Mrs. Craven's brother. It is the more delightful perhaps to experience by personal intercourse the charm and nobleness of her who has known so well how to represent those traits in others, for we cannot hope that again a biography as elegant and tender will be found to do for her what she has done for her sisters. We had not announced our arrival at Castagneto, which we only reached after the late summer night had fallen over the valley on the chestnut-wooded slope of which Mr. Craven's villa lies; but all the more cheerful was our greeting, once the big white Appenine dog allowed us to reach the door. After some months of Italian apartments, the beauty and comfort of a perfect English home warmed our faculties, and our wits were ready to relish good talk on a dozen of the *questions brulantes* of the day, but especially on Roman news, of which we brought them the latest—messages from their friends who had lingered in the neighbourhood of the Vatican, eager to hear the as yet whispered utterances of the council. And then by the dim glow that came up from where the sun had set behind the rugged line of mountains, we looked down the ravine that is bounded by the purple sea of Salerno, from a verandah fringed and lighted by fire-flies.

Next day we started early on an expedition to Amalfi, notwithstanding a grave look or two from Mrs. Craven, who mentioned brigands and mounted police, but in the clatter of our three fast horses as they galloped down the gorge of Vietri, between terraced gardens, white castles, and ranges of turreted mountains towards the laughing sea, we gathered courage. If there were robbers in those purple, yet radiant folds of the hills, they could hardly catch us; and village after village streamed down the course of each torrent and nestled in the cove below, so that the road was at first not solitary. Wherever a torrent had brought some earth with it, there were lemon and orange orchards, some perched on crags, some sloping to the beach, where bronzed Masaniellos and their

nets reddened the line of silvery surf. Terraces rose above the road in places, along which the pointed lemons formed a golden fringe. Then the way rose to skirt a headland until we were among brakes of myrtle, from which our servant cut some walking-sticks, and white and purple cystus. A snake glided hurriedly by, quite three feet long, and tried to get up the rock through which our road was cut. Failing in that, it seemed inclined to show fight, and raised itself for battle. But it was, after all, an unequal struggle, and in a minute the poisonous thing had lost all beauty of curve and motion, and lay back-broken in the gutter.

Then the high coast line of Amalfi came in view, and over it the country of brigands, into which we must not venture even half a mile. Curious coloured domes, old churches, and convents, cluster thickly in the ancient republic, where lie the bones of the Apostle Andrew, and which once was a populous and sturdy outpost of Christendom, when Saracen sails hovered like hawks in the bay of Salerno. On the quay were laid out heaps of red corn to dry, rich in colour against the intense purple sea. Boys were about, playing, bathing, wrestling; boats were being got ready for their anchovy fishing ground off Paestum; some were hoisting sail; some fleeing fast towards the distant coast. There was a glimmer of clear depths, a sparkle and smile of the sunny waves as they played in and out the deep varied grottoes in the twisted cliffs, that tempted us out to sea even before we had half appreciated the land scene. The women wore yellow silk shawls, and slippers with pointed toes, as in Pompeian frescoes; there were few girls, but many men chattering and screaming like wild fowl. We sailed to rhythmic barcarolles, and saw the nets spread far, with regular lines of buoys like fortifications; often, indeed, assaulted by dolphins, which spoil the fishing; and the sea made thunder, like the trampling of horses, on the hollow places along the caverned shore, and we caught fish worthy of those in the Arabian story—green, and blue, and red, and one like silvery riband, with a dark velvet snout; and I talked to the padrone in charge of us, and picked up some Amalfi history, and stories of the prevalent thrift, and of the old-world customs still in force. Then we had good luncheon of quails, netted on the mountains, and red mullet, and felt able to jostle through the narrow, crowded lanes in quest of the macaroni and paper factories that are the pride of the place. As soon as possible, we resolved to forget that vision of macaroni dough and its kneaders, but the valley of paper mills was strangely picturesque, draped with rare ferns, but unsavoury by reason of the old rags that strings of men and women carried in great bundles, and that defiled the stream in due course of washing.

We strolled through curious covered lanes into which the houses opened, and then by steep paths to a little farm of our landlord's, near the empty Capuchin convent, and heard that the people were hardworking but ill paid. Farm servants get food and about

sevenpence a day; others, a shilling without food. The shallow terraces are tilled to the farthest point of production. Under the trellised vines maize was growing, irrigated by complicated and ancient conduits from the surplus water of a village above. Under the orange trees were three sleek cows, well groomed, and tame, as we fed them with the golden fruit. The pigs were every day washed, and were handsome, of Swiss and American breeds.

But while we had loitered the shadows had all changed, and the redder glow on the bald mountains reminded us of our evening to be spent at Castagneto. At our inn we found the visitors' book, and while the horses were being harnessed we looked through old volumes of names, many of them belonging to English poets and artists, in whose creations the noble beauty of Amalfi had not been forgotten. We came on the autograph of Albert de la Ferronays, the hero of "*Le Récit d'une Sœur*," and a sudden pleasure in the knowledge that his sister would be that evening our hostess made us impatient to be gone.

But there was excitement and crowding in the hotel porch, which delayed us. Two brigands had been arrested on the road—our road—and were brought in by the carabinieri and a large escort of Amalfitans. It was a hint to leave those parts while we might, and we were glad in the hurry of our horses. It was hot, but they never turned a hair, thanks to their feeding on the pods of the carouba tree, of which we saw plenty along the way. Two hours brought us to Castagneto, where the welcome of our friends made home for us. The prior of the Benedictines of Cava dined with us, and when we had exhausted the subject of brigands, our talk fell naturally on his celebrated Monastery of the Most Holy Trinity, which next day we were to visit. After dinner we had such conversation as might be looked for when Mrs. Craven was our entertainer. From the daughter of Comte de la Ferronays, long time Ambassador to Petersburg, the niece of the Duc de Blacas, faithful friend for life of Charles the Tenth, the great niece and god-child of the Duchess de Tourzel,—from whose own lips Mrs. Craven had heard the story of her imprisonment in the Temple, as governess of the children of France,—brilliant reminiscence of the restoration was to be expected, and large acquaintance with its legends and traditions.

As the close friend of Madame Swetchine, of Montalembert, Lacordaire, and that brotherhood which had so much to do with the revival of Catholicity in France, Mrs. Craven was not less an interesting recorder of their intimate thoughts; and what of her own wit, and charm, and depth of intellectual culture she added to these large stores of memory it would not be becoming here to speak. She and Mr. Craven had, while alone, been reading through their correspondence of nearly forty years with M. de Montalembert. His recent death had spurred them to the task, and they were full of renewed memories of him and his friends. Before we

separated for the night, the Rosary, the Litany of our Lady, and other prayers in Italian, in which the whole household joined, were said in the chapel, with which, however, I made better acquaintance at Mass next morning. An excellent copy of the Madonna di Foligno was the altarpiece: a Dead Christ by Ribera, was at one side. Other art treasures were there, but in the serene and devout calm they were but accessories. The air was full of perfume from great bouquets of roses on the altar, and after Mass the incense of nature to her Master seemed doubly fragrant. The valley towards the sea glowed purple beyond the orange and red flower beds near the house; the shadowy mountains were altars, on which light clouds like incense floated. We paid a visit to the Badia, or Abbey, which is the chief interest of La Cava. The drive to it up a narrowing gorge was an ever new delight, as fold after fold of the chestnut-covered hills was revealed in velvety light and shade, until we came suddenly on the church. From the beginning of the eighth century there had been clustered in the valley of Cava cells, each of which was tenanted by one or two monks, who lived a solitary and austere life. In 1011 the Abbey of the Most Holy Trinity was founded on the site of one of these cells, known as Crypta Arsicia, or the Arid Grotto, by S. Alferius, a Benedictine, and cousin of the reigning Prince of Salerno. Many of the great men of that distracted time sought shelter there, and more than a thousand diplomas preserved in its archives attest their gratitude. The Norman princes of southern Italy and several of the Popes added to the dignity of the foundation, and its MSS. attracted the learned to study there the most precious documents of the Middle Ages. Muratori and Mabillon used the archives of Cava largely, and Tasso introduces it, as depicted on the tent of Godfrey, as the home of Pope Urban the Second—

“Non lunge in prezioso aureo contesto
Di color variato e di figure
Si scorge in *umil Cava* un vecchio onesto
Fuggire il mondo e sue fallaci cure;
E le nubi toccar quel monte e questo
E cader l'ombre nelle valli oscure;
E il sacro albergo in solitari e cupi
Luoghi celarsi in fra pendenti rupi.”

The present Italian Government has acknowledged the claim of the venerable place, and has declared it a national monument, and appropriated express revenues for its preservation.

The very ancient frescoes that were contributed by art to beautify the shrine of S. Alferius, the tombs of Norman dukes and Lombard princes, the ancient Sarcophagi, and the modern pictures and enrichments of the church, are, however interesting, not so precious as the library and archives. In one room are arranged fifteen thousand MSS., among which are diplomas and Greek and Latin parchments. Exposed to view is a “Morgengab”

of the year 792, a Bull of Gregory VII., 1075, and many other literary curiosities, as well as a Bible of the eighth century, a Bede "De Temporibus" of the ninth, a code of the Lombard kings, eleventh century, and some valuable illuminations. Rather satiated by the accumulated intellectual relics stored through so many centuries, we were not sorry to seek again, as is the fashion of our tired world, for refreshment in the mountain scenery, resting in the pure beauty of earth and sky, as perhaps those men rested who escaped to deserts from the exhaustion of the Lower Empire.

An afternoon spent in hearing Mrs. Craven read the story of "Fleurange," which she has lately published, restored us to the modern world of thought. The scene of the book lies in the present; yet in one or two exquisite descriptions of convent life as it now is, we felt how the institutions of the Church link us with the past in all that it had of beauty. The devotion which gathered round the cells of Cava was not wanting in "Fleurange," and the society of which Mrs. Craven was that day the representative is not less in perfect harmony with the noblest memories of eighteen centuries, than with all that is best in our own time. With singular regret we turned northwards the following day, and replunged into the glittering Dance of Death, so gay and rapid in the bustle of Florence and in the luxury of Paris, over which few then saw the rapidly nearing shadow of siege and disaster.

MADAME DE SAISSEVAL.

BY CECILIA CADDELL,

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE SNOWDROP," "BLIND AGNESS," &c.

PART II. ADVERSITY.

WHILE Trianon was amusing itself with idle imitations of pastoral simplicity, and Versailles was still blazing in the golden glories bequeathed to it by its founder, the clouds which had been darkening for years over the political horizon of France, were fast gathering themselves up into that mighty storm, which was so soon to burst upon the land and deluge it in blood. Evil men rejoiced over the coming of the tempest, little dreaming how many of them would prove its victims in the end; frivolous ones stood scared, almost into imbecility, at the possibility of peril to a throne before which they and their ancestors had worshipped for centuries. But, while all acknowledged the danger, the good alone sought to avert it by

penance and by prayer. Madame Elizabeth, the only one of the royal family who seems to have comprehended the full scope and tendency of the revolution from the beginning, was naturally one of the foremost in every effort made to move Providence to mercy.

She feared for the throne of her kingly brother, but, like a true daughter of St. Louis, she feared yet more for the throne of God, and so early as the year 1790, she wrote out with her own hands the formula of a vow to the immaculate Heart of Mary, by which she bound herself to the performance of certain good works, for the express purpose of moving that tender Mother to interfere for the preservation of religion in her distracted country. And say not (the bloody revolution which followed almost immediately afterwards, notwithstanding), say not, she made that holy covenant in vain!

In the midst of the cruel massacres, which, deluging France from end to end in blood, left her hearths desolate, and their inhabitants in mourning—in the midst of that hatred of all holy things which desecrated her altars, and sent whole armies of martyrs to their crowns in heaven—in the midst of that Satanic prostitution of intellect which could shamelessly parade a depraved woman through the streets as the Goddess of Reason, and the only divinity men needed to adore—in the midst of obscenities and mockeries, blasphemies and desecrations, which, even at this distance of time it is sickening either to remember or record—in the midst of all this, Religion existed still. Nay more, ground down as she was, and almost trampled, as her enemies deemed her, out of sight, she not only preserved her existence intact, but she increased in strength and vigour, disappearing from the surface of the earth, only to strike root deeper than ever in the soil; and like a plant which owes its best luxuriance to the excision of its feeble branches, no sooner had the storm passed away, than she rose once more in greater beauty and bloom than ever, and covered the land with flowers.

Nor was this the only result of the persecution by which men, blind as the builders of the tower of Babel, sought to reach God through His ministers, and to hurl Him from His throne. The revolutionists of 1790, actually did His work while they fancied they were accomplishing their own, and many a mission, still flourishing in Protestant England, owes its existence to the very clergy, whom their hatred of religion had thus driven into exile. For a French priest rarely pitched his tent upon any spot, however lonely or anti-Catholic, without soon gathering a small congregation round him. His own countrymen naturally came first, and in the difficulty which then existed of procuring the ministration of priests of their own nation (owing to the scantiness of their numbers, and the size of the districts over which they were scattered), English Catholics were only too glad, in the long run, to avail themselves of his services.

The first Catholic orphanage known in London, was founded by the Abbé Carron, whose memory is still held in veneration at the convent which he established for that purpose at Somerstown. It was probably intended at first merely for the children of the emigrés; and Madame de Saisseval's own family received their education beneath its roof. But no child in need of the charity was refused on the score of nationality, and as the French gradually returned to their own country, it became completely an English school, and supported entirely by contributions from the English. The venerable Abbé, to whose zeal it owed its existence, continued to superintend and to foster it until the end of his life; and the little children, whom, in humble imitation of his divine model he had "gathered thus tenderly up in his arms," became on their return to their own homes his best apostles, by inclining their parents and families to the religion which he preached.

In their character of emigrés, moreover, French priests were received into circles from which, simply as Catholic clergymen, they would have been driven in disdain. Many were the lordly Protestant mansions which opened their gates wide to admit them, for weeks and months at a time, as welcome and thrice honoured guests, and wherever they were thus received, they had the happy art of making themselves both agreeable and useful. They taught French and mathematics to the young, and entered with ready good humour into all the interests and projects of the old, while their saintly lives and cheerful patience, amid their own misfortunes, undoubtedly produced a salutary reaction in the ideas of their hosts, and was the commencement of a larger and more charitable view of the religion which they professed, than had existed in England since the days of the Reformation.

So vain is it for men to contend with God! So easily does He draw good out of the very evil they are working! With such magnificent calmness does He uphold His Church amid the storms which the devil is ever raising against her! with such marvellous power and wisdom does He give her new strength, and breadth, and depth out of the very means by which her enemies and His are striving to uproot her! Why then do we tremble now? And of what are we afraid? As it was then, so also will it be again, even in these evil days upon which, unhappily, we have fallen. Persecution, indeed, comes from the hand of man, but it works only by God's permission, and is as subservient to His will as the tides of the ocean—like them, never advancing a hair's breadth beyond the limits which He assigns, and like them also, ready at the beck of His Almighty hand to roll back into the deep waters from whence they came, and to be seen upon earth no more.

But to return to Madame Elizabeth and her vow. It was taken, not only by Mesdames de Carcado and Saisseval, but also by Madame Albert de Luynes, Madame de Bourdeillus, Madame de Raigecour, and many other ladies of distinction, the friends and

intimate companions of the princess. Madame de Saisseval was absent from Paris, having gone to Valogne, where her husband's regiment was quartered, about the time when there first was question of this project, but her faithful friend sent her the formula of the vow, as it had been written out by the hands of the princess herself, and she accepted it at once without question or hesitation. By its terms, each of them agreed to give a certain sum of money (every one in accordance to her means), to be set aside until the close of the year 1791, when it was to be employed in whatever work of charity seemed most needed at the moment; and they likewise promised to educate at their joint expense, a couple of the poorest, and most uncared-for children they could find. They agreed, moreover, to erect an altar to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, to found a monthly benediction, and to send two hearts formed of the purest gold, the Heart of Jesus joined to the Heart of Mary, to be offered at once to our Lady of Chartres, as a pledge for the due performance of their promise. The latter part of this vow was speedily accomplished; the first, including as it did the delay of many months, could not be fulfilled until after the death of the princess who had inspired it; but, at a later period, it produced, in the hands of the ladies to whom it had been confided, such abundant fruit, that Madame Elizabeth may well claim, from her throne in heaven, the honour, no doubt still dear to her heart, of having been, in very truth, first, among the many faithful souls, who rose up in those evil days to preserve France from that utter annihilation of all religious feeling contemplated by her degenerate sons.

The sum collected in this manner amounted, at the close of the year '91, to the large figure of 60,000 francs. Madame de Saisseval was at that time already an exile in England, and might well, on the score of poverty, have claimed exemption from her promise. But she would not take back what she had given to God, and the whole sum was, accordingly, handed over to Madame de Carcado, the only one of the little band of friends, either still resident in France, or else sufficiently free from supervision, to be able to apply it according to the intentions of the donors. She had had, however, previously, her full share in the troubles of the times, having been for many months an inmate of the bloody prison of the Carmes, from whence she was only delivered by the sudden collapse of the Reign of Terror. Immediately after this unlooked-for liberation Madame de Carcado retired to the country, and took up her abode at her own "*Chateau des Forts*," near Chartres, where she devoted herself entirely to prayer and good works. Once quietly settled there, she soon discovered a proper mode for the expenditure of the money entrusted to her care. It had been offered at first with a view of averting the evils of the revolution altogether; it could not now be better employed, she felt, than in aiding its destined victims to escape. Her house became, accordingly, the asylum of all who, by their religious profession, had

incurred the censure or suspicion of the *soi-disant* rulers of France; and bishops expelled from their dioceses, priests from their parishes, nuns from their convents flocked hither continually, certain of receiving generous and courageous hospitality at her hands. Of these, numbers were enabled, by means of the funds at her disposal, to escape into England, where they became, as we have already noted, veritable propagandists of the faith for which they suffered; but many also remained for months, and even years, with Madame de Carcado, waiting for better times, and employing themselves, in the interim, in evangelising the villages and densely populated districts around the castle. God rewarded her even in this life, for her zealous charity towards His chosen servants; for the venerable Père Picot de Clorivière, already renowned for his wisdom and discernment in the conduct of souls, became in this manner an habitual resident at her chateau, and under his direction she arrived at last at that perfect abnegation of self, which is like a seal set upon real sanctity, to distinguish it from all that is false and superficial. The remaining portion of Madame Elizabeth's vow, namely, that relating to the education of orphans, could not, of course, be accomplished in those days of turmoil and terror; but after Madame de Saisseval's return from exile, she, in conjunction with her friend, fulfilled, and more than fulfilled, the wishes of her royal mistress, by the establishment, first, of an orphanage for "*enfants délaissés*," and afterwards by a still higher and holier work, in the foundation of seminaries for the education of the clergy. But the history of these good works occur at a later period of her life, and were preceded, as such undertakings so often are, by years of trial and suffering on the part of her who was destined to fulfil them. At the time, when, solemnly and on her knees, she pronounced the vow sent to her by Madame de Carcado to Valogne, the revolution was already surging to its highest point; and in the face of its open murders and secret treacheries a sudden panic seized upon the French noblesse, and they abandoned *en masse* the throne which, by the conditions of their birth, they were bound especially to defend. It is hard to know whether to pity or to blame them! With a disaffected army, and a people whom misgovernment and the teachings of evil men had driven into madness, the ground was literally cut away from beneath their feet. The army, once so completely their own, acknowledged them no longer—the men of their own provinces, where formerly they had ruled supreme, were prepared to trample them under foot if they ventured among them—treachery had invaded their very households—they knew not whom to trust, or whom to shun, and in such a state of things they may well have felt, that it would have been the merest folly to attempt a struggle in which they were certain to sacrifice themselves and their own families, without contributing in the least to the safety of the king. Louis himself, ever generous and self-forgotten, was of the same opinion, and urged them strenuously to flight.

They were ready enough to comply with his desire ; a universal rush ensued, and the nobility of France disappeared, as if by magic, from the scene. Trianon was no longer gay ; Versailles stood solitary and sad in its deserted gardens ; and the throngs of courtiers, of bright women, and refined and high-hearted men who had so lately filled its magnificent galleries with merriment and music, were far away—beaten without having fought, exiled without proscription, and only too glad to earn their daily bread by occupations, which the very lacqueys who had served them in their golden days would almost sooner have perished than have adopted. M. de Saisseval was soon of the number of the exiles. He resigned his command in the French army, a step probably rendered necessary by the political tendencies of the soldiers, since it was taken at the same time by every officer in his regiment ; and with his wife, three children, and mother-in-law, Madame de Lastic, escaped into Belgium. He afterwards joined the army which had been organized against the French Republic, and in which both the brothers of Louis XVI. held command—most of the young nobility who had escaped from France, having formed themselves into regiments to fight beneath their banner. Madame de Saisseval remained with her children at Brussels, and there she resumed the holy life she had led at Paris, the only difference being, that while the early hours of the morning, still as before, belonged to God, the rest of the day, instead of being spent in the duties, no longer needed, of a great lady, was devoted to the education and maintenance of her family. She was destined, in fact, for many years to be not only their mother, but their servant also. The humblest duties of the household as well as the highest, fell, of necessity, to her share, and she accepted and accomplished both one and the other in that true spirit of religion, which gladly embraces poverty for the sake of the resemblance it gives to Him, who, being Lord and Creator of all things, refused them all in order to possess it.

M. de Saisseval did not remain long with the army. He received a wound in the head, which compelled him to return in a terrible state of health to his family, and which destroyed, in the end, his reason. His presence in his own home doubled and trebled the troubles of his wife, for, as he obstinately refused any attendance save her own, she was obliged to watch over him continually, and to provide, at the same time, for the subsistence of her mother and seven children, four having been added during those years of exile to the three whom she had brought with her originally from Paris. But she was not long to enjoy even the quiet labours of her poor home at Brussels. The army of the Princes was at last compelled to retreat before the victorious troops of France ; and in order to escape falling into the hands of the latter, the exiles, who had depended for safety on the success of the royalists, were driven from one town to another, until they felt they had no other chance of freedom than to seek it beyond the seas. With some difficulty, they

succeeded in reaching a seaboard town in Holland, where they embarked, twelve in number (the youngest child having been born only thirteen days before) in a Dutch vessel bound for England. It was bitter cold, wintry weather, but the voyage was made in safety, and they were landed, in the midst of frost and snow, at a small fishing hamlet on the eastern coast of England.

They had little money, and no letters of recommendation; they were ignorant, moreover, of the English language, and in the impossibility, which thence ensued, of explaining their real motives and intentions, they became, naturally enough, objects of suspicion to the rude people upon whose hospitality they had thus unexpectedly been cast. In vain, therefore, they wandered, against a blinding snow, and a wind, keen and cutting as a knife, through the narrow streets in search of shelter. No one would take them in. The whole afternoon, and a good portion of the night as well, was spent in this miserable pilgrimage; but at last, just as the church clock struck twelve, the hour in which Jesus and His mother, Mary, found refuge in the stable of Bethlehem, one of the townsfolk, moved (let us hope) by that very thought, agreed to give them shelter. It was only just in time; another hour or two would, probably, have proved fatal to one or more of the little party. Even as it was, the trial had been such as the holiest and strongest might well have shrunk from, or succumbed to; and Madame de Saisseval used afterwards to acknowledge that, at first, she could not forbear weeping bitterly, when at each fresh application she found her sick and distraught husband, her aged mother, and her little, fragile children, shivering and dying almost of cold and hunger, driven out into the street again, once more to recommence their wanderings. The same thought, however, which moved the good Samaritan to receive her in the end, came very early in that pilgrimage of woe to her relief; and the recollection of Mary wandering through the streets of Bethlehem fell like a revelation of light upon her soul. She shed no more tears after that. She felt equal, and more than equal, to the occasion! So strangely beautiful is the way in which the joint lives of Jesus and Mary meet us at every phase of our existence, toning our hearts to moderation in the hour of joy, and lifting them up to the level of the cross when our day of trial comes, and it is our glorious lot to stand on the heights of Mount Calvary, and to share in the sorrows of the Mother and the Son.

Madame de Saisseval did not linger long in the inhospitable town which had been so unwilling to receive her. By dint of sheer courage and perseverance, she managed to make her way to London; and once settled in that great city, she applied herself to work for the maintenance of her family, as resolutely and successfully as if she had never done anything but work before. In common with most of her unfortunate compatriots, she brought to this task a wealth of ingenuity and resource, and a power of cheerful endurance, such

as (even without taking into account the ease and luxury of their previous existence) made them a marvel and a wonder to the less facile and more matter-of-fact population among whom they had sought shelter in their need. It would be difficult to give a list of the thousand-and-one industries by which she contrived to keep her family from starvation. She painted miniatures, cut out and embroidered dresses, mended lace, plaited and trimmed the prettiest of straw bonnets, and invented, every now and then, various articles for a lady's attire, which, as they were always becoming and in good taste, immediately became the fashion. Another and a higher talent Providence had bestowed upon her, and by it she might have realised a fortune, could she have prevailed upon herself to exhibit it in public. She was such a splendid reader that she could at any moment command an audience. Her very first attempt, however, in public, drew such a storm of applause and flattery on her head that it alarmed the delicacy of her conscience, and in spite of the outcries and solicitations of her friends she made up her mind that (lucrative as the experiment had proved) she never would repeat it.

To this resolution she adhered heroically, even in days when the very existence of her family seemed imperilled by its poverty; and to those who urged her children upon her as a motive for its breach, she replied in words which deserve to be written in letters of gold for the instruction of every mother and daughter in the kingdom:—"The best inheritance," she said, "which a mother can leave her daughters is the lesson that the life of a true woman is intended to be hidden—hidden in God and in the accomplishment of her duties, and that it is chiefly upon these conditions her happiness and the happiness of her family will depend."

But though she persisted in declining all public exhibitions, it was no part of her plan to bury her talent so entirely as to make it useless; for while she steadily declined exhibiting it in public, she continued to give private lessons at her own house on the art of reading well, to all who desired to receive them. Where that house was situated her biographer does not tell us, but very probably it was in or not far from the neighbourhood of Leicester-square, which became about that time, what it has ever since continued, quite a little colony of foreigners of all nations. Wherever it was, it must have been a tolerably large one, for she had not only to provide accommodation for her mother and eight children, but she had also to set aside an apartment for her husband, his insanity having by this time reached such a point as made it imperative to keep him separate from the rest of the family. In that apartment she waited on him during the rest of his life as a mother might wait upon a sick child—waited on him even at the peril of her own life, for he was a dangerous lunatic, and in his hours of frenzy would have spared her as little as he would have spared an enemy on the field of battle. Every moment of the day that could be snatched from

needful occupations was dedicated to him, and the night was often spent in watching over and soothing him into peaceful slumbers, when his malady tended to render him violent or restless. Nor was she ignorant of the risk she ran in those solitary hours of darkness, when the whole house was wrapt in sleep, and help, if it were needed, would inevitably have come too late; for one who knew her well at a later period of her life has told me, that she took leave of her mother and children every evening, as earnestly and sadly as if she never expected to see them more. But she never shrunk from the peril, or tried to evade it, and she had her reward even in this life; for when after many years of suffering M. de Saisseval lay upon his death-bed, an almost unhopd-for return of his senses enabled him to receive all the sacraments of the Church, and he died happily in the arms of the faithful wife, to whose courage and devotion he was indebted for this blessing. She was so poor at the time of his demise that she had not money enough to procure herself proper mourning; and though this may seem to us, looking at it from the distance, as a very minor sorrow amid so many great ones, still the knowledge that she could not pay the customary tribute of affection to her husband's memory seems to have fallen very heavily on her widowed heart. The difficulty was solved at last by her eldest daughter, who, young as she was, had already become her mother's best resource in every trial, and who continued during the remainder of her short life, to be her help and companion in all the various works of charity which Madame de Saisseval had the happiness of originating and continuing in her native country. Aline de Saisseval sent some pretty dresses, the gift of a kind-hearted English lady, to the pawnbroker's, and with the money thus procured she was enabled to purchase decent mourning not only for her mother but for the rest of the family as well.

It was not in Madame de Saisseval's generous nature to limit her solitudes entirely to her own immediate circle, and almost from the first moment when she settled herself in London her house became a sort of general rendezvous to all her countrymen in distress. She had set aside one large room for the daily use of her own family, and to this all of her own nation who desired it, were freely and gladly admitted. Most of the poor emigrants had nothing more than a garret which they could call their own. There they slept, and worked, and took their daily meals, and it was consequently a real boon to them to change, even for a few hours, the close air and confinement of their lodgings for the comparative space and freshness of Madame de Saisseval's apartment. By degrees, encouraged by the kindness of their hostess, they began to bring any work they were employed upon along with them; and so it came to pass at length that they formed quite a little community among themselves, with Madame de Saisseval, as a kind of directress, at their head. They came with the early dawn, and

prayed together, took their meals together, worked together—and work once finished, retired in the evening quietly to their garrets. The room they occupied changed its aspect accordingly more than once, during the course of those days of toil. In the morning it was a chapel, where many of the exiled clergy said their daily Mass; and often afterwards in the course of her long life, Madame de Saisseval used to expatiate with a holy joy upon the fact, that whatever her poverty might have been, nothing, even to a candle of pure wax, had ever been found wanting for the due service of the altar. Mass once over, vestments and altar disappeared as if by magic; benches and chairs brought from upstairs and downstairs turned the room into a sort of workshop, and the *ci-devant* congregation sat down to work, with the will and energy of men and women who felt they were toiling for their daily bread. They were not solely occupied by self, however (to their honour be it said), for those who were the best off showed themselves very generous and self-denying towards their poorer associates. Any one who had more work on his hands than he could fairly accomplish in a given time, was sure to invite one or more of the less fortunate of the company to assist him. He paid these extra workmen at the rate of twopence an hour out of his own gains; but it was always with the proviso that a portion, even of that small sum, should be forfeited, if any notable idleness or neglect could be proved against them. This regulation, no doubt, often became a source of much merriment and gay discussion among these light-hearted children of France, he who was to be paid endeavouring to prove that he was honestly entitled to the full sum due, and he who had to pay, bringing evidence on the contrary to show the amount of gossip and idleness which had interfered with his work. Neither were the unhappy ones, who had not been lucky enough to find work either out of doors or from their own companions, rejected for that cause. They made themselves useful in a hundred different ways, and by doing commissions for the others, taking home work already finished and bringing back fresh orders, they fairly earned their share at least in the frugal meal, cooked by Madame de Lastic herself, to which they all sat down towards evening. The aged mother of Madame de Saisseval had in fact chosen this humble occupation for her own, on the ground that it would be easier than the light, fine work which occupied the others; and doubtless she acquitted herself of her task to the entire satisfaction of her guests—for where is the French man or woman, of whatever rank, who cannot take, on a pinch, to the art of cookery as easily as if he or she had been educated expressly for the task?

Dinner over, an hour or so was spent in conversation, grave or gay, as the circumstances of the times demanded; then they all separated for the night, and with them their workshop also disappeared. Her last guest had no sooner passed over the threshold

than Madame de Saisseval and her children set themselves vigorously to work. Tables and benches were dragged back to their original hiding places, the altar set up, vestments and candles brought forth, and everything made ready for that morning Mass from whence each of them hoped to draw strength for the duties of the day. "For my own part," Madame de Saisseval used to say, "I could do no more than ask God in my weakness to give me strength for the passing hour. Sometimes even I found myself wishing that He would call me speedily to Himself, but knowing how many were dependent on my care, I always put away this desire as an evil thought, and contented myself with asking grace for each moment as it went."

She might well feel the need of the fortitude she described, for even while helping others and soothing them in their sorrows, trials more bitter and severe than any of theirs were falling thickly and heavily on her own heart. Child after child was torn from her by death until three only were left to her motherly embraces—her husband still languished in the terrible malady which made him so entirely dependent on her care; and, as a climax to her woe, her aged mother, who had borne up so long and bravely against misfortune, gave way at last, and worn out by work and privation was laid prostrate by an illness which threatened to prove fatal.

The very extremity of her anguish at the prospect of this last bereavement gave Madame de Saisseval new courage. She could not—she would not—without one more effort see her mother perish thus, exiled from her own home and people, and deprived by poverty not only of the luxuries and comforts which habit had made second nature to her, but of the very medical skill which might possibly have saved her life. So she went straight to the king's own physician, and having first declared that she had not a penny wherewith to repay his attendance, besought him with white lips and shaking voice to visit her sick mother. This appeal, dictated in the confidence of a high-hearted nature, too conscious of what its own answer would have been in a similar case to doubt the generosity of others, was met as nobly as it was made. The good man (I wish Madame de Saisseval's biographer had mentioned his name) to whom she addressed herself willingly promised his assistance, and gave it so effectually that Madame de Lastic entirely recovered her health, and was enabled to resume once more her ordinary occupations in her daughter's house. Madame de Saisseval consulted her benefactor also about her husband, but in this case he was not destined to be successful. All that care and kindness could do for M. de Saisseval was done, but done in vain, and he died, as we have already mentioned, in the arms of his wife, a very short time before the amnesty accorded to emigrants put an end to her novitiate of poverty, and enabled her and the survivors of her once numerous family to return to France.

PICTURES.

BY ALICE ESMONDE.

DOWN beside a golden iris knelt a fair boy on the ground,
 Where the mint flung up its incense, and the cowslips
 drooped around;
 "Mother Mary," softly sang he, in a child's voice sweet and clear,
 And the summer winds were sighing, and the blue bells pealing
 near.

Came his father there to seek him in the evening while he prayed,
 And the sight was very solemn, and his quiet footsteps stayed;
 And he watched the small head bending, and in deep tone rich
 and mild,
 "Mother Mary," prays the father, "guard my holy, sinless child."

Years went by and brought their changes, twenty summers bright
 and fair,
 Brought the father care and sorrow, blighted hopes and silver hair;
 And the iris flags were waving, and the winds made music low:
 But—where's he who knelt beside them, knelt and prayed there
 long ago?

Still the purple mint is blooming, and rich perfume upward sends,
 And the chaliced iris glowing, and the cowslip graceful bends,
 And the bluebells still are pealing, and an old man sad and mild
 Comes at evening, and he murmurs, "O my child! my poor lost
 child!"

No, not lost, poor weary father! though he wandered far away,
 Since you prayed for him that evening, since he sang that sweet
 child-lay;
 Kneeling at our Lady's altar, weeping in a distant place—
 In this hour your boy is holy, beautified anew in grace.

Once again the picture changes, and the young man seeks the old,
 And with clasped hands before him, kneels as when his prayers
 he told;
 "O my father, pity! pardon!" humbled, broken, whispers he,
 While the father weeping murmurs, "Mother Mary, thanks to
 thee!"

CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

VI. THE SPRING CAMPAIGN.

WHILE his army was enjoying its well earned repose in winter quarters, scattered through the towns in possession of the Parliament, Cromwell was busy making excursions from his headquarters at Youghal. About the middle of December he went to Cork, as we learn from a letter, the writer of which is unknown, to an honourable member of the Council, and dated "Cork, December, 1649." "Yesterday my Lord Lieutenant came from Youghal to Cork; my Lord Broghill, Sir William Fenton, and divers other gentlemen and commanders attending his Excellency, who has received here very hearty and noble entertainment. To-morrow the Major-General (Ireton) is expected. Both are in good health, God be praised. This week, I believe, they will visit Kinsale, Bandon Bridge, and other places in this province that have lately declared for us, and that expect a return of his affection and presence, which joys many. Colonel Deane and Colonel Blake, our sea-generals, are both riding in Cork harbour."

On the 19th of December Cromwell writes from Cork to Len-thall, giving an account of the attempt made by Farrell and O'Neill to surprise the fort of Passage, and of the repulse they met with. This letter did not reach the House of Commons until the 8th of January. On that day a resolution was passed by the House that the Lord Lieutenant should be desired to come over and give his attendance in Parliament; and the Speaker was ordered to write to him to that effect. A report had spread abroad that the King had left Jersey and was gone to Scotland, and that he was raising forces there to invade England. Some of the members proposed to muster an army in all haste and to send it across the border. But Fairfax, who then held the supreme military command, did not seem willing to comply with their wish; by many he was said to be too favourably disposed to the Scotch. As the Irish army was in winter quarters, and the Parliamentary party were in possession of nearly all the strongholds, it was thought that the Lord Lieutenant's presence, so much needed elsewhere, might well be spared in Ireland. Cromwell at first showed a readiness to return to England and assume the chief command; but on reflection, as the danger from the side of Scotland did not seem very urgent, he decided "to settle Ireland in a safe posture first." By another letter written from Cork by Cromwell to his "dear friend, Lord Wharton," we find that he had returned to Cork and was staying there on the first of January.

A detailed account of the sufferings of the people of Cork about

this time is fortunately preserved in the archives of the Irish College in Rome; it bears the date of 1650, and was written by a Jesuit Father then employed in the Irish mission. "The hatred of the Catholics for our religion," he says, "increasing every day, an order was published prohibiting the citizens to carry swords, or to have in their houses any arms whatever. This order was carried out; and soon another proclamation was issued by the President of the Council of War, commanding all Catholics either to abjure their religion or to depart from the city without delay. Should they consent to embrace the religion of the Parliament, they were allowed to remain and keep their goods and property. Should they, however, adhere pertinaciously to Popery, all, without exception, were to depart immediately from the city. Three cannon shots were to be fired as signals at stated intervals before nightfall and any Catholic found in the city after the third signal was to be massacred without mercy. Then it was that the constancy of the citizens in the faith was seen. There was not even one to be found in the city who would accept the impious conditions offered, or seek to keep his property and goods with the loss of his faith. Before the third signal all went forth from the city walls, the men and women, yea, even the children and the infirm; and it was a sight truly worthy of heaven to see so many thousands thus abandoning their homes, so many venerable matrons with their tender children wandering through the fields, or overcome with fatigue seated on the ground, in ditches, or on the highways; so many aged men, some of whom had held high offices in the state and were members of the nobility, with their wives and families, wandering to and fro, knowing not where to seek a place of refuge; so many merchants, who on that morning abounded in wealth, now not having a home in which to rest their weary limbs. Yet all went forth with joy to their destruction, abandoning their houses and goods, their revenues, and property, and wealth, choosing rather to be afflicted with the people of God on the mountain tops and in caverns, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness, than to enjoy momentary pleasure and temporal prosperity with sin."*

Bramhall, the Protestant Bishop of Derry, happened to be in Cork about this time; with difficulty he contrived to evade the Puritan spies. Cromwell was much displeased at his escape; he declared that he would have given a good sum of money for that "Irish Canterbury," as he called him. Prelacy in any form was hateful to him.

About this time Richard Wagner, who had joined the party of the Catholic Confederates, went to Cork to make his submission to the Parliament. Cromwell had been duly informed of his pre-

* "Relatio," &c., quoted by Right Rev. Dr. Moran in his "Persecutions," &c.

vious conduct ; yet he received him with much kindness, and promising him protection, gave him a letter to Colonel Phayr, the Governor. The letter contained an order to execute the bearer. Magner, distrusting this show of friendship, opened the letter. As soon as he had read it, he closed it and sealed it carefully. He set off to Mallow without delay and handed it to the Governor of the town, against whom he bore a grudge, informing him that Cromwell wished him to be bearer of the letter to Phayr. Not suspecting any danger, this officer presented the letter in due time. He was saved from death however, Phayer having made the facts known to Cromwell before carrying out the order. Magner's lands were given to Brebridge, and from him they passed through the Hartstonges into the possession of the present Earl of Limerick. The ruins of the old family residence are still to be seen about six miles to the west of Mallow.

On the 4th of December, the Irish prelates, to the number of twenty, met at Clonmacnoise. For nearly three weeks they sat in council, seeking some remedy for the dire evils that had fallen on the country. The task they set themselves to was nearly a hopeless one ; to unite the various discordant parties into which the country was split, to assemble an army scattered throughout the provinces and demoralised by the treachery or incapacity of its leaders, to raise money for the public wants from a people who had been plundered by friend and foe alike ; in a word, to make one last effort for their country and for their religion, both of which were now threatened with utter extinction. The result of their deliberations was embodied in an address to the clergy and laity of Ireland, calling on them in the name of their country and of their faith, to forget their past feuds and to join in resisting with all their might the new enemy that had invaded their native land.

It is not easy to see what there is in this to excite the anger of Mr. Carlyle, or to make him descend to the use of hard names. Can it be that it was a great crime on their part not to accept with gladness "the true message brought them," not to recognise in his hero, "the veritable Heaven's messenger clad in thunder"? He admits indeed that there was "some glow of Irish patriotism, some light of real human valour in those old hearts ; though it had parted company with facts, and came forth in a huge embodiment of headlong ferocity and general unveracity." How far this latter statement is borne out by history, our readers know from the results of a recent controversy.*

Very soon after the publication of the Bishops' manifesto there appeared "*A Declaration of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for the undeceiving of deluded and seduced people ; which may be satisfactory to all that do not shut their eyes against the light : in answer to certain*

* See Mitchell's Reply to Froude, *passim*.

late declarations and acts, framed by the Irish Popish Prelates and Clergy in a conventicle at Clonmacnoise." It was issued at Youghal in the latter part of January. This document is too long, and its style too involved, to interest our readers. A few extracts will show its character and purport. It begins with denying in truly puritanical fashion all distinction between clergy and laity, and imputes to this assumed distinction the want of union that existed during the war. "I wonder not," he says, "at differences of opinion, at discontents and divisions, where so anti-Christian and dividing a term as 'Clergy and Laity' is given and received: a term unknown to any save the anti-Christian Church and such as derive themselves from her. It was your pride that begot that expression. . . . You say your union is against a common enemy. Who was it that created this common enemy? You, unprovoked, put the English to the most unheard-of and most barbarous massacre, without respect of age or sex, that the sun ever beheld; and at a time when Ireland was in perfect peace. . . . If there was no other quarrel against you but this, standing for the rights of your Church, to engage people and nations into blood therefor, this alone would be your confusion. You are a part of Antichrist, whose kingdom the Scripture so expressly says should be laid in blood, yea, in the blood of the saints. You have shed great store of that already; and ere it be long, you must all of you have blood to drink, "even the dregs of the fury and the wrath of God," which will be poured out unto you. In the next place, you state the interest of his Majesty as a ground for this war. His father, who complied with you too much, you rejected. And now you would make the world believe that you make the son's interest a great part of your quarrel. Has the son agreed to do more for you than ever the father did? The father did too much for you in all Protestant judgments.

"You warn the people of their danger, which you make to consist in the extirpation of the Catholic religion, in the destruction of their lives, and in the ruin of their fortunes. Concerning the losing their religion, you tell them of resolutions to extirpate the Catholic religion out of all his Majesty's dominions, and you instance Cromwell's letter to the Governor of Ross. By what law was the Mass ever exercised in any of the dominions of England or Ireland? You were open violators of the known laws. And now for the people of Ireland, I do particularly declare what they may expect at my hands on this point. I shall not, where I have power, and the Lord is pleased to bless me, suffer the exercise of the Mass where I can take notice of it. No, nor in any way suffer you that are Papists, where I can find you seducing the people, or by any overt act violating the laws established. But if you come into my hands I shall cause to be inflicted the punishments appointed by the laws, according to the extent of your crime. . . . As to the destruction of life, I shall not willingly take away the life of any who are not in arms, but by the trial to which the people

of this nation are subject by law for offences against the same. If the people are ready to run to arms at the instigation of their clergy or otherwise, such as God by his providence shall give into my hands may expect that or worse measure from me; but not otherwise. As to the ruin of their fortunes, when by your execrable massacre and rebellion you had occasioned the exhausting of the treasure of England in a war so just against you, was it not fit to make the estates of those who had a hand in the rebellion defray the charge?

"I have a word now to the people. Such as have formerly been in arms may, on submitting themselves, have their cases presented to the state of England, which no doubt will be ready to take into consideration the nature and quality of their actings, and deal mercifully with them. As for those now in arms who will submit, I doubt not they will find like merciful consideration, except only the leading persons and principal contrivers of the rebellion, whom, I am confident, they will reserve to make examples of justice, whatever hazards they incur thereby. And having said this, and purposing honestly to perform it, if this people shall headlong run on after the counsels of their prelates and clergy and other leaders, I hope to be free from the misery and desolation, blood and ruin, that shall befall them, and shall rejoice to exercise the utmost severity against them."

Impatient of all delay, Cromwell took the field once more on the 29th of January, the weather being unusually favourable for his purposes. His forces were considerably less in number than when he had landed in Dublin six months before, though they were largely recruited from the garrisons that had revolted to the Parliament, and from the English that were made prisoners in the captured fortresses. Ormonde, with a great part of the Confederate army, was in winter quarters at Kilkenny. If he could be taken unawares, before he had time to make preparations for the siege, the war would be at an end. Towards Kilkenny, therefore, Cromwell led his army with all possible speed. The history of the spring campaign is given in such graphic detail in one of his letters to the Speaker of the House of Commons, that we cannot do better than set it before our readers, supplementing it when possible from other sources. It was written from "Castletown," which was a seat of the Archbishop of Cashel, and dated February 15th, 1650:—

"Having refreshed our men for some short time in our winter quarters, and our health being pretty well recovered, we thought fit to take the field, and to attempt such things as God by His providence should lead us to upon the enemy. Our resolution was to fall upon the enemy in two ways. The one party, being about fifteen or sixteen troops of horse and dragoons and about 2,000 foot, were ordered to go up by the way of Carrick into the county of Kilkenny, under the command of Colonel Reynolds; whom Major-General Ireton was to follow with a reserve. I myself was

to go by the way of Mallow over the Blackwater into the county of Limerick and the county of Tipperary, with about twelve troops of horse and three troops of dragoons, and between two and three hundred foot. I began my march upon Tuesday, the 29th of January, from Youghal."

Barryscourt, the seat of the Coppinger family, lay on his way. The then owner, when travelling in Holland some years before, had heard that a young Englishman had been cast into prison for a small debt. He generously paid the amount and had the prisoner set at liberty. The poor debtor was Cromwell. When he came to Barryscourt, he was reminded of the owner's former kindness; and we are glad, for the sake of our human nature, to have one good deed to record of him during his stay in Ireland; he granted Mr. Coppinger a "protection" for life and property. The document, we have been told, is still preserved at Barryscourt; and the family tradition says it was written by Cromwell seated on horseback before the door.

"On Thursday the 31st, I took possession of a castle called Kilkenny, upon the edge of the county of Limerick, where I left thirty foot. From thence I marched to a strong house called Clogheen, belonging to Sir Richard Everard, who is one of the Supreme Council, where I left a troop of horse and some dragoons. From thence I marched to Roghill Castle, which was possessed by some Ulster foot and a party of the enemy's horse; which upon summons, I having taken the captain of the horse prisoner before, was rendered to me. These places being thus in our possession gave us much command, together with some other holds we have, of the White Knight's and Roche's country,* and of all the land from Mallow to the Suir side; especially by help of another old castle called Old Castletown, which since my march was taken by my Lord Broghill; which I had sent to his lordship to endeavour; as also a castle of Sir Edward Fitzharris over the mountains in the county of Limerick; I having left his lordship at Mallow with about 600 or 700 horse, and 400 or 500 foot, to protect these parts and your interest in Munster, lest while we were abroad, Lord Inchiquin, whose forces lay about Limerick and the county of Kerry, should fall in behind us. His lordship drew two cannon to the aforesaid castle; which having been summoned, they refused. His lordship having bestowed upon it about ten shot, which made their stomachs come down, he gave all the soldiers quarter for life, and shot all the officers being six in number. Since the taking of these garrisons, the Irish have sent their commissioners to compound for their contribution as far as the walls of Limerick."

From Roghill Castle he marched towards Cahir and crossed the Suir there "with very much difficulty." He sent a detachment to a stronghold some miles to the south, the seat of an Anglo-

* This district lies between Kilmallock and Lismore.

Norman family that had dwelt there for centuries. The castle was surrendered and restored again to its owner, on the condition that the defences should be taken down. A few soldiers were left to see the order carried out. The rest of the detachment had not proceeded far when they heard confused noises behind; they hurried back, thinking that the tenants of the castle were murdering their comrades. It was only the noise of a pack of buckhounds kept in the bawn. The owner and his hounds were led off to Cromwell. The dogs seem to have been successful mediators for their master, for he obtained the General's favour. There is a letter of Cromwell's still extant, requesting that this gentleman and his family might be spared from transplantation. The request, however, was not complied with; his estate passed to the adventurers, and his children became exiles.*

"From Cahir," he continues, "we marched to Fethard, almost in the heart of the county of Tipperary, where was a garrison of the enemy. The town is most pleasantly seated, having a very good wall with round and square bulwarks after the old manner of fortifications. We came thither in the night, and indeed were very much distressed by sore and tempestuous wind and rain. After a long march we knew not well how to dispose of ourselves; but finding an old abbey in the suburbs, and some cabins, and poor houses, we got into them, and had opportunity to send the garrison a summons. They shot at my trumpeter, and would not listen to him, for an hour's space. But having some officers in our party whom they knew, I sent them, to let them know I was there with a good part of the army. We shot not a shot at them; but they were very angry, and fired very earnestly on us, telling us it was not a time of night to send a summons. But yet in the end the Governor was willing to send out two commissioners; I think rather to see whether there was a force sufficient to force him than to any other end. After almost a whole night spent in treaty, the town was delivered to me the next morning, upon terms which we usually call honorable; which I was the more willing to give, because I had little above two hundred foot, and neither ladders nor guns, nor anything else to force them."

One of Cromwell's soldiers gives in the *Irish Mercury*, a newspaper of the time, an amusing account of the terror of the town authorities when they were called on to surrender. "In a hideous tempest his Excellency came before the town of Fethard; where the Governor, little dreaming of any storm but that of the weather, was summoned by his Excellency. The gentleman at first thought it was in jest; but the Corporation swearing and trembling it was in earnest, he concluded from the last as much as from the first; and by the same action evidencing he was of the same faith, like one well versed in his trade, called a council of the Shakers to

* "Cromwellian Settlement," XXV.

know whether it was consonant to the rules of war to summon a town by candlelight? After a small debate, either for the time or for sense, they concluded that whether it were or no—for the thing was left ambiguous—it was consonant to the rules of safety to surrender the place; which he did, modestly saying that he had lost his government in a storm and not tamely, as other governors had done, and that by his then surrendering he had satisfied his engagement to the Supreme Council, which was that none of them should live to see the day in which he should lose Fethard; no, nor the sun neither, though it shine on all the world but Wood-street. We were more troubled to come to than to come by this town, which my Lord Lieutenant entered by the same light in which he had summoned it." The inhabitants were allowed, as a reward for giving him immediate admission, to enjoy their properties and liberties; even the priests were spared there. By this happy accident they not only escaped being transplanted to Connaught, but were reported by the Committee of References for Articles to be a people who differed from the rest of the whole nation. And when the Royalist officers after the Restoration, who were to divide between them all the houses of the Irish in the towns, as not yet set out to the adventurers or soldiers, sent surveyors there, as to all other towns, the Sovereign and Commons of the town opposed them, and by force prevented them from so doing. The inhabitants of Cashel, hearing the favourable conditions which their neighbours at Fethard had received, hastened to offer the keys of the town to Cromwell, and to throw themselves on his mercy. They too were promised, at least such of them as were not in the rebel army, and were actually inhabiting the town at the time of the surrender, that they should be dispensed from transplanting.* Such mercy was not acceptable to those who, four years later, laid claim to the town; any delay allowed they thought displeasing to God: and when on the 23rd of May, 1654, the whole town, except some few houses that the English lived in, was burnt to the ground in little more than a quarter of an hour, the disaster was attributed to the wrath of God against the iniquity of the people, not the least of their crimes being their unwillingness to depart from their homes and transplant to Connaught.

"From thence I marched to Callan, hearing that Colonel Reynolds was there with the party before mentioned. When I came hither, I found he had fallen on the enemy's horse, and routed them, being about a hundred, with his forlorn; he took my Lord of Ossory's Captain-Lieutenant and another lieutenant of horse prisoners; and one of those who betrayed our garrison of Ennis-corthy, whom we hanged. The enemy had possessed three castles in the town, one of them, belonging to one Butler, very considerable; the other two had about a hundred or a hundred and twenty men in them; the latter of which he attempted; and they refusing

* "Cromwellian Settlement," p. 124.

conditions reasonably offered, were all put to the sword. Indeed some of your soldiers did attempt very notably in this service. I do not hear that there were six men of ours lost. Butler's castle was delivered upon conditions, for all to march away leaving their arms behind them. In it I have placed a company of foot and a troop of horse, under the command of my Lord Colvill, the place being six miles from Kilkenny. From hence Colonel Reynolds was sent with his regiment to remove a garrison of the enemy's from Knocktopher, being the way of our communication with Ross, which accordingly he did.

"We marched back with the rest of the body to Fethard and Cashel, where we are now quartered, having got plenty of food for horses and men for a time, and being indeed, as we may say, even almost in the heart and bowels of the enemy, ready to attempt what God shall next direct. And blessed be His name only for this good success; and for this also, that we do not find our men are at all considerably sick upon this expedition, though indeed it hath been very blustering weather.

"I had almost forgot one business. The Major-General (Ireton) was very desirous to gain a pass over the Suir, where we had none but by boat, or when the weather served. Wherefore on Saturday, in the evening, he marched with a party of horse and foot to Ardfinane, where was a bridge, and at the foot of it a strong castle. This, about four o'clock the next morning, he attempted. He killed about thirteen of the enemy's outguard, losing but two men, and eight or ten wounded. The enemy yielded the place to him, and we are possessed of it, being a very considerable pass, and nearest to our pass at Cappoquin over the Blackwater, whither we can bring guns, ammunition, or other things from Youghal by water and then over this pass to the army. The county of Tipperary has submitted to £1,500 a month contribution, although they have six or seven of the enemy's garrisons still upon them."

The letter concludes with an urgent demand for money to pay the troops in active service, contributions levied on the counties being hardly sufficient to maintain the garrisons.

The Commons' journals, under the date of February 25th, state that a letter from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, from Castletown, dated February 15th, was this day read, and ordered to be forthwith printed and published. It was also ordered by the House that a letter of thanks be sent to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and that the Speaker do sign the same; and it was resolved that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland should have the use of the lodgings called the Cockpit, of the Spring Garden, and St. James' House, and the command of St. James' Park.*

* The Cockpit was Henry VIII.'s place for cock-fighting; at this time and long afterwards it was a sumptuous royal lodging in Whitehall. Its site is now occupied by the Privy Council Office.

On the 24th of February the army appeared before Cahir. The following letter was addressed to the Governor calling on him to surrender :—

"For the Governor of Cahir Castle: These—

"Before Cahir, 24th February, 1650.

"SIR—Having brought the army and my cannon near this place, according to my usual manner in summoning places, I thought fit to offer you terms, honorable for soldiers: That you may march away with your baggage, arms, and colours, free from injury or violence. But if I be necessitated to bend my cannon upon you, you must expect the extremity usual in such cases. To avoid blood this is offered to you by your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

Hugh O'Neill had been ordered by Ormonde to proceed to Clonmel with 1,500 Ulster troops, and to act as Governor of the town and the surrounding country. He took care to strengthen not only Clonmel but the neighbouring towns of Cahir and Fethard, as he knew the enemy purposed marching on Kilkenny as soon as they could take the field in spring. Cahir Castle was secured with strong gates and a drawbridge; and the court-yard was surrounded by a high wall. It was well supplied with provisions and ammunition of every kind. Mr. Matthews, a stepbrother of Lord Ormonde, was the governor; he welcomed the reinforcement, and set about the preparations necessary for a vigorous defence. He ordered the Ulster troops to defend the court-yard, promising at the same time to admit them within the castle walls in case they were overpowered by superior numbers or the works could be held no longer. Very soon Cromwell's army came up and strove to scale the outer wall; they were gallantly repulsed by the Ulstermen, who bravely held their ground until they saw the heavy ordnance planted against the walls. Seeing that certain death awaited them if they remained any longer in the court-yard, their officer went to Matthews and asked him to admit the men within the castle as he had promised. Matthews refused. On his return to his men the officer found a trumpeter from Cromwell demanding a parley; this being granted, he and his men capitulated. They were suffered to march out with all the honours of war, and they received a pass to continue in the enemy's quarters for a month. When they reached the camp, Cromwell strove to gain them over to his side; they refused to serve him, and hastened to join General O'Neill in Clonmel.

Writing from Cashel on the 5th of March, Cromwell informs the President of the Council of State that he had taken not only Cahir but also Kiltinan, belonging to Lord Dunboyne, and Golden Bridge, where there was a pass over the Suir. Dundrum was taken by Colonel Sankey with the loss of only six men. Strong garrisons

were placed at Ballynakill, on the edge of the King's and Queen's Counties, and in other places in the county of Limerick, to cut off the enemy's supplies.

The various corps now got orders to close round Kilkenny. Colonel Hewson advanced from Dublin by Ballysoran and Leighlin; Colonel Shelbourne, stationed at Wexford, was ordered to go with some troops of horse to meet him; a party of 700 horse and dragoons and 500 foot was sent towards Graig to keep Lord Castlehaven in check, in case he should endeavour to attack Hewson. Cromwell and Ireton met at Thomastown, and remained there two or three days, to allow the large guns to be brought from Fethard. The rendezvous was at Gowran, a "populous town, which had a very strong castle under the command of Colonel Hammond, a Kentish man. I sent him a civil invitation to deliver up the castle to me; to which he returned a very resolute answer and full of height. We planted our artillery, and before we had made a considerable breach, the enemy beat a parley for a treaty; which I having offered so fairly to him, refused. But I sent him in positive conditions,—that the soldiers should have their lives, and the commissioned officers were to be disposed of as should be thought fit: which in the end was submitted to. The next day the colonel, the major, and the rest of the commissioned officers were shot to death; all but one, who, being a very earnest instrument to have the castle delivered, was pardoned. In the same castle we also took a Popish priest, who was chaplain to the Catholics in this regiment, who was caused to be hanged. This regiment was the Lord Ormonde's own. In this castle was good store of provisions for the army."

We must reserve for our next issue the account of the sieges of Kilkenny and Clonmel.

D. M.

IN EXILE.

UNION of hearts lies not in that of hands,
 Or any sweetness of the bodily presence;
 But in the deeper sympathy that stirs
 To loving thoughts of one that's far away,
 Each moving each with mystic influence:
 As ever through the tranced summer-night
 Shoots the far-answering ray from star to star.

P. G.

THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S. J.

XIV. THE DEFINITION OF PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

IN the subject matter of the Church's teaching the doctrine of Papal Infallibility is an important item—important from the greatness of the prerogative declared—important in its bearings on other doctrines—important in certain results to which it has given occasion—important on account of the interest it has excited and the discussions it has raised. Of the nature of the Pope's Infallibility I have spoken elsewhere,* and I see no occasion to add anything here. I will confine myself to the dogma *as such*, and its definition considered with reference to the past, the present, and the future.

Before the definition, how did Catholics stand as to the recognition of Infallible teaching on earth regarding Religious truth? All Catholics admitted, as part of their Faith, that God had constituted an unerring tribunal whose voice was to be listened to as His own: that this tribunal was within the boundaries of the *Teaching Church*: that the Teaching Church itself could not propound falsehood in Faith or Morals; that whatever the Teaching Church taught or should teach in Faith or Morals must be true. Whether there was or not, within the limits of the Teaching Church, an authority, not coextensive with it, possessed of this great gift of inerrancy was a somewhat disputed point. How long disputed, how widely controverted we need not just now consider. All were agreed on the Infallibility of the Teaching Church; all were agreed that the Teaching Church taken as a whole could not err. What, then, was the Teaching Church—as we are speaking of it in the present context? The Roman Pontiff in conjunction with the other Bishops. Neither the laity, nor even the second order of the clergy, namely priests, much less the inferior grades of the clerical body, entered into the constitution of this great tribunal. All Catholics held, as part of their Faith, that the Bishop of Rome was the Head of the Teaching Church as well as of the whole Church of Christ; that he was the Vicar of Christ, the divinely constituted Supreme Pastor of the whole flock, the centre of unity, the permanent chief official Teacher of Christians, specially charged with the maintenance of sound doctrine throughout the world; that he was peculiarly entitled, and bound, to speak to all in matters of

* IRISH MONTHLY, vol. ii., pp. 219 and following.

Religion; that his authoritative addresses to the whole body of the Pastors or of the Faithful could not be regarded as undue meddling and assumption, as they certainly would if attempted by any other Bishop, but were to be received with respect, and carefully pondered, seeing that they came from one who had a right to put them forth. All this all Catholics admitted.

But then came the question, was it possible that the Pontiff could be mistaken in these solemn teachings, that he could solemnly propound false doctrine? It was unlikely, but was it *possible*? was the truth of his definitions guaranteed by the promise of God? On this question all Catholics were not agreed. Those who admitted the possibility of error on the Pope's part did not cease to be recognised as Catholics. Some Theologians were, no doubt, hard on them, or at least on their opinion, but the Pope himself did not treat them as cut off from the Church by heresy, or even as maintainers of a condemned error. That their view was wrong and in reality opposed to revelation, we all know now; but, looking back to that previous time, without entering into any discussion as to their numbers or their reasonableness or their consistency, or what might have been the practical results of their doctrine in particular contingencies, or what was the character of other opinions held by some of the same men, but considering them merely as deniers of the Pope's Infallibility, I will class them with the mass of Catholics of their period. This once done, the inference is that the *only* Infallible Tribunal recognised in common by *all* Catholics was the *Teaching Church*, namely, the Bishops with the Pope at their head. Here it is necessary to determine another point, namely, *what* Bishops are to be understood? Not, certainly, all who might choose to call themselves Bishops, or might be called so by one or more sections of Christians. Nor yet all who really had episcopal orders, but those only who belonged to the *Catholic Church*—those who belonged to the *Roman Communion*—those who recognised the Pope as the divinely constituted Head of the Church, and were joined with him as the centre of unity. Heretical and schismatical Bishops were outside of the Teaching Church admitted by Catholics. Catholics never accepted the theory of branch Churches. Their Faith condemned it.

Having now before us, in sufficiently clear terms, the common Infallible tribunal admitted by all Catholics before the recent definition, we must next consider what way that tribunal could be brought to bear, and was in point of fact, when occasion required, brought to bear, on any controversy which needed a final decision. The modes of operation were substantially two. I say *substantially*, to avoid varieties of detail, which, however, I may allude to sufficiently in passing, without drawing up a list of them. The Teaching Church, when pronouncing judgment on a question of Faith or Morals, may either remain dispersed, each Bishop continuing at home, or it may be congregated in an Ecumenical or

Universal Council. The first of these two ways does not exclude local synods of Bishops in different countries or provinces, when they find it convenient to meet and confer on the subject or subjects to be pronounced upon. The Roman Pontiff may either consult all the Bishops by letter, and issue a solemn decree in conformity with the judgment of all, or of the greater part of them, or with the assistance alone of his cardinals and others in Rome he may issue a similar decree, which, being communicated to the Catholic Bishops of the world, is accepted by them, or the greater part of them, either expressly or tacitly by not contradicting it. For, as I have said, the Pope (abstracting from his Infallibility, from which *I do* abstract at present, and speak, for the moment, as a Gallican of a century ago) is an authorised teacher of the whole Church, and whatever he solemnly propounds in this capacity cannot be treated with indifference. Either it is rejected or silence gives consent. Here we have the decision of the Teaching Church dispersed.

The second way in which the Teaching Church may pronounce is through an Ecumenical Council. The typical idea—the ideal—of an Ecumenical Council is a meeting of *all* the Bishops of the Catholic Church. All are invited, all are entitled to come, nay, all are bound to come, unless those who can allege inability, or at least some legitimate ground of excuse. What is aimed at and intended, as far as may be, is an assembly of the whole Episcopate without any exception. The idea never has been and, morally speaking, never can be, thoroughly realised. No more was ever actually reached than an approximation—an imperfect approximation—to this universal gathering. All being duly called together by the Roman Pontiff at the beginning, or their convocation sanctioned by him, a considerable number from the different principal portions of the Church actually meeting, though perhaps still a minority of the whole body of Bishops, will suffice to constitute an Ecumenical Council. The Bishops thus assembled in conjunction with the Pope *represent* the whole Teaching Church. Representation is of two kinds, both of which are exemplified in our British Parliament: namely, representation by elected delegates, such as those who constitute the House of Commons, and speak and act in the name of the whole population by whom they are sent; and representation of a moral body by the presence of a sufficient number of those who form it, or rather by the persons who are so present, and who, to all intents and purposes, hold the place of the entire body; and in this way the House of Commons is represented by any forty members that are in the chamber at the proper times of assembly, and the House of Lords by even a less number. It is in this latter manner the Bishops of a General Council represent the entire Teaching Church. They are not delegates elected by all the Bishops of the world, but they are a sufficient part of the whole collection of the Bishops of the world, who have been sum-

moned to be there, and whose place they hold. They are, in a word, a *quorum* of the entire body of Catholic Bishops. If it be asked how we know that the Episcopate *can* be so represented, the answer is—not to speak of the reasonableness and congruity of the thing—that such is the tradition of the Catholic Church, which has always recognised the supreme authority of Ecumenical Councils so understood. I have spoken of Ecumenical Councils as consisting of *Bishops*. They alone have by Divine right a title to seats; but Ecclesiastical Law has associated with them a very limited number of other persons, such as Cardinals who are not Bishops, certain Abbots, and the Heads of Religious Orders. These may be considered as *adopted* members.

What is the Pope's position with reference to an Ecumenical Council, abstracting again from his Infallibility, and abstracting likewise from his superiority over the whole Church collectively and over any Council of its Bishops? Besides his prerogative of convoking a General Council, and supposing it assembled, how does he stand towards it? He is its rightful president; to use a familiar word, its *chairman*. It is his business to preserve order, to regulate the routine of proceedings. This office he can delegate to others, and the Popes have been in the habit of doing so. They have presided by their legates. But the Roman Pontiff has another and more important relation to a General Council than this. We must remember that a General Council represents the Teaching Church. The Teaching Church, as has been said more than once, consists of the Pope and the rest of the Bishops—of the Bishops with the Pope at their head. A General Council, then, in order to represent the Teaching Church must represent the Pope and the other Bishops. Now the Pope, being not only a Bishop, but Head of the Church, is not simply a homogeneous element, as the other Bishops are with regard to each other. He is, if I may be allowed to say so, both a homogeneous and a heterogeneous element under different respects. He is a Bishop like each of the rest, but he is more than any other Bishop. He possesses a singular privilege, a special character, confined to him as the one chief Vicar of Christ on earth. No number of other Bishops can represent him as to this, because it is something which they have not in common with him. Neither can he communicate this prerogative to any one else by means of delegation. He can depute others to perform an official function, such as that of presiding over a Council; but he cannot put a Bishop or a Cardinal in his own place as to what concerns the very substance of his Primacy. He cannot make another Pope. He cannot transfer to others that responsibility which attaches to his authority, nor can he share with others the particular assistance of God, the claim to which has come to him along with his elevation to the Chair of Peter, even did that assistance not include Infallibility.

The Pontiff, then, cannot be represented by any number of

Bishops, nor can he be represented by one or more deputies. Yet he must be represented; and there is no other way left for this but that he should be represented *by himself*. Therefore an Ecumenical Council must include the Pope in his own person—though he need not be locally present at the deliberations—and with him a sufficient number of the other Bishops. The Pope's actual concurrence is necessary to the complete conciliary character of whatever decrees are published in the name of the Council. If they do not eventually emanate from the Pope himself, as well as from the other Bishops, they are not thoroughly and adequately decrees of the Council. Hence, if he has not previously sanctioned them in detail, his acceptance and confirmation of them is strictly requisite, and, even if he has previously so sanctioned them, his subsequent confirmation is desirable as a testimony—as a seal set on them. Before the Vatican Council—at least for a considerable time—the only Tribunal, universally admitted by all Catholics as competent to pronounce a final, irreformable, infallible judgment in the matter of Faith or Morals, was the Teaching Church, made up of all the Bishops of the Church, that is to say, of the Roman Communion, including as an especial element the Roman Pontiff—in one word, the Pope and the rest of the Bishops. They might be dispersed and residing in their respective sees, or they might be assembled in a General Council; or, without being all or nearly all assembled, they might be represented by a General Council, necessarily still including the Pope, whose voice was essential either by way of previous direction as to what should be defined, or by way of subsequent approbation.

A question arises here, whether, in any circumstances, a General Council was to be considered competent to pronounce finally without the concurrence of the Pope. In the first place, no number of Bishops without the Pope could be in the strictest sense an Ecumenical Council. It could only be an imperfect Ecumenical Council. But, though imperfect, could its authority ever become supreme? We must distinguish between the teaching of doctrine—of which we have been speaking—and the performance of certain other acts for which there might be occasion. Suppose the case of a doubtful Pope, as in the great schism of the West, the case with which the Council of Pisa and the Council of Constance (of which latter I will say more hereafter) had to deal; there is good ground for attributing to a Council the power of settling the difficulty by setting aside the claimants, *one* of whom is in reality Pope, but *which* cannot be sufficiently ascertained. Certainly the assumption of such power by a Council in a contingency of this kind cannot be legitimately qualified as usurpation. Whether it was really by this course that the great schism was put an end to, or whether the action of the true Pope entered into the proceeding and gave it its weight, is disputed. However this may be, it seems but reasonable to attribute to the Church a power of pro-

viding for itself in such circumstances, and likewise—indeed under one respect more easily—in an interregnum in which through some combination of difficulties an election could not be held according to the prescribed form.

There is another case, not likely, but which we cannot pronounce impossible, where a Council would be warranted in setting aside a Pope, or else declaring that his Papacy was at an end; namely, if the Pontiff were to become a manifest heretic, professing, though not solemnly teaching, heretical doctrine. But with regard to the final definition of a doctrine in the matter of Faith and Morals there cannot be the same necessity; for whenever there is an undoubted Pope, a Council cannot act without him, and when there is not, it is the business of a Council to secure the election of one; and there cannot be absolute need of any definition of doctrine in the meantime.

There was, no doubt, a case supposed by some to be possible, of error solemnly taught by the Roman Pontiff, in which case it would have been the duty of the Bishops to protest, and in which case God could not have allowed them to remain silent. The supposition was false in itself, and was admitted by comparatively few, so that a Council that would have attempted action on this ground would not have been recognised by the whole body. Besides, it did not follow from that imaginary right of remonstrance, nor from the alleged superiority of a General Council to the Pope, that a Council without the Pope was Infallible in defining.

At the time, then, which immediately preceded the Vatican Council, all Catholics acknowledged an Infallible authority in the Church; all acknowledged that the Teaching Church—that is, the Pope and the Episcopal body—dispersed or assembled, or represented, in a General Council, possessed this Infallibility. That the Roman Pontiff, taken alone, possessed the same prerogative was denied by some, but affirmed by the greater number. This was a controverted point regarding Infallibility. It is well to observe here—what there may be occasion to dwell more upon later—that in the controversy referred to, those who refused to the Pontiff the prerogative of Infallibility did not make a dogma of their refusal. They did not argue from revelation in the same way as their opponents. It was an opinion, or with some perhaps an apparently certain doctrine, but more of a negative than of a positive character. The strongest affirmative arguments for it were some real or supposed facts, the truth or bearing of which were disputed even among those who held the Pope to be Fallible. To return now to what I was saying, there was an Infallible Tribunal admitted in common by all; there was what may be in a certain sense called *another* Infallible Tribunal admitted by some, rejected by others. How was the controversy to be set at rest, if it was to be set at rest at all? Obviously by the authority which none questioned—by the Teaching Church. This has been done, and how?

Pope Pius IX. in 1867 convoked a General Council, to meet in 1869. He summoned all who were entitled either by fundamental right or by established usage to be members of General Councils. Abundant time was given to all concerned, to make their arrangements and go to Rome at the time specified. The result was that a very large number of Bishops met for the opening of the Synod on the 8th of December, 1869. The Pope presided in person. The Council carried on its work laboriously. The question of Papal Infallibility was not introduced into the matter prepared for discussion till some time after the Council had assembled. The occasion of its introduction was a demand to that effect made by a number of the Bishops. The subject was debated on for many days in the Council with complete liberty, and this liberty was fully used by the opponents of the definition.* At length, on the 18th of July, 1870, a Papal Constitution on the Church, containing a most explicit statement and definition of the Pontiff's Infallibility was brought before the Council, and the votes of all the members actually present were taken upon it, two only pronouncing against it. It is true that a considerable number of Bishops absented themselves from the public session in which the Constitution was received and published—say about eighty Bishops, some of whom, having obtained permission to leave Rome, had actually gone away from the city, while others continuing there did not attend in the Hall of the Council on the day of the definition. The number of members present on the occasion was 535 of whom 533 voted for the decree. The dissentient minority of actual voters, namely two, of course, had not any weight. What is to be said of those who did not appear? In the first place, there is good ground for saying that they were not practically members of the Council with reference to that act. Certainly if they had all left Rome previously—which was not the case—they could be most fairly considered as having dropped out of the Council, and not being any more a part of it than if they had never gone; and this is to be in fact said of those among them who were really out of the city. Now, it does not appear why continuance in Rome outside the Assembly should make any difference. To be at Rome and to be at the Council, are two distinct things. Then, no one will deny the sufficiency of the number present to constitute an Ecumenical Council, abstracting altogether from those who had absented themselves. But, even if we look on these absent Bishops as still part of the Council, and further as giving an adverse vote, what weight will their opposition be entitled to? They would be less than the one-seventh of the whole Assembly, less than the one-sixth of the number of the affirmative voters. Now certainly six-sevenths of the total number of voters in a deliberative body may be justly called a vast majority. It is immensely beyond a mere majority—a bare

* Of the *definition*, not of the *doctrine*, as the great question was that of opportuneness.

majority; and I do not see any sufficient reason for not considering a bare majority enough.* I conceive the principle to be that in a Council, as in any other assembly vested with authority, a simple majority of one side over the other suffices, unless there be a previous rule requiring a particular amount of excess, such, for instance, as two-thirds to one; and I know of no rule to this effect laid down for Councils generally or for the Vatican Council specially. But it has been said, for a definition there ought to be moral unanimity, and eighty dissentients out of six or seven hundred is at variance with this. I reply that moral unanimity is, no doubt, desirable and imposing and a subject of congratulation where it exists, but I am unable to see any reason for requiring it. Its necessity is assuredly not self-evident, and there is no authoritative declaration anywhere that it is necessary. In the legislative acts of temporal states, in the judicial acts of supreme courts, no such moral unanimity is deemed essential. I fully admit that—as I shall say more distinctly later—there is not here question of mere legislation. Nor is a definition a judicial act; nor is it the act of a purely natural power. But it is an act of a divinely appointed *human* senate and tribunal, whose modes of procedure are accommodated to the usages of men in their assemblies and courts. There is no such thing in the natural order as the definition of truths. The nearest approach to it in point of matter is in legal decisions, where a competent court pronounces *what is the law*, which law however the court is not supposed to originate. The nearest approach to it in point of form is the passing of statutes by a parliament. An Ecclesiastical Council, therefore, is presumed to act on the same principles as a national senate or a supreme civil court, regard being always had to special rules established by tradition or positive enactment or undoubted custom. Now, looking to these sources, I find no warrant for requiring moral unanimity. If any one should say that perhaps there may be such a requirement or condition, I would answer: No, there *certainly* is not; because conditions of this sort, limiting the force of an otherwise plain conciliary decision, are not to be received on conjecture. They must be supported by strong probable arguments at least, and such arguments are not brought forward.

Dr. Newman, as we learn from letters of his quoted by himself in the powerful reply to Mr. Gladstone's *Expostulation*,† was influenced by the consideration of the want of unanimity, and looked on the definition as not absolutely final whilst things continued as they had been when it was published in the Council. With every respect for Dr. Newman's judgment, which itself—as supposing good reasons for forming it—would naturally have great

* I do not mean to affirm that any majority is *essential*, or to deny that a minority *with the Roman Pontiff*—even if he were not Infallible by himself—could sufficiently represent the Teaching Church. But the question does not arise here.

† Pages 96 and following.

weight, I do not find in what he says enough to induce me to agree with him. It is no harm to say that, as Dr. Newman conveys clearly enough, while himself holding the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, he did not expect nor, through a motive of charity for others, did he wish to expect it would be defined, nor could he easily bring himself to think it had been defined by the Council. Hence he might easily be disposed to attach importance to the dissent of so many Bishops—which dissent was in reality, more or less, an unfavourable circumstance with reference to the definition. At the time these letters were written, they were private; when published they could not prejudice the definition, as the minority had, to use the writer's words, "melted away." In the future, the question of moral unanimity, or even of a majority, will not be of so much moment, since the Pontiff's decision will be held sufficient.

I have already said, in a passing way, that the definition was not a legislative act; that it was not merely nor mainly a legislative act, though involving, no doubt, an *Ecclesiastical*—as distinct from a *Divine*—obligation, and rendering liable to Ecclesiastical penalties those who should contravene it. But its principal aim and drift was to declare authentically a revealed truth, to settle a controversy as to the meaning of God's word, to enlighten the understanding of the Faithful—briefly, *to teach*. The Council did not, and could not, confer a new prerogative of inerrancy on the Pope. All well instructed Catholics, of course, know this, and the statement of it may appear superfluous. Yet it is well for us to keep very clearly before our minds how the matter really stands. The Council has no more to do with the existence of the Papal Infallibility than it has with the existence of God, or than an astronomer has with the existence or movements of the heavenly bodies. The business of the Council was to find out, with the Divine assistance, whether the Pope was Infallible or not, and to tell us what it had ascertained, under the Divine guarantee of its own infallibility. The definition is not to be regarded as a piece of ecclesiastical policy modifying the constitution of the Church for the sake of convenience. It is essentially a declaration of what *had been before* just as much as *it is now*. There is question of *Faith* only, not of *discipline*.

Before passing away from the account of the definition, I would briefly notice a remark of Mr. Gladstone's on its form.* He says, and indeed complains, that it is not an act of the Vatican Council but a Papal Constitution published in the Council. He contrasts it unfavourably with the decrees of Trent under this respect. I will not enter here into a discussion concerning the propriety, if I may so call it, of this mode of procedure, though undoubtedly it was quite proper, as its very adoption, with the full consent of the assembled Bishops, abundantly shows. I will not go into the question of precedents, nor into the difference between this last Ecumenical Council and most others in the circumstance of the

* "Expostulation," p. 33.

Pope's actual presence and presidency; I will not dwell—beyond a short citation of words—on the considerable, though not quite perfect, similarity of the form employed to that we find in our own Acts of Parliament in this most constitutional Empire—"Be it enacted by the Queen's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows," &c. I will merely observe that the substance of the definition is not in the *smallest degree* affected by the circumstance so emphatically censured by Mr. Gladstone. The Bishops explicitly accepted the constitution; they explicitly concurred in the enunciation of the doctrine it contained; they made themselves responsible for that doctrine; they thereby *taught* that doctrine; the act by which it was promulgated in the constitution was morally as much their act as it was the Pope's, though his name was more prominent. All this is comprised in their utterance of that one word *Placet*, and their deliberate consent to the solemn record of its utterance in the phrase, *Sacro approbante Concilio*. Even if the form were objectionable or irregular—and it was neither—the voice was that of a legitimate General Council headed by the Pope, a supreme authority which was placed above the influence of any forms that did not enter into the substance. I do not believe Mr. Gladstone himself would question for a moment the entire validity of the act if he recognised at once the Ecumenicity of the Council and the Infallibility of an Ecumenical Council. In other words, this observation of his is not so much an *objection* as a mere *criticism*.

A EUCHARISTIC THOUGHT.

HOW do we treat the Prisoner of our shrine?
 Ah! does He never from His altar-throne
 Look round for us and find Himself alone?
 Alone! Though angels round His prison shine,
 Yet does His Heart for our poor love so pine
 That 'mid their homage He feels sad and lone,
 And mourns the cold unkindness we have shown—
 A poor return for all His love divine.
 Alas! in Judgment's hour how shall we brook
 His tender, gentle, and reproachful look?
 Nay, though we enter heaven at once perchance,
 'Twere surely purgatory most severe
 To pass its gate—whose opening cost so dear—
 Beneath the shadow of that sweet, sad glance.

S. M. S.

NEW BOOKS.

- I. *Nano Nagle: Her Life, her Labours, and their Fruits.* By WILLIAM HUTCH, D.D., Professor in St. Colman's College, Fermoy. Dublin: M'Glashan and Gill.

THIS work, which many have anxiously expected for some time, contains the fruit of much industrious toil, not on Dr. Hutch's part alone. It is a life that had a right to be written. The memory of the woman of whom God made use to found the Presentation Order and to introduce into Ireland the Ursulines, ought not to be left without a distinct record. We are too negligent of such matters here at home. The first Sister of Mercy is not unknown to us; but for many it would be information to tell them that Mrs. Aikenhead was the foundress of the Irish Sisters of Charity. Why, too, is not the memory of Mrs. Ball more than a filial tradition of Loretto? Nano Nagle is a more familiar name, partly, perhaps, from Gerald Griffin's poem (the name* itself is musical) and partly from Dean Murphy's *Dublin Review* article and its reprint. Dr. Hutch has added a good many of Miss Nagle's solid characteristic letters; but his pious industry has not been able to make many additions to the meagre details of her life with which we were previously acquainted. His title-page, indeed, hardly describes the contents of his volume accurately enough, although the "fruit" of "her labours" is meant to be taken in a very comprehensive sense. Under this heading we have a very minute account of the establishment of the various Ursuline convents in Ireland, while by far the larger portion of the book is devoted to the history of the Presentation Order from the opening of its mother-house in Cork to its latest colony at St. Kilda's, Melbourne. The Author deems it right to remind his readers in the preface that the work is intended not alone for the general public but in a large degree for the daughters of Nano Nagle, and that matters which are of light value to others will possess a deep interest for these. It is a pity that the calm, deep eyes of their foundress do not smile upon them as they open her biography. We hope a second edition may give Nano Nagle's portrait as its frontispiece.

- II. *New Paganism.* A Satire. By DRYDEN MINOR. London: Ridgeway.

SATIRE is not very fashionable at present, and would that worse things were not in fashion. Refinement and courtesy can be carried too far. Abuses, and follies, and crimes deserve to be denounced;

* Certain children, playing at anagrams, found that the letters of which it is composed lend themselves to form the words, "on an angel."

but it is not easy to wield the lash gracefully. The spirit of Juvenal is not the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount. A satire composed in a thoroughly Christian spirit would be a hard feat. Dryden Minor hopes to have achieved it, with the help of this judicious preface of two sentences. "It is perhaps superfluous, but it may be well, to state that the criticisms on some contemporaries contained in the pages of 'New Paganism' relate to public acts and opinions alone. The propounders of objectionable theories are too often themselves an honourable contradiction to their own principles to allow of any conclusions from speculative doctrines to private conduct." With this proviso the Satirist proceeds to level his keen assaults against State-worship, Bismarckism, Positivism, Materialism, Darwinism, and the various vagaries of misnamed Science and "Modern Thought"—displaying such sturdy vigour, and such intimacy with contemporary polemics, as might lead one to suspect that the clever author of "Protestant Journalism" had turned from prose to rhyme. The very suspicion is a high compliment to the sterling merit of the present Satire.

To pass from substance to form, Dryden Minor has considerable skill in the heroic measure in which his "glorious" namesake was such a master. But surely his use of triplets is carried very much beyond the proper average; and in several instances we have noticed four, five, nay, as many as seven consecutive lines rhyming with one another. The Author indeed has attended more to matter than to form. Those who can appreciate argument in verse will find here solid principles urged with considerable learning and with great vigour of thought and style.

III. *A Historical Pedigree of the MacCarthys of Gleannacraim.* By DANIEL MACCARTHY (Glas). Author of the "Life and Letters of Florence MacCarthy Mor." Exeter: W. Pollard.

FOR any member of the "royale et sérénissime maison de MacCarthy," as the clan MacCarthy has been officially styled by the French heralds, this handsome volume must possess surpassing interest. The historical student also will find a mass of original and most curious materials, the fruit evidently of the painstaking researches of many years. Those who may take up the book for the amusement of an hour will feel disappointed that Mr. MacCarthy has not told more fully some of the curious episodes of his story, as for instance what he too harshly styles the "barbarous career" of Donogh Oge of Dunmanway.

The book is very appropriately dedicated to the Author's "clansman and friend," Mr. Denis Florence MacCarthy, whom he calls "the third and latest of our great sept bards," and to whom also he applies these epithets which begin more intelligibly than they end: "Bard na mbard a n-Eirinn, ordan geal a chine, mind as blaith a dhuthaidhe." He ought to have given in full, among his

very copious and very interesting notes and illustrations, the rich musical tribute paid to the "Clan of MacCaura" by this poet laureate of his race, and, still more, the recent "Ode on the Revival of the Chieftainship of MacCarthy Mor."

"The Sept still stands erect
After many a tempest's shock,
Like Cormac's fane o'er the golden plain,
Still crowning the crested rock."

IV. *Essays on Catholicism, Liberalism, and Socialism, Considered in their Fundamental Principles.* By JOHN DONOSO CORTES, Marquis of Valdegamas. Translated from the Spanish by the Rev. WILLIAM MACDONALD, A.B., S. Th. L. Rector of the Irish College, Salamanca. Dublin: W. B. Kelly.

ANY one who has read the biographical introduction which Louis Veuillot prefixed to the French translation of the works of Donoso Cortes will be glad to see a portion of the writings of this high-principled Catholic politician introduced into our literature, so barren in works of this nature. Spanish politics have degenerated since his time, and even in his time Donoso Cortes was the leader of a forlorn hope. The writer to whom he bears the closest resemblance is Joseph de Maistre, though of course he has left nothing behind him comparable to the "Soirées de St. Petersburg."

At a period when the distinction between Continental Liberalism and English Liberalism is becoming less marked, it is well to have Catholic principles applied vigorously to the science of politics by a Catholic layman like the Marquis of Valdegamas. The Essays of which we have here a very good translation, form a valuable addition to our scanty stock of books taking the right side on those social questions which are so eagerly discussed in contemporary literature, particularly in the higher periodicals. For an English version of another important work of a more strictly theological character—Balmez' "Letters to a Sceptic on Religious Matters"—we are indebted to the same Publisher and the same Translator, who have given us the present volume. As we have mentioned the Publisher, it is proper to bear testimony to the excellent manner in which Mr. Kelly's publications are produced. Paper, printing, and binding leave nothing to be desired: and we hope that Dublin is to be credited with the first as well as with the two other items.

V. *Chambers' Encyclopedia.* New Edition. 10 Vols. Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers.

OF the many Dictionaries of universal knowledge, which, under the name of Cyclopedias, have been given to the public, there is none in the English language which surpasses, in general usefulness and completeness, the Cyclopedia of Messrs. Chambers.

Those who refer to it habitually can bear testimony that, on hardly any point have they consulted its pages without getting satisfactory information. It is, in fact, an entire library in itself. But there is one special recommendation to which this valuable publication is entitled, namely, its fairness as regards points of religious doctrine. There are, in this Cyclopædia, none of those travesties of Catholic dogmas which may be met in similar works, under the headings, "Indulgences," "Infallibility," "Transubstantiation," &c. What the Catholic Church really holds on such points is put forward with clearness; not, of course, controversially, but with historical impartiality. We would not presume, in a mere brief note like the present, to give such commendation to so extensive and important a work, proceeding from a firm that is known to be neither Catholic nor of Catholic tendencies, if this Cyclopædia had not been subjected to a careful examination under this aspect by a competent writer in the current *Dublin Review*, to whose very favourable judgment we wish to call the attention of the managers of public Catholic libraries. Even for private collections, there cannot well be any addition more useful, more interesting, or (in the long run) cheaper than these ten large and well-filled volumes, costing less than ten shillings a volume.

WINGED WORDS.

IV.

1. Some lives are like sonatas, the slowest, saddest part is in the middle.—*The Rose-garden.*

2. Even if truth is sometimes terrible, it is the lie which is ugly.—*Ibid.*

3. There is no such terrible angel as Truth, to those who have let go her guiding hand. Only through sharp thorns she will take them to her once more.—*Ibid.*

4. Wait—that is the answer to most sorrows, to most troubled consciences. But how can one believe in this, who has not waited for anything? Some one says, very wisely, and touchingly:—"To the old, sorrow is sorrow; to the young, sorrow is despair." What other interpretation may there not be hidden beneath the dark veil to those who can see from afar?—*Charlotte Thackeray.*

5. Somehow it is not from abundant leisure that work comes most surely.—*J. F.*

6. None are too small, too feeble, too poor, to be of service. Think of this, and act. Life is no trifle.

7. As there are many flowers which never open but when the sun shines on them, so there are many hearts whose good qualities must be drawn out by sympathy and kindness.

8. Self-love is at once most delicate and most hardy. A mere nothing will wound it; but there is nothing on earth that can kill it.

9. Some people are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years, and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of former kindness is obliterated.

10. It is no man's business whether he has genius or not. Work he must, whatever he is; but quietly and steadily. The natural result of such work will be always the thing God meant him to do, and will be his best.—*John Ruskin*.

11. Do what you can to make sunshine in the world. Lift up the curtains and let the light in. Light is better than darkness, and how cheap it is. A kind and cheering word to one who is in trouble, a loving word of counsel to the young, a "soft word that turneth away wrath;" these make the world brighter for some, and the world at its best is dark enough.

12. There is no one who has the power to be so much your friend or so much your enemy as yourself.

LOUGH NEAGH.

I.

G LASSY waters shining bright,
Flashing back the laughing light;
Silver sands that sparkling vie
With the gold of Araby;
Dome of azure o'er thee bent,
Emerald banks with flowers besprent,—
Thus a stranger might essay
Thy charms to paint, O sweet Lough Neagh!

II.

But no stranger e'er can see
Half the charms thou hast for me;
On thy calm, unwrinkled face
He no magic words can trace.
Thou to him art wave and shore,
Mirrored skies, and nothing more;
While for me I ne'er can say
How much thou art, O loved Lough Neagh!

Lough Neagh.

III.

All the joys my childhood knew—
 Visions bright that quickly flew—
All the hopes that youth beguile
 Glitter in thy sunny smile ;
 When thou frownest, come again
 Long-forgotten care and pain—
 Dark or bright, thou dost pourtray
 My chequered past, O loved Lough Neagh !

IV.

Pondering on the days of yore,
 Oft I've sought thy pleasant shore
 At the hour when day is done,
 And the moon strives with the sun ;
 On thy sands I've writ my name—
 Emblem meet of earthly fame—
 And have seen it wear away
 Beneath thy rippling, loved Lough Neagh !

V.

Since these eyes beheld thee last,
 Many a changeful year has passed,
 Many a blissful dream has fled,
 Many a blooming hope is dead.
 Now the vision dimmer grows,
 And the blood less warmly flows ;
 Yet one glimpse of thee to-day
 Gives youth again, O sweet Lough Neagh !

VI.

Had I here for aye to live,
 Were I free my heart to give,
 Other lands might offer gold,
 Sparkling gems and wealth untold,
 Cloudless skies and balmy air,
 Calm and sunshine everywhere :
 Yet I feel I ne'er could stray
 From *thy* fair shores, O sweet Lough Neagh !

VII.

But a pilgrim here I roam,
 Called to seek a higher home ;
 Vowed each wayward sense to give
 To the cause for which I live,
 And to scan with careless eye
 All the charms that round me lie :
 Therefore must I leave for aye
 Thy verdant banks, O loved Lough Neagh !

D. G.

THE CHANCES OF WAR.

BY A. WHITELOCK.

CHAPTER V.

A DISCUSSION ON THE PEACE.

"Consider this; he has been bred i' the wars
 Since he could draw a sword, and is ill schooled
 In bouted language; meal and bran together
 He throws without distinction."—*Coriolanus*.

THE drawing-room was an apartment unknown in the castles of the Irish gentry two hundred years ago. When the meal was ended, the little party drew their chairs round the great wood fire which blazed on the hearth. The conversation which had been carried on at the dinner table was continued by the fireside.

"May we ask in what new enterprise my Lord the Nuncio is now engaged?" inquired Plunkett, in a slightly sarcastic tone.

"My Lord the Nuncio," returned the soldier, evidently nettled by the manner in which the question was asked, "is just now endeavouring to repair the treason of my Lord of Thomond and to revenge the disgrace of my Lord of Glamorgan."

"And how does he intend to accomplish so praiseworthy an end?" asked Plunkett, in the same tone as before.

"By wresting from those English traitors the fortunes to which they were invited by my Lord of Thomond, and from before which they chased my Lord of Glamorgan."

"The achievement will, doubtless, be a glorious one when accomplished; but we looked for something still more important from his Grace of Fermo."

"Your expectations would, doubtless, have been realised," returned MacDermott, "had not His Grace to contend with the treachery and incapacity of those with whom he must act. With patriots like Thomond in the council, and generals like Glamorgan in the camp, it is not surprising that we have few victories to boast of. In reply to your sneers at the Nuncio, you will permit me to say it would be well for Ireland that those most interested in her fate understood her wants so well, and saw the remedy for them as clearly as this Italian bishop."

"But, surely," interposed the host, anxious to give the conversation another turn, "you do not brand as traitors all who differ from the views of the Nuncio; you will admit that there are grounds for believing the cause of king and country best served by the policy of the Nuncio's opponents."

"As to how the cause of the king is best served," replied MacDermott, with a smile, "I will not presume to offer an opinion.

It is a subject on which I have never bestowed a thought. King Charles has no claim on my allegiance, and he has done nothing for Ireland that gives him a claim on my gratitude. But on the condition of this country I have thought much, and I confess I cannot understand how it is to be bettered by the policy of those who oppose the Nuncio."

"You would not, then, ask peace from the king's representative?" inquired Dillon.

"Never, by Heaven, while I could dictate it!" replied the soldier, with energy. "Excuse my warmth," he continued; "you have touched on a subject on which I feel strongly. No, never would I treat of peace while a soldier of Ormonde or the Parliament held a rampart of Irish earth or the wall of an Irish castle. We have begged too long where we might have summarily commanded. With armies at our disposal which could have swept the miserable forces of our enemies into the sea, we have grovelled before the needy and powerless Ormonde till even he has come to despise the sycophants who set such value on his favour. Dillons, Talbots, and Muskerrys have stood bare-headed before this haughty pervert to receive his signature to a truce which it would have been a grace to accord him had he begged it on his knees. Deputation after deputation has waited upon him to ask him to make a lasting peace of this truce which he never obliged his subordinates to observe, and they have been toyed with and befooled. This deputy of a dethroned and penniless king has imitated the airs of his masters, and treated the representatives of the Irish nation with the full measure of that contempt the Saxon ever shows them. They have offered him men and money to enable the king to fight his rebel subjects in England, and they have been grossly insulted at the moment their offer was accepted. They have been extravagant in their protestations of loyalty, and he knows no name for them but 'traitors' and 'rebels.' And all this when it lay with them to say whether or no an English viceroy should ever again hold court in Dublin Castle. Verily, so much loyalty and so much servility deserve a better acknowledgment than it has pleased his Excellency of Ormonde to bestow."

"And pray, sir, what boon greater than an advantageous peace would you have us ask or desire?" demanded Plunkett.

"Peace with England," replied MacDermott, "is a misfortune, unless it guarantees the liberty of Ireland; and the peace that has been granted us, and which will, I dare say, soon be published, contains no such provision. It does not even secure us the right of worshipping God as we please. The sword has been unsheathed in Ireland to obtain the freedom of the Roman Catholic religion; the oath of Confederation binds all who take it to maintain the free exercise of that religion; and now we are asked to lay down our arms on the assurance of my Lord of Ormonde that our case shall have the consideration of his Majesty when he has leisure to attend

to it. For me I cannot understand how gentlemen or Catholics can reconcile with their honour or their conscience the negotiation of such a contract."

"You are severe in your condemnation," said Plunkett, haughtily, "and your remarks oblige me to remember that the name of Plunkett is foremost on the list of those who advocate the peace."

"Your own observations are scarcely less suggestive," retorted MacDermott, thoroughly roused by the threat implied in the remark; "they remind me that the same name was borne by a Parliamentary traitor who fired on the San Pietro."*

A deep flush of anger overspread Plunkett's pale countenance. He was about to reply when the aged priest, who had hitherto been a silent listener, interposed.

"It is not a time to quarrel about the stains which in such stormy times must soil many a bright escutcheon. It is enough for us if we can come out of the trial with our own honour untarnished. Let us leave to others the task of accusing or defending the betrayers of their country. You have been to Paris?" he inquired, addressing MacDermott.

"Yes. My duties have frequently called me thither."

"You have of course visited the University, and know some of its celebrities; my old friend, Master Berthelius, for example?"

"I have had but scant leisure for forming acquaintance among the learned," replied the soldier, "and must confess that I have never held converse with the learned Berthelius."

"Ah! you should have known Berthelius," said the old man, exchanging the admonitory tone with which he had begun for one of affectionate remembrance. "He was a rare reasoner—*Doctor Acutissimus* we styled him at St. Barbara's—never at a loss for a *subsumo* when he pressed an adversary, or for a *subdistinguo* when he defended himself. You will meet few like him now-a-days," he continued, with a sigh. "Men of his stamp are dying out. Philosophy—real knowledge—is abandoned, and men are taking to crucibles, scales, and dissecting knives, as if these material things were the instruments of science. They forget that knowledge is immaterial; that the spirit alone can reach it."

MacDermott saw that the old man had mounted his hobby. He perceived, too, that an escape was thus offered him from the painful position in which he had placed himself. He was heartily ashamed of the hastiness of temper which he had shown. He could not fail to observe that his quarrel with Plunkett had given considerable pain to his kind host, and had a good deal alarmed Miss Dillon and her sister. Little as he was interested in the philosophic theories of the day, he was only too glad to induce the priest to proceed.

"But would you not allow us to use those instruments in the

* The San Pietro on her voyage from Rochelle was chased by a Parliamentary vessel commanded by an officer named Plunkett.

study of nature," he asked. "Nature, it is said, wears a veil, and we can never discover her secrets unless we cut through it."

"You can never discover the plan of a machine by breaking it to pieces."

"But we may do so by carefully taking it asunder," returned the impromptu philosopher.

"I perceive you have been studying the *Novum Organum*," said the Abbé, knowingly.

The soldier modestly repelled the flattering accusation.

"Then you have been fortunate enough to light upon one of the theories of the chancellor sophist," said the old man, with polite irony. "But I think I shall be able to point out the error into which both of you have fallen."

On this point Father Edward was inexhaustible. He belonged to a school of savants now nearly extinct. Representatives of it may still be found among the conservative oligarchies who rule the little worlds of thought enclosed within the walls of the old convents by the Inn or the Danube. They are learned after a fashion which has long since become antiquated. They are men whose lives have been passed in the study of the huge tomes which formed the current literature of generations dead three hundred years. They have conceived a strange affection for those antique folios, compiled by schoolmen of Salamanca and Coimbra, and believe with simple faith that the world is not destined to see again minds like those which produced such ponderous tomes. They are persuaded that the powers of the human mind have steadily declined since the invention of the steam-engine; and they regard with unutterable contempt the discoveries of recent times which the rest of the world terms progress. In its earlier days this school embraced nearly all the learned of Europe, and the Abbé O'Farrell was one of its most enthusiastic disciples. He hated Bacon with an intensity of hatred which he could never have bestowed on a personal enemy. The sneers of that philosopher at the revered dogmas of Aristotle and his interpreters roused within the breast of this ardent peripatetic an ire which no amount of personal injury could have enkindled. He never tired of commenting on the philosophic errors and moral shortcomings of his great enemy. In the present instance he discoursed long and learnedly on the manifold errors with which the *Novum Organum* abounds, sarcastically pointed out the contrast between the high moral principles inculcated in the works of Bacon and the offences for which he was disgraced, and concluded a discourse, which his audience heard in silence if not with attention, by conjuring MacDermott to maintain in his philosophic views the purity of the ancient doctrine.

The soldier, who congratulated himself on the success of his stratagem, thanked the old man for his instructions, and promised to profit by them in his next philosophic controversy.

At this point his host reminded MacDermott of the fatigues he had undergone during the day, and of those which awaited him on the morrow, and begged him to retire to his sleeping apartment. The advice was most acceptable to the tired soldier. He bade "good night" to the circle by the fireside, and followed the lord of the mansion from the room. A narrow staircase contrived in the massive wall of the castle led from the entrance hall to the upper portion of the building. At the top a low and ponderous doorway gave admission into a large cheerless room. The masonry of the roof was coarse and clumsy, though of great strength. The floor was composed of rough planks extending from one main wall of the edifice to the other. Altogether the apartment had a lonely and comfortless look, notwithstanding the huge fire with which it was warmed. His entertainer apologised to MacDermott for the discomforts of the chamber which he was obliged to assign him, and which the circumstances of his position did not allow him to furnish more sumptuously; and quitting him with a cordial "good night" returned to the hall beneath. Here he found his kinsman Plunkett seated alone by the fire, his head bent forward over the pile of flickering embers, and his whole appearance betokening deep thought. The noise occasioned by Dillon's entrance disturbed his reflections, and he hastily quitted his meditative attitude.

"I have waited your return, cousin," he began, "to tell you that I must interrupt my visit by a few days' absence. Business which I thought I could defer, but which I now find I had better do at once, will call me away for a short time."

"You return to Louth?"

"No, I go still farther west; my business is with our kinsman of Rathalvine. It cannot detain me beyond three days."

"Be it as you will," replied Dillon; "I shall expect your return with impatience."

"I wish I could flatter myself that my return will be equally acceptable to all the members of your family," returned Plunkett, bitterly.

"Surely no want of hospitality on our part will have led you to doubt it?" asked his host in surprise.

"Hospitality!" repeated Plunkett, scornfully. "You know I sought something more than hospitality when I came hither. Hospitality! I have had too much of it. I have been treated too much as a guest, too little as a suitor. I have met with an excess of cold politeness. This iron-coated coxcomb, whose insults this evening I could not resent because of the place where they were uttered, has been received with a cordiality never shown to me. His jaunty airs and ready tongue have earned smiles which I can never hope to win. In plain truth, I begin to perceive that my suit is not likely to succeed if I am to depend on my own efforts alone."

"Mr. Plunkett," replied Dillon, gravely, "I have told you

already that I will not endeavour to force the inclinations of my daughter in the matter, and I now repeat that nothing will induce me to depart from this resolution. I desire above all things to see this union between our houses effected, but I would not, even for this, inflict pain upon my child. I will never use my parental authority to oblige her to a union against which her own heart may rebel. Let us hope, however, that the object so dear to both of us may be accomplished by gentler means. Visit us again on your return; the feelings of my daughter may change with time, or it may be that you have not rightly discerned what her feelings are."

"I would fain believe that I have erred in my opinion," said Plunkett, "but I cannot bring myself to distrust my judgment. However, I will do as you advise. I must start early to-morrow. Farewell! Excuse my sudden departure to Miss Dillon, and explain to her the cause of it."

He extended his hand in a cold, deliberate way, and Dillon as he took it within his own could hardly help contrasting the frank and cheerful manner of his other guest with the coldness and reserve of his friend.

Early on the following morning before the first gleams of sunshine had begun to play on the western shore of the lake, a boat put off from Duneevin Castle. In the stern sat Plunkett enveloped in a heavy riding cloak, his pale face shaded by the broad brim of his plumed hat. His sword rested on his knees, and the outlines of a heavy pistol were visible beneath the folds of his cloak. Near him sat a servant armed much after the same manner as himself. As the boat touched the strand, Plunkett and his attendant sprang hastily on shore. Two horses held by a groom were waiting their coming, and close by stood a wild looking lad with long shaggy hair and ragged dress. An old tunic of coarse cloth which descended to his knees and was secured at the waist by a cord, constituted his entire costume. He leaned upon a long staff, and watched with observant eye the motions of the cavalier and his servant.

"This is the guide," said the groom, when Plunkett had mounted his horse. "Shawn-na-Coppal knows every brake and fen between Lough Ree and Ballymoe; he will lead you safe."

The shaggy-haired youth heard this commendation of his powers with stolid indifference. When Plunkett signed to him to lead the way, he grasped his long staff by the middle and started at a quick trot along the path which led from the water's edge. As he passed the bivouac of MacDermott's troop Plunkett reined in his steed and examined with attention the scene before him, the sleeping forms stretched around the smouldering fires, and the arms suspended from the trees and scattered on the ground. When at length his curiosity seemed to excite the uneasiness of the trooper who acted as sentinel, he moved slowly away. A few yards further

on, in front of the Biatach's cabin, stood his guide waiting his approach.

"You are going to Rathalvine?" asked the wild-looking youth.

"Who the devil bade you inquire whither I go?" demanded Plunkett, angrily.

"I must know whither you are going if I am to lead you," returned the shaggy guide, unmoved.

"Good faith! I had forgotten that," said Plunkett, with a laugh. "I go not direct to Rathalvine. I will first to Roscommon. Lead on!"

The dark eyes of his conductor peered inquiringly into the speaker's face as he uttered the concluding words.

"To Roscommon!" he answered, in a tone of mingled doubt and alarm. "Do you know who is at Roscommon now?"

"I care not who be there," replied Plunkett, angrily. "I fear no man."

"But it is not safe for one like me to go near the castle," objected Shawn, pointing significantly to his long hair and peculiar costume.

"You have nothing to fear so long as you are in my service. I will be answerable for your safety."

The guide shook his head doubtfully, and seemed for a time to hesitate as to whether he should proceed further in the service he had undertaken.

"You promise that I shall not be touched by the soldiers," he inquired after a pause.

"I do."

"They say that gentlemen never break a promise," said Shawn. "I will guide you to Roscommon."

He started forward on the shaded pathway at a pace which would have astonished any one not acquainted with the powers of the wild horseboys, at this time an appendage of every gentleman's stable-yard, and the attendants of every troop of horse. When the sound of the horses' hoofs had died away in the distance, the traveller who, on the preceding evening, had announced himself to MacDermott as an envoy of The O'Neill, emerged from the ruined cabin. He held in his hand a tattered volume, and muttered to himself some half-audible Latin prayers. He had evidently overheard the conversation between Plunkett and his guide, for, after gazing for a moment down the path taken by the horsemen he broke out into a bitter laugh, and exclaimed:

"To Roscommon! You have spoken too soon and too loud for the success of your plans. There is time to defeat them yet."

He hurried at a quick pace to the shore of the lake. The boatmen who had conveyed Plunkett from the castle, attracted by the charms of the groom's conversation had not yet put off from the shore. The stranger tore a leaf from a soiled pocket-book, wrote upon it a few words, and handing it to one of the loitering boat-

men bade him deliver it as speedily as possible to the officer who had passed the night at the castle.

"He is yet abed," objected the individual to whom the note was confided, "and may not thank me for interrupting him."

"Your excuse is contained in the note you carry. Do as I bid you. Much depends on your quickness. Begone!"

There was no resisting the voice and manner in which the order was given; the boatmen sprang into the boat and rowed rapidly away.

FROM AN AUSTRALIAN ALBUM.

ON this leaflet's stainless white
Prayer or poem shall I write?
Ere I write, I've dared to look
Through and through thy tiny book—
Prayer and poem everywhere!
Shall *my* page be song or prayer?
Let me double tribute bring,
Praying for thee while I sing.
May thy life-stream glide along,
Chiming soft a holy song—
Free from sin and free from care,
Half a poem, half a prayer!

Irish both in heart and name,
Her as all our own we claim.
Irish both in name and heart,
Yet may Scotland claim a part.
Holyrood and Abbotsford
Touch her bosom's tenderest chord.
"Twenty golden years ago"—
(Youth dreads not such dates, you know)—
On one crisp October morn
Holyrood saw Polly born.
There she drew her earliest breath;
And her latest shall, she saith,
Waft her soul from Abbotsford—
Waft it surely heavenward.
Not indeed that pilgrim-spot
Glorified by Walter Scott,

But a holy convent home,
Far away o'er ocean foam,
Where (like heaven itself) are blent
Innocent and penitent,
Serving Him the Shepherd Good
Who His life on Holy Rood
Gave for us His wandering sheep.
May He in His bosom keep,
Safe and happy, pure and calm,
One beloved gentle lamb !

But my trickling thoughts have flowed
Into quite a birthday ode ;
Fewer words had better shed
Kindest blessings on thy head.
Oft indeed our hearts shall pray
"God bless her that's far away !"
Nor must thou forget us quite
When poor Erin fades from sight,
As thy bark, too swift, too gay,
Bounds upon her homeward way
O'er the oceans vast that flow
'Twixt Benburb and Bendigo.

Yet those climes less distant are,
Exile seems less stern by far,
Since we see that *there* bloom flowers
Just as fair and sweet as ours.
But what matter where we spend
These few moments till life's end ?
Let no spot through which we roam
Bind our hearts as in their home.
'Tis at best a lodging given,
Station on the road to Heaven.
When that toilsome road is past,
Heaven will be our home at last.

That thy bard may meet thee there,
Breathe, kind pilgrim, many a prayer.

W. L.

LECTURES BY A CERTAIN PROFESSOR.

IX. ABOUT SUCCESS.

THERE are two pictures in Rome that always seemed to me to typify success, though with a very different mode of presentment. One is Guido's St. Michael in the church of the Capuchins, the other Domenichino's Death of St. Jerome that hangs opposite to the Transfiguration in the Vatican. Both represent the only success worth having, the only success about which there can be no *arriere pensée*; but mark with what a difference, at all events upon the surface. The former seems to realise such a dream of success as a young enthusiastic spirit might form while yet the ways of the world were unknown, and possibilities were measured only by noble aspirations and lofty thoughts. The fight is over, and not a sign remains of the bitterness of the conflict. The glow of eternal youth, and of vigour to which no struggle could bring weariness, rests upon the Archangel's brow. Serene as if no strife had ever been, his bearing tells that even if you carried your thought back to the very crisis of the battle, you would not have seen upon that unruffled forehead one shadow of a doubt about the issue. The imperturbable calm of a conscious minister of fate rests there. He seems just what he was, the unerring instrument of the Justice that, oppose who may, *must* conquer; and the young eyes, too passionless to flash even in the hour of victory, are also too passionless to look with any feeling so personal as hatred upon the foe whose doom they saw before the fight began. As Satan, surely hideous enough to be the personification of all evil, lies prone and helpless, his crushed head prostrate beneath his opponent's heel, with unutterable malice transfiguring his ugliness, one feels that here, at all events, is a real thorough success. One thinks, to be sure, and shudders to think, that even now, if, in one moment of careless scorn of the enemy he had defeated, the young angel were to lift his heel, and let the foe go free, the fight might be renewed in all its bitterness. But the angel is still vigilant, and one may trust him to keep his victory.

This, I say, is success; but it is the success of an angel, not such success as is likely to fall to the lot of a mere mortal. A man may conquer, too, and conquer as completely; but not in such a picture may his success be represented. The dust and sweat of battle will be upon *him*. There will be traces of blood and scars of wounds. His armour will be hacked with many a fell stroke of battle, there will be a look of weariness in his eyes, and, rest assured, upon the human victor's brow will beam no placid confi-

dence that the fight is over for ever and for aye. Even when he comes to be crowned, we know that there will be need of a hand to "wipe the tears from off his cheek."

Look now at the other picture. Ah! here is the success of a man. Not a victorious man, *to look at*. The flesh is wasted with life-long conflict, the eyes are hollow with the long vigilance that were vain had it not been sleepless. That face has been the battleground where flesh and spirit fought out their old struggle to an end that, at any period of the conflict, might have been better, or might have been, as it is, glorious. No outward sign is here of the omnipotence that shaped the happy issue. It is hidden under the eucharistic veils of the Last Communion. Only death can give the *coup de grace* in this conflict, and death is very near. Just when the light of earth leaves the eyes, they shall see victory; just when the hands drop lifeless, they shall grasp success. Not, I repeat, a triumphant picture to look at—anything but that—but charged with an undercurrent of significance, which whoso can discern, will see the working of the great mystery by which "the weak things of this world can confound the strong."

This is the great success, and with these memories of two pictures I elected to begin, lest, writing "about success" in senses far lower than this, I might be thought unmindful of the truth, that any success, that is in any real sense success at all, is so only and inasmuch as it is a portion, however fractional, of the happy issue in the great battle that is waged everywhere and always between what is good and what is evil.

Having thus freed my soul, I drop down to sing the "*paullo minora*" of the world under the sun. By way of striking the keynote of a lower tone, what can be more to the purpose than the smart French saying, that finds itself in those days upon so many lips. Here it is in plain English—"nothing succeeds like success." I confess it is a maxim for which I entertain the most cordial contempt. It is a base maxim, but, perhaps, the only fitting watchword for an age that accepts a *fait accompli* as an adequate substitute for eternal justice. But melancholy as it is, so it is. Success is a goddess that, come in what questionable form she may, is sure to find worshippers even in this unworshipping age. The world postpones its judgment of a cause—because there are things that, to its thinking, touch the merits of the case, but which can be known only by judicious delay. It does not yet know whose battalions are best prepared, whose rifled cannon are more scientifically constructed—the eagles of victory are still in the air, they have not lighted on any standard; time enough, then, to give judgment. Meantime the working maxim of the tribunal remains undoubted, "nothing will succeed like success." Wise people, however, chewing this piece of world-philosophy till they taste its poisonous bitterness, might possibly, in the view of what success means in any discourse that is likely to be its context, be inclined

to suggest, as more in accordance with the larger facts of a universe of which such philosophy is, after all, only an infinitesimally small ingredient,—this new reading, “nothing succeeds better than want of success.” The relative value of either reading will be differently estimated according to the tribunal before which they come for judgment.

Success is, in itself, a very generic term. In the largest sense it might be said to mean the attainment of the thing that is absolutely best for the attainer. But this is so uncommon a view of success, that any dissertation founded upon such a definition would lead one into the uninteresting region of the purely abstract. Perhaps most people regard success, in their own case, as the attainment of their wishes; and in general it might be adequately for all practical purposes defined, the attainment of such wishes as one’s “world” considers worthy of attainment. From both these points of view it is obvious that the word success can scarcely convey any very definite objective idea. Wishes, even one’s own wishes, are very various, are not co-ordinated on any fixed principle, and are, not seldom, contradictory. Logically speaking, whosoever wishes the end wishes the means; but even the average mind is, in its everyday transactions, quite capable of transcending the laws of mere logic. Again, in any theory of the universe, there are a variety of “worlds,” each with a very definite public opinion on the subject of success; but as these “worlds” have scarcely any relation to each other except that of contemporaneous existence, it may easily happen that the success of one “world” may mean the dire misfortune of another—and discussion may be complicated by the inevitable recurrence of an “*ignoratio elenchi*.”

I suppose every one would like to be successful in some sense. But it would be first of all desirable that he should define for himself his own terms, and select consciously the “world” whose standard he is willing to accept. In fact, he must ascertain what it is he wants; and having made up his mind, he must count the cost. For, let me tell you, success is a costly thing, and the less it is worth the more it costs. Most people, thinking they see clearly the success they desire, are in reality looking only to the estimated result of that success, and would be very little willing to accept the previous conditions involved in its production. Most of us would like to reap without the trouble of sowing, to thrust our sickle into other men’s harvests, to have our roses without any thorns. But fate and the conditions of the universe are against us, and any success we hope to have we must have by paying for it its full market price. There is nothing for nothing. If, for instance, you want wealth you must buy it by spending the best part of yourself in making it, and spending to a certainty the very qualities that would enable you to use it worthily. If you want popularity you must, in most cases, pay away some part of your principles; and so on through the catalogue of things, in common estimation

held desirable. Whatever you want—and here is the real rub—it will cost you some of your life, little or much, and you can never begin over again.

Whatever success a man may have, and whatever be its value, he mostly feels that it has cost too much. Where is the glory of the youth before which it hovered as a vision; where the hearts whose imagined sympathy in his attainment of it, made, even in the vision, more than half its worth? It has cost too much, and it has come too late. You remember Johnson's letter to Lord Chesterfield—"The notice you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early had been kind, but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it, till I am solitary and cannot impart it." Might not this furnish the ground tone for an ode to any success you have ever known? The world, alas! is not what it was when we staked life and hope on the result which only the slow years have brought. They have brought it, but if their hands have given it, their remorseless feet have stamped down the clay upon the graves of hopes which, unfulfilled, leave this gift worthless. And worst of all, most of what the world calls success has been achieved at the cost of the nobler parts of character. Standard had to be lowered, higher aspirations belied, principles given up or modified into worthlessness, sops thrown to this Cerberus or that—for, indeed, it was a descent *ad inferos*—before such success was possible. Make the most of it, but the scent of death is on the garments in which it is draped.

Have you ever seen a procession formed for some great object? It was formed in the cool freshness of the early morning when the earth was beautiful in the newness of the day. Dewdrops hung like happy tears on the very grass and weeds of the wayside. There were banners there and vigorous arms to bear them up, and as they shook out their silken folds to the sunshine, one saw on them talismanic words breathing hopes that seemed like prophecies. There was music, blood-thrilling, heart-shaking, that seemed to translate the beauty of the morning into sound. Above all there was the sympathy that thrilled electrically as shoulder touched shoulder when the ranks were formed. But—will the day hold? After a milestone or two things look somewhat different. Midday thoughts are not as the thoughts of the morning. The sun has drunk the dewdrops and the dust begins to rise. The banners are heavier, and strain the arms. The blazoned spellwords have in them now less of prophecy than of hope. Did some one say that even the hopes were but the ghosts of hopes that have been dying since men first were? Fainter music soon, or if not fainter, hoarser, and less tuneful. This keeping rank is a weary thing as the day grows hotter. Were it not as well drop out and sit in the shade, leaving to those whose enthusiasm has not yet died out, the turmoil of the march. And see, as the day wears on, one gathers experience, becomes weather-wise, and sees clouds. And well one

might, for down comes the rain. The music is drowned out, and worse still, the inner heart-music of which it strove to be the echo, has gone silent. The banners grow draggled and trail in the mire that once was dust. The procession is broken up, the banners are stowed away, and one goes home, puts on his everyday clothes, and fills up the evening with some stroke of work which, he begins to believe, will be the only substantial result of a wasted day.

Life, to some people, and not the worst people, is some such procession, beginning with banners and music, and enthusiasm, and lofty thoughts, and unselfish aims, and a great design to make the world better, ending with the chink of the guinea, or life-weariness mitigated by ill-natured comment on those who do now what they did once.

The years bring wrinkles on the heart as well as on the face. There are various layers of very varied experience, till a man is a living palimpsest with a series of different stories written one over the other—happy if the last be not the least noble. That foolish, hot-headed, hot-hearted youth, how half-ashamed he is of it as he looks back, and most ashamed probably of what in it gave the salt to the soul, and the sweetest flavour to his early character. There were then—so he sees—vast possibilities of delusion; but they connoted—as he does not care to see—a fund of deeply-lying faith and unselfish purpose that would far outweigh, in heavenly balances, the wisdom that makes deception impossible. Now he does not lightly believe in others, but it may be that his want of faith is but an ugly projection of the self-knowledge that experience has forced upon him.

Then, again, how everything has changed! Ask the first old man you meet, and he will tell you that the world is very different from the world of his youth. The very seasons are not the same—winters are not so cold, summers not so warm—the men of to-day are but as children to the men of former times. It is the old story repeating itself day by day, but with a vividness that makes it seem quite original to each individual experience. For it has been always thus.

The young man with his foot upon the threshold of active life never dreams of a sorrow or a disappointment in the long future that stretches out before him as if it were infinitude itself. He stretches out two eager open hands to the world that seems so beautiful, and he thinks that both hands may be filled with things that shall bring him happiness. Ah! let him only wait and see. He carries for the present an open brow, and a heart where day-dreams nestle. It is so easy to begin, and to begin is almost to succeed. He anticipates no failure. Others may have failed—not he shall fail. If around him lie the broken swords that fell in times past from hands as strong as his, and plumes torn from helmets that once gleamed on heads as high, he spurns the moral of experiences that are not his. He never doubts but he shall win life's prizes, and doubts still less that if he win them they shall be

as satisfactory as they seem. Building his castles in the air his youth fleets by, a shadow and a dream—a shadow that he cannot grasp and keep, a dream that shall be broken by and by. The years touch him as they pass, and leave the traces of their passing upon this heart. The “stern realities” begin to form a bodyguard, ay, and a soulguard around him. In the very vigour of his manhood he begins to find out that the world is not at all the pleasant place he thought it once. When he was a boy, he longed for the time when he should be “his own master.” Now that he is a man, he learns that in this world no one can be quite his own master; and that even the degree of masterhood that manhood may have brought is very dearly purchased by the responsibility that cleaves to it as its shadow. Circumstance limits, like a bond of adamant, the most imperious self-will, and circumstance is ubiquitous and unconquerable. The world is not the pleasant place it was. Friends are rarer, hearts less tender and less true, toil is sterner, pleasures fewer than he remembers when he was a boy. He thinks the world has greatly changed since then. But, no, it is not the world that has changed, it is himself. It is only that the years have passed, and his heart has grown old, and ever as it grew old it grew sad. He may have succeeded in life, but success is no such great thing after all. It is not such success as this that would have stirred the pulses of the young heart. The fruit was fair to look at as it hung upon the tree, but now that it is plucked it is but as dust and ashes upon his lips. And then comes age—and the eyes grow dim, the hands are weak. Bodily infirmity adds itself to mental disquiet. Tired of life and yet afraid to die—loving little the battered hulk that bears his earthly fortunes, but clinging to it with desperate fear of the unsounded ocean that lies outside—the old man’s thoughts are but the echo of the words of the Preacher—“Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity.”

It is very obvious to remark that success of any sort such as usually falls to the lot of man is not half so sweet in the attainment of it as in the pursuit. It is one of those cases in which, decidedly, “distance lends enchantment to the view.” There are successful men beyond a doubt. The world is careful to inscribe their names upon its calendar, and has no hesitation in appraising their success. This man succeeds or that, but his success is rather in the opinion of his neighbours than in his own. Neighbours are prone to think that any success a man may have achieved is quite in keeping with any expectations he *ought* to have formed. They are apt to overvalue result, and to undervalue deserving. They pronounce a man successful on grounds which to his own thinking are light enough. They see what he has got, they do not know what he hoped for and hoped in vain. When he thinks the matter over for himself, success, in this like most other things that concern a man, has a very different look according as the point of view is from the outside or from within. When the so-called suc-

cessful man comes to take the measure of his success, it is apt to shrink strangely in the process. No man's success, however great, but is embittered by the reflection, how much greater it might have been. Others look to result, but he misses the adequate consequence of result. He has got precisely the thing he aimed at, but possession has only served to convince him that it is not precisely the thing he thought it, still less the thing he really wanted. He is wiser now, but his wisdom, like most earthly wisdom, has come too late to be anything but an unpleasant disturber of the satisfaction which, but for it, he might have derived from achievement. There was a time, and he looks back to it with a cynical smile or with a heart-rending sigh, according as his natural disposition may have placed him in the school of Democritus or in that of Heraclitus—there was a time when this thing made the very topmost turret of his castle in the air; but now, the days of castle-building are gone for ever.

The world likes successful men, and has often been twitted for its liking by small moralists who do not themselves (on paper) like success. But consider the matter a little, and you will see that, from its own inevitable point of view, the world is not so much to blame. For by what *but* success can it judge of a man. Success is a thoroughgoing test that fits all cases, and that anyone can apply. It does away with any need of the subtle discrimination, and nice balancing of motive that a philosophic observer of character might deem indispensable. The world is too busy to observe philosophically, too busy to relish the delay of nice measurement of faculty and performance. It takes a shorter way. It wants a rough and ready mode of classifying its subjects, and so, it asks of a man—"has he succeeded or not, and has he succeeded in those respects under one or other of which I rank any success that deserves the name?" If not—then he may be very admirable, but it is in ways about which the world knows little and cares less. He may be compounded of the rarest mental forces, have the most charming complexity of intellectual machinery; but, he is only a cunningly-fashioned toy. He has produced nothing that can be quoted in the world's market tariff. All this is intelligible enough. The world has a standard, and applies it consistently. If a man fall below it—or, if a man be incommensurable by it—the world will have nothing to say to him. But if it find a man who does come up to it, it honours him and pats him on the back, and helps him to further success of the same quality, and, perhaps, fosters that high opinion of themselves which is the weak point of successful men, at any rate in the estimation of those who have been less successful. For, indeed, these successful men are not, perhaps, the most lovable of mankind. They have their faults, and their faults are apt to make themselves disagreeably conspicuous to their humble neighbours.

They may have some grounds for conceit, but that they usually

have the conceit is undoubted. The existence of due grounds for it is more problematical—but perhaps they do exist. If a man be engaged in manual labour, his hands contract a certain degree of hardness that may be quite harmless, may, indeed, be valuable for the things that it connotes, but is not, all the same, in itself a desirable thing; still less desirable, when the hand has occasion to be used on *you*. So also is it with minds. If a man have gone through the conflict with men and things that any large degree of success almost necessarily presupposes, his mind is apt to contract a hardness, not inglorious, but, then, not agreeable. In some such way I strive charitably to account for the rather unpleasant feeling produced by contact with men who have largely succeeded. They stand, too, upon the pedestal of undoubted achievement, and they can hardly help looking down somewhat upon those who have achieved no such pedestal. They can hardly help it—but that makes the matter little better for those who are looked down upon. Having succeeded, they are prompt to believe that they deserved success, and perhaps push on to the conclusion that where there is no success there cannot possibly have been any degree of deserving. Too inexperienced in the absence of desert, they cannot attain to the sympathy that would result in pity, they have only the impatience that begets contempt. They have run in the race for which the majority of their any-time contemporaries were entered, and they are of the few who have carried off the prize. Is it wonderful they think a good deal of themselves? True, they may be jaded enough now that they have won. The race may have cost them the ultimate effort of which they were capable. They may never be good for anything again. But they have a fine consciousness of success, and, at the worst, they can pose, even in their very dotage, as models to the rising generation. I confess I do not like them overmuch—these very successful men. Their manner seems to bristle with comparisons unfavourable to their less fortunate fellows. But, then, *I* am not the world, and I have never had any success worth speaking about, myself.

Indeed, it strikes me now that I might have been more at home in my subject, had I headed this lecture otherwise than I have. Suppose I had written, "About Unsuccess," my warmer sympathies might have been elicited by the theme. Perhaps some of the most interesting of human characters have been those of men whom the world would be prompt to call unsuccessful. There is a pathos about them which is wanting in the case of more fortunate men. One can pity them, too, and it is easy to grow to love those whom we can pity. We know them in all grades of society. Not alone those grand historic figures of men who spent themselves in the pursuit of some of the splendid objects of human ambition, who failed, but in their failure left to afterwards a more instructive moral than can be deduced from other men's success;

but we know them also in unhistoric grades of everyday life. You cannot fail to call to mind some such whom you have known. Men who had everything to constitute them successful except success itself. Men of large minds and warm hearts, of rare and varied powers, endowed with qualities that deserved success. But the qualities were badly mixed and success did not result. There was "some screw loose" in the complex mental machinery, or some fatal unreal *twist* of character, given perhaps a generation or two before the character became theirs, that interfered with the due development of that branch of their genealogical tree, constituted by them. Nature seemed to have given them their grand qualities, as one gives the pieces of some wonderful puzzle to a child, and they have never succeeded in getting them together to any purpose. If they do not happen to get soured by unsucccess, they become in course of time childlike in their humility. Not the least helpful of human beings are they to others. They often do for others what they are powerless to do for themselves. They are hewers of valuable wood for other men's fires, and drawers of sweet water to quench other men's thirst. Harmless, or if not quite that, falling by gravitation of their nature into the class of "nobody's enemies but their own." Having long ceased to expect anything they are abundantly, perhaps in the estimation of more high-spirited people, unduly satisfied with what they happen to get, and it may be, so far as they are themselves concerned, they have as much and as good success as any, though it is not appreciable by any judgment but their own.

But I confess my profoundest pity is reserved for those whom the world deems successful, but whose own inmost hearts are gnawed by a consciousness of unsucccess. We can all see the mounted knight, with spirited steed and nodding plume and clanking sword, but we cannot see the "*atra cura*" perched behind him on the crupper. But *he* feels it clinging to him relentlessly. A man's success, in the world's sense of the word, is an unmistakably patent fact. No one but a man's own self knows how unsucccessful he may have been in those things which his heart tells him are the only things that *it* would call success. Who but he has kept the doleful record of the day when enthusiasm sickened and died a death from which there has been no resurrection? Whose hand but his has felt the keen smart when the reeds on which he leant broke short in his eager grasp? The wounds are there smarting still—it is his happiest fortune if they *do* smart still—but he has learned to hide them from a world that has little sympathy for such wounds. He and he only can tell how far performance has fallen below attempt; how hot hopes have cooled down, and lofty thoughts given place to thoughts less lofty; how the absolute right has been shouldered aside by the practically expedient; in short, how much less he is than once he aimed at being, and fondly hoped to be. The world sees only result, the world cannot see

how result may have belied promise—that promise that a man's ambition made to his early inexperienced self.

Not so much a man's success, as his ideal of what is success, gives a very fair notion of a man's character. If out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh, not the less out of the fulness of a man's character issues his ideal of success. Tell me your most persistent day-dream, tell me the object of ambition that is nearest to your thought in the early morning, and last to linger in the late night, about the gate of dreams, and I will engage to give a tolerable guess as to what manner of man you are. Does success, such as you would wish to have, lie for you in the opinion of others or in your own? Do you aim less at performance than at the result performance might be supposed to bring? Had you rather deserve success than have it without deserving or irrespective of desert? Are you one of the few who wish to *be*, or of the many who are content with such a degree of *seeming*, as, for all practical purposes, imposes sufficiently upon the society in which you live? Had you rather, to put it plainly, *seem* more and *be* less, or seem less and be more? Here be nice tests of character.

Indeed all success, so far as it is attained, is the growth of character. And perhaps the reason why success in general is so poor a thing is because in the generality of instances character affords but a meagre soil. To judge by the things men set their hearts upon, one must conclude that they are easily satisfied in their ideals, however prone to be discontented with any reality in which they have been able to embody them. Character in general affords but a poor soil; and culture of character is the most unpopular of employments. Most lives are poor makeshifts—and most men live from hand to mouth as if they were only so many bundles of permanent instincts modified by an occasional impulse.

Men scarcely know what they want. The world knows well what *it* wants. It waits for result before it cries out "success." But, in real truth, whatever success there is has been long anterior to result. When the ground was prepared, and the seed laid in the long furrow, and left as if forgotten to the dews of the night, and the sunshine of the day, and the opportune coming of the several seasons, the world went its way thinking very little of the seed. Even when in the early spring it began to paint the ridges with a tender green, it only gave relief to a weary eye; there was no success worth shouting for in the thin delicate blade. Only when the summer sun has come after the spring rain and stirred the sap into a riot of growth, only when the corn has grown thick enough to hide the unsightly ridge from whence it sprang, only when the alchemy of autumn has touched the hanging heads and turned them into pale gold and red; only then will the world come, and come, mark you, sickle in hand, to cry out "success."

The Poet has just sung his divinest song. His soul-wings have shaken off the dust of earth, and borne him heavenward as

high as it was his to go, and he flings down a rain of music perhaps from clouds that hide his deepest meaning from the many who, yet, are thrilled by the melodious mystery of his song. I say, not then is his success, but rather, and in nobler sense, in the long heart-loneliness of the seed time—in those days of obscurity and struggle when the seeds of song were sown in deep soul-furrows, and in storm and rain, and days of cloudlike sorrow, grew on to the ripening and to the harvest of melodious utterance.

Success is no Aladdin's palace that springs up in an hour. Success is a growth, due like all other growths to soil and seed. And of this be sure: "Whatsoever seed a man sows, of that also shall he reap."

WHAT MY BOOKS DO.

THEY tell of lands with sunnier skies,
Of flowers that bloom with richer hue,
Of sweeter voices, brighter eyes,
Than sky or flow'r or voice or eye
That I shall see, until I die.

Arms strong to do, hearts strong to dare,
And patient hearts that almost broke
Beneath the load fate gave to bear,
But bore it to the end, nor spoke,
Nor sought with other hearts to share
The sorrows that made dim the eye
And sow'd the silver in the hair:
With such my books are filled—but I
Scarce hope to see such, till I die.

Deeds that make the heart beat fast
In the watches of the night,
Till those pictures of the past
Strike so keen upon the brain
That they bring their meed of pain;

For in sheer despair I sigh
To think of the ignoble days
I live in, and the narrow ways
That I must tread, until I die.

Poet's songs with far-off sound,
As if from distant worlds they came,
That breathe as if the bard had found
The secret of the heart's long cry
For *something*, which nor you nor I
Shall ever find, until we die.

The singer seems about to tell
The secret that will make hearts bound
With joy that earth not yet had found,
But, in the uttering breaks the spell—
And lo! the new-fledg'd hope has flown
To add itself to hopes that lie
Dead seeds in fields where you and I
Shall find the ripe fruit when we die.

Thoughts are here of hot hearts laid
In silence, centuries gone so long
That one wonders how they made
An echo that still sounds so strong—
Memories, mysteries, hopes, and dreams,
Lights and shades of lives long past
They haunt one, till the present seems
Made up of old things newly cast
In mould that circumstance supplies—
The substance still the same, for still
Man's life, despite man's vehement will,
Is this—he loves, laughs, weeps, and dies.

J. F.

CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

VII. THE SIEGE OF KILKENNY.

IN our last number we followed Cromwell from Youghal to Cashel. Our readers will remember that after the capture of this town he marched on Kilkenny, and when he had got within a few miles of the city, he returned once more to Cashel and fixed his head-quarters there. The causes of his hurried retreat were these. He had advanced on Kilkenny without any of the materials necessary for a siege, relying on the promises of Tickle, an officer of the garrison, who had undertaken to open one of the city gates at his approach. Some of Tickle's letters were intercepted and revealed his treachery. The plot was thus discovered in time, and the traitor executed. Ormonde too, who had established his head-quarters in Kilkenny during the winter, hearing of the rapid approach of the Puritan army, got together about 700 foot and 100 horse; with these and some of the townsmen, who seemed eager to aid him, he presented such a formidable appearance, that Cromwell thought it wiser to retire and wait for the arrival of the other corps which he had ordered to come to his assistance. Ormonde was well aware that the advance would not be long delayed; he prepared for the attack by strengthening the defences as well as circumstances would permit. Giving the command of Leinster to Lord Castlehaven, he went to Clare to raise an army there and in the adjoining counties that would offer some resistance to Cromwell's progress. Castlehaven appointed James Walsh governor of the castle, and Sir Walter Butler governor of the city.

Yet in spite of the measures taken for its safety, Kilkenny was but ill fitted to resist the attack of a well-disciplined army or to sustain the hardships of a siege. A plague, which had appeared a few months before in Galway, and had spread with amazing rapidity throughout the country, was then raging within the walls. Castlehaven had sent a force of 1,000 foot and 200 horse to garrison the city. In a short time their number was so reduced by disease that their effective strength did not exceed 300 men. He had ordered Lord Dillon with the forces under his command, amounting to 2,500 foot and 600 horse, to meet him at Carlow, that they might combine and march towards Kilkenny. Lord Dillon's men refused to go to the aid of the doomed city, declaring that they were ready to fight against man but not against God. Sir Walter Butler urged the garrison of Cantwell castle to abandon that place and to come to strengthen the garrison. But the officers, being English, Welsh, and Scotch, sent some of their number to Cromwell offering him possession of the castle, and asking money and passes to go beyond

the sea to serve in the armies of foreign states. He accepted their terms, on condition that they should do nothing to the prejudice of the Parliament of England.

On Friday, March 22nd, Cromwell at the head of his army appeared before the walls. He halted about a mile from the town on the side of the black quarry, and sent forward a troop of horse to reconnoitre the place. The same evening he sent the following summons to the townsmen, calling on them to surrender:—

*"To the Governor, Mayor, and Aldermen of the City of Kilkenny:
These :*

"Before Kilkenny, 22nd March, 1650.

"GENTLEMEN,—My coming hither is to endeavour, if God so please to bless me, the reduction of the city of Kilkenny to their obedience to the State of England, from which, by the unheard-of massacre of the innocent English, you have endeavoured to rend yourselves. God hath begun to judge you with His sore plagues. So will He follow you until He destroy you if you repent not. Your cause hath been already judged in England upon them who did abet your evils; what may the principals then expect?

"By this free dealing you see I entice you not to a compliance; you may have terms such as may save you in your lives, liberties, and estates, according to what will be fitting for me to grant and you to receive. If you choose for the worst, blame yourselves. In confidence of the gracious blessings and presence of God upon His own cause, which by many testimonies this is, I shall hope for a good issue upon my endeavours. Expecting a return from you, I rest your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

The next day the Governor, Sir Walter Butler, sent the following reply:—

"For General Cromwell :

"Kilkenny, 23rd March, 1650.

"SIR,—Your letter I have received; and in answer thereof I am commanded to maintain this city for his Majesty; which, by the power of God, I am resolved to do. So I rest, sir, your servant,

"WALTER BUTLER."

Early the same day Cromwell invested the place; in the evening he attempted to gain possession of the Irishtown, but he was beaten off and forced to retire within his lines. Again he wrote to the Governor asking him to surrender, and offering him terms. What they were we do not know, for the letter has been lost. But we have the Governor's answer, which was as follows:—

"For General Cromwell :

"Kilkenny, 25th March, 1650.

"SIR,—Your last letter I received, and in answer—I have such confidence in God to maintain this place as I will not lose it on such terms as you offer, but will sooner lose my life and the lives of all that are here rather than submit to such dishonourable conditions. So I rest, sir, your servant,

"WALTER BUTLER."

Another letter from Cromwell followed on the same day—

“Before Kilkenny, 25th March, 1650.

“SIR,—If you had been as clear as I was in my last, I might perhaps have understood you so as to give you some further answer. But you expressing nothing particular what you have to except against in mine, I have nothing more to return save this—that for some reasons I cannot let your trumpeter suddenly come back, but have sent you this by a drummer of my own. I rest your servant,

“OLIVER CROMWELL.”

And this reply from the Governor:—

“*For General Cromwell :*

“Kilkenny, 25th March, 1650.

“SIR,—Yours of this instant I received ; the particulars you would have me express are these :—

“That the mayor and citizens, all the other inhabitants, and others now resident in the city and liberties thereof, with their servants, shall be secured with their lives, liberties, estates and goods, and live in their own habitations with all freedom. And that our clergymen and all others here residing, of whatever degree, condition, or quality soever, that shall be minded to depart, shall be permitted to depart safely hence, with their goods and whatever they have, to what place soever they please within this realm, and in their departure shall be safely convoyed. And that the said inhabitants shall have free trade and traffic with all places under the Parliament of England’s command and elsewhere ; and that the foresaid inhabitants shall have their arms, ammunition and artillery for their own defence, the town and liberties thereof paying such reasonable contribution as shall be agreed on, and not to be otherwise charged. And that the governors, commanders, officers and soldiers, both horse and foot, now garrisoned as well in the castle as in the city, without exception of any of them, shall safely march hence, whither they list, with their arms, ammunition, artillery, bag and baggage, and whatever else belongs to them ; with their drums beating, colours flying, matches burning, and bullet in bouche : and that they have a competent time for their departure and carrying away their goods, with a sufficient and safe convoy ; and that Major Nicholas Wall, and all other commanders, officers, and soldiers, who came out of the English quarters, now residing here, shall have the benefit of this agreement. Without which, I am resolved to maintain the place with God’s help.

“Thus expecting your answer, and that during this treaty there shall be a cessation of arms, I rest, sir, your servant,

“WALTER BUTLER.”

“*For the Governor of Kilkenny :*

“Before Kilkenny, 26th March, 1650.

“SIR,—Except the conditions were much bettered, and we in a worse posture and capacity to reduce you than before the last letter I sent you, I cannot imagine whence these high demands of yours arise. I hope in God, before it be long, you may have occasion to think other thoughts ; to which I leave you.

“I shall not so much as treat with you on those propositions. You desire some articles for honour’s sake, which, out of honesty, I do deny, viz. : that of marching in the equipage you mention, ‘muskets loaded, matches burning,’ &c.

I tell you, my business is to reduce you from arms, and the country to quietness and due subjection; to put an end to the war, and not to lengthen it; wishing, if it may stand with the will of God, this people may live as happily as they did before the bloody massacre, and better too. If you and the company with you be of those who resolve to continue to hinder this, we know who is able to reach you, and, I believe, will.

"For the inhabitants of the town, of whom you seem to have a care, you know your retreat to be better than theirs; and therefore it is not impolitically done to speak for them, and to engage them to keep as long from you as they can. If they be willing to expose themselves to ruin for you, you are much beholding unto them.

"As for your 'clergymen' as you call them, in case you agree for a surrender, they shall march safely away with their goods and what belongs to them; but if they fall otherwise into my hands, I believe they know what to expect from me. If upon what I proposed formerly, with this addition concerning them, you expect things to be cleared, I am content to have commissioners for that purpose. I rest, sir, your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

On the 25th, between five and six o'clock in the morning, the battery, consisting of three guns, began to play. They were directed against the Marquis of Ormonde's stables, which lay between the castle gate and the rampart. The firing continued until about noon; a breach having been made by that time, orders were given for the assault. Twice the assailants were driven back with considerable loss. They were ordered to advance a third time, but they would not obey; they saw that no entrance could be effected there, as the counterworks raised within the walls were strongly palisadoed and commanded the breach. Cromwell, despairing of success, was on the point of raising the siege when the mayor and townsmen invited him to stay, promising to obtain admittance for his forces into the city. The conditions are set down in the following letter:—

"*For the Right Honorable General Cromwell:*

"Kilkenny, 26th March, 1650.

"RIGHT HONORABLE,—I received your Honour's letter in answer to mine, which I wrote unto your Honour in pursuance of the propositions sent by our Governor unto your Honour, for obtaining of the said conditions; which seemed unto us almost befitting to be granted, the military part having exposed themselves for our defence; which obliges us not to accept of any conditions but such as may be befitting them. I desire your Honour to grant a cessation of arms, and that hostages on both sides be sent, and commissioners appointed to treat of the conditions. I rest your Honour's servant,

"JAMES ARCHDAKIN, Mayor of Kilkenny."

Before sending an answer to this letter, he told off a party under the command of Colonel Ewer, and gave orders that he should attack the Irishtown that evening. This part of the city had been entrusted to the keeping of the townsmen, the garrison

being employed in defending the portions of the wall that were assailed, and in securing the breach against another attack. The townsmen, at the first onset of the enemy, deserted their posts almost without striking a blow, and left the assailants in possession of the cathedral and the other parts of the Irishtown.

Cromwell, in consequence of this success, partial though it was, could insist on conditions more favorable to himself. What these were, we learn from the following letter:—

“For the Mayor of Kilkenny:

“Before Kilkenny, 26th March, 1650.

“SIR,—Those whom God has brought to a sense of His hand upon them and to amend, submitting themselves thereto and to the power to which He has subjected them, I cannot but pity and tender; and so far as that effect appears in you and your fellow-citizens, I shall be ready without capitulation to do more and better for you and them upon that ground than upon the high demands of your Governor or his capitulations for you.

“I suppose he has acquainted you with what I briefly offered yesterday in relation to yourself and the inhabitants; otherwise he has the more to answer for to God and man. And notwithstanding the advantages, as to the commanding and entering the town, which God has given us since that offer, more than we were possessed of before, yet I am still willing, upon your surrender, to make good the same to the city, and that with advantage.

“Now in regard of that temper which appears among you by your letters, though I shall not engage for more upon the Governor’s demands for you, whose power, I conceive, is now greater to prejudice and endanger the city than to protect it; nevertheless, to save it from plunder and pillage, I have promised the soldiery that, if we should take it by storm, the inhabitants shall give them a reasonable gratuity in money, in lieu of the pillages; and so I have made it death for any man to plunder, which I shall still keep them to by God’s help, although we should be put to make an entry by force, unless I shall find the inhabitants engaging still with the Governor and his soldiery to make resistance. You may see also the way I chose for reducing the place was such as tended most to save the inhabitants from pillage, and from perishing promiscuously, the innocent with the guilty: to wit, by attempting places which being possessed might bring it to a surrender, rather than enter the city itself by force. If what is here expressed may beget resolution in you which would occasion you safety and be consistent with the end of my coming hither, I shall be glad; and rest your friend,

“OLIVER CROMWELL.”

The Governor seeing the temper of the townsmen, and well aware of the weakness of the force under his command, knew that the resistance he could offer would be worse than useless. The example of Drogheda and Wexford taught him “what to expect” if the city was captured by assault. The day following he wrote to propose a conference, which was accepted.

“For General Cromwell:

“Kilkenny, 26th March, 1650.

“SIR,—In answer of your letter,—if you be pleased to appoint officers for a treaty for the surrender of the castle and city upon soldierlike conditions, I will

also appoint officers of such quality as are in the garrison ; provided that hostages of equality be sent on both sides, and a cessation of arms be also granted during the treaty. Assuring a performance, on my side, of all that will be agreed upon, I rest, sir, your servant,

“WALTER BUTLER.”

“*To the Governor of Kilkenny :*

“Before Kilkenny, 26th March, 1650.

“SIR,—That no extremity may happen for want of a right understanding, I am content that commissioners on each side do meet, in the leaguer at the south side of the city, authorised to treat and conclude. For which purpose, if you shall speedily send me the names and qualities of the commissioners you will send out, I shall appoint the like number on my part, authorised as aforesaid, to meet with them ; and shall send a safe-conduct for the coming out and return of yours. As for hostages, I conceive it needless and dilatory. I expect that the treaty will begin by 8 o'clock this evening and end by 12 ; during which time only I will grant a cessation. Expecting your speedy answer, I rest your servant,

“OLIVER CROMWELL.”

The trumpeter by whom the message was sent, was at first refused admittance ; it was nine o'clock when the despatch reached the Governor. His reply was given immediately ; it contained the names of four commissioners empowered to treat about the surrender, and named six o'clock on the following morning for their meeting at the appointed place, on condition, however, that “hostages be sent for their safe return ; for without hostages they will not go.”

“I have sent you a safe-conduct,” writes Cromwell, the next day, “for the four commissioners named by you ; and if they be such as are unwilling to take my word, I shall not, to humour them, agree to hostages. I am willing to a treaty for four hours, provided it be begun by 12 o'clock this morning ; but for a cessation, the time last appointed for it being past, I shall not agree unto it, to hinder my own proceedings. Your servant,

“OLIVER CROMWELL.”

On the same day (March 27th) a breach was effected in the wall of the Franciscan abbey near the river side. The townsmen, who were guarding that part of the city also, began to forsake their posts. The Governor, at the head of a troop of horse, came up and beat off the enemy, killing most of those that were near the wall. An attempt was also made by a party consisting of eight companies of foot that had been sent across the river, to pass over St. John's Bridge, fire the gate, and thus to effect an entrance into the city ; but the assailants were repulsed with considerable loss.

The Governor, seeing the weakness of the garrison, few in number and exhausted by continual watching at their posts, and despairing of further aid, determined to carry out Lord Castlehaven's orders ; viz.—That if he was not relieved by 7 o'clock on the evening of the 27th inst., he should not, through any false notion of honour, expose the inhabitants to be massacred, but rather make as good conditions as he could by a timely surrender. A parley was beaten, a cessation of hostilities was agreed on, and at noon

next day, March 28th, the town and castle were delivered up on the following conditions:—

"Articles of agreement between the Commissioners appointed by his Excellency the Lord Cromwell, Lord Lieutenant-General of Ireland, for and on behalf of his Excellency on the one part, and those appointed Commissioners by the respective Governor of the city and castle of Kilkenny of the other part, March 28, 1650.

"1. That the respective Governor of the city of Kilkenny shall deliver up to his Excellency the Lord Cromwell, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, for the use of the State of England, the said city and castle, with all arms, ammunition and provisions of public stores therein, without embezzlement, except what is hereafter excepted, at or before nine o'clock to-morrow morning.

"2. That all the inhabitants of the said city of Kilkenny and all others therein shall be defended in their persons, goods, and estates from the violence of the soldiers; and that such as shall desire to remove thence elsewhere, shall have liberty to do so, with their goods, within three months after the date of these articles.

"3. That the said Governor, with all the officers and soldiers under his command in said city or castle and all others who shall be so pleased, shall march away at or before nine o'clock to-morrow morning, with their bag and baggage; the officers and their attendants, with their horses and arms, not exceeding 150 horses; and their foot soldiers to march out of the town, two miles distant, with their arms, and with their drums beating, colours flying, matches lighted; and then and there to deliver up the said arms to such as shall be appointed for receiving them, except a hundred muskets and a hundred pikes allowed them for their defence against the Tories.*

"4. That the said officers and soldiers shall have from his Excellency a safe-conduct six miles from the city of Kilkenny; and from thence a pass, to be in force for six days, they marching at least ten miles each day, and doing no prejudice to quarters.

"5. That the city of Kilkenny shall pay £2,000 as a gratuity to his Excellency's army; whereof £1,000 to be paid on the 30th of this month, and the other on the first day of May, to such as shall be by his Excellency appointed. That Major Comerford and Mr. Edward Roth shall remain hostages, under the power of his Excellency, for the performance of said articles, on the part of said city and garrison of Kilkenny.

"And lastly, for the performance of all and singular the said articles, both parties have hereunto interchangeably put their hands, the day and year above written.

"EDWARD COWLY,
"EDWARD ROTH,

JOHN COMERFORD,
DAVID FARNBALL,

O. CROMWELL."

(To be continued.)

D. M.

* During the rebellion of 1641, the name "Tories" was given to such persons as at first preferred to remain neutral, but who ultimately—perhaps urged by their loss of property and consequent distress—took up arms with a view of reprisal or revenge on those by whom they had been reduced to absolute ruin. English and Irish, Protestant and Catholic, Republican and Loyalist, were alike their common enemies; and, being joined by men of desperate fortunes, they united themselves into bodies and became formidable gangs of freebooters, who harassed the regular troops of all parties without distinction (Croker's "Researches," &c., p. 52). Ormonde, in a proclamation dated from Clare Castle, 25th Sept., 1650, orders "all those loose and ill-disposed persons that pillage the inhabitants of Leinster, and will not submit to any commands, living upon the people of the country, and that are termed 'Tories or Idle Boys,' to enlist in his Majesty's army or be deemed traitors."—*"Carte Papers,"* clxiii. 358.

A RAMBLE THROUGH POET-LAND.

BY EDWARD HARDING.

IN the far-off infancy of creation the stream of Poetry was born. Like a tiny rivulet, cradled high up amid the inner windings of a mountain chain, it set out, slender and unshapen, upon its long journey through the ages. At first, characterized by the wild barrenness of the encircling years, it gushed along, a rude streamlet, wayward and erratic in its course : now veering from side to side, as if in defiance of uniformity or rule ; now preserving for a time a smooth and even flow, till again, impatient of restraint, it dashed against a huge barrier of order, and overleaping its narrow channel, fell, far down, a foaming cataract of savage song. Yet never in its mature life has it equalled the grandeur and sublimity of these early days. Noble in its young strength, majestic in its untutored impulse, it woke the far-sounding echoes of creation's morn with a burst of grand music, whose vibrations the long lapse of centuries cannot still. But let us follow its career.

Ever growing with the growing years, the tide of Poetry flows onward, lighting up the world's life with a strange, glad beauty, that softly whispers of the life beyond. Fed by a thousand sources—each rejoicing for a day in its own frail entity, till losing its individual existence, it becomes merged in the great current—it passes gradually downward through the wild and rugged heights of the early ages, and flows out at last upon the cultivated plains of civilization. In vain do opposing eras interpose their vast influences to stay its course. Checked but for a moment, it bends majestically to right or left, and winding round the unavailing barrier, speeds on again, triumphant, upon its deathless way.

So it comes down into our own time, a mighty river, filling our plodding world with light and life. Ever upon its sunny margin, the fields are greenest and the flowers most fair, Beauty and bloom awoken at its touch, and love and song are born in the murmur of its voice. Slowly and majestically it swings past—a vivifying influence—a giant force : breathing freshness and vitality upon all around, and bearing within its swelling breast the solemn history of humankind. How far it may yet travel, who can tell ? The wisest among us can add but a brooklet to its mighty tide. Long after we, in our time, shall have passed away, it will murmur gently over our graves : still flashing gladness and sunshine into the hearts of our children—still rolling solemnly onward to the far-off sea.

Perhaps it is time I should get down off my allegorical steed,

and—as some prosaic readers may suggest—talk common sense. To commence, then, I will ask myself—What is this Poetry, of which so many beautiful things may be said? And here, even at the outset, I will confess myself unprepared with a direct solution of the question. There is, perhaps, no word in our vocabulary which possesses so many varying definitions as that word “Poetry.” From the earliest age in which the magic feeling was known to man, down to our own day, numberless writers of every class and of every order of intellect—poets, art-critics, essayists, and philosophers—have attempted to define it. But as Cranch says—

“Thought is deeper than all speech ;
Feeling deeper than all thought ;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.”

—No one seems to have succeeded in defining it satisfactorily: no definition appears to have been even generally accepted. Perhaps this difficulty has a deeper source than would strike one at first. Springing from the very depths of man’s soul, Poetry partakes its mystery. Measurements belong to material things. Definitions belong to science. But he who approaches the founts of human feeling must drop compass and rule, reverently remembering that the soul is alike immortal and inscrutable.

Although, however, I hesitate—with the vision of failure before my eyes—to attempt a formal solution of the question, “What is Poetry?” I am not without the hope of being able to lead my readers by a roundabout way to a certain eminence, from whence they may obtain a comparatively clear view of the subject, and I think I may promise them at starting, that however unqualified I may be for my self-appointed office of *cicerone*, they can scarcely fail to find the ramble an interesting one, for our pathway winds through a rare and beautiful country—an unknown and mystical region—the territory of the Poet.

The Poet differs from the rest of mankind mainly in this respect—that his nature has been exceptionally enriched with the fullest endowment of three great qualities—Passion, Imagination, and Taste. Differently proportioned, these three qualities have constituted the special possessions of the poet in all time—there has never been a great poet who did not possess a large share of all three.

PASSION is the pulse of the soul—the mainspring of all grave human action, whether for good or for evil. The most lovable qualities of our nature and the most hateful—the loftiest and the most debasing, have, all, their roots in passion. Anger, fervor, revenge, love, zeal—all are awakened and sustained by it. It is the parent of virtue and of vice; of heroism and of infamy.

The unequal measure in which the Creator has dealt out this great quality to mankind is the primary cause of the strange differ-

ences of character observable among men. Our varying natures range between two great extremes—the positive and the negative : the former signifying the abundance, the latter the deficiency, of passion. I can scarcely conceive any subject of philosophic thought more interesting than the observation of these extremes. The positive or passionate nature, is warm, active, and impressible ; quick in perception ; ardent in feeling, and permeated with a full and comprehensive sympathy. The negative nature, on the contrary, is dull, phlegmatic, cold ; and narrow and selfish in its sympathies. “What a strange thing it is,” says George Eliot, “that some of those cunningly-fashioned instruments called human souls have only a very limited range of music, and will not vibrate in the least under a touch that fills others with tremulous delight or quivering agony.”

The poet's nature is pre-eminently positive, according to this meaning of the word. It is essentially passionate and sympathetic. Except in his dull moods, when his soul is deadened by the pressure of some external influence, the poet is always emotional. His heart is like an Æolian harp, susceptible to the lightest whisper of the summer breeze ; like a mountain lake, one moment tranquil and motionless as a sea of ice, the next, roused by a passing wind, a plain of rippling waves ; like a glowing spark, waiting only for a breath, to burst into a volume of flame. All the human passions—sometimes so lightly felt by other men—affect him in an extreme degree. “His happiness is ecstasy ; his grief is anguish ; his hope is enthusiasm ; his despondency is despair.” It is scarcely possible for less mercurial temperaments to appreciate the intensity of the moods, or excesses of feeling, to which the poet is subject. They lie upon his soul like a flood, completely enwrapping it for the time, and holding it in undisputed possession. Strange to observe, it is precisely in this extreme of feeling that his power lies. “All passion becomes strength,” says George Eliot, “when it has an outlet from the narrow limits of our personal lot, in the labour of our right arm, the cunning of our right hand, *or the still, creative activity of our thought.*” Passion lends the poet a superhuman power, and yet it is a power that during its action he cannot fully control. He is for the time overwhelmed by the torrent of feeling that agitates his being, and can hardly guide the vessel of his thought. Frequently, the half-caught intention with which he set out upon his poetic voyage, is cast to the winds before he is well afloat, and he is borne along in a new direction with irresistible force. But even in his less inspired moments, when the subject of his poem is calmly predetermined and deliberately pursued, the poet is largely indebted to passion for its beauty and effectiveness. The exercise of creative energy induces a temporary emotion, and this emotion—often a varying one—receives an accurate interpretation in his verse. He adopts unconsciously the words and melody that are best fitted for its expression. If his feeling be sad, he uses instinctively the ten-

derest and most plaintive words. Every bright or flashing phrase—every rough or forcible expression—although otherwise suitable, he rejects without a thought. When we afterwards read his lines, we feel as if we were listening to the sweetest and most sorrowful of melodies. But if his mood should alter: if a passing thought—a wandering beam of happier feeling—should induce a brighter spirit, the change in the character of the verse becomes at once apparent to the reader. The words ripple and flash as they glide into his sight, the sentences group themselves in gay form, and the entire music of the poem is transformed.

The second poetic attribute, IMAGINATION, is a faculty possessed, to some extent, even by the lower animals. The dog, whose muffled bark reaching us from his temporary couch upon the hearth-rug, informs us that he is hunting in his sleep, evidences its possession, though he is unable to appreciate the value of the gift. But with the poet it is a talisman. He has only to invoke its magic power—to yield himself up to its subtle influence, and the whole world is his. The gorgeous magnificence of the east, the soft loveliness of the south, the white, stern grandeur of the north, and the glowing splendour of the west, are all within the circle of his sway. From clime to clime he ranges, borne upon the aerial billows of his wondrous song. Storm and sunshine, sea and sky, light and shade—all lend their influences to perfect the beauty and glory of his empire. He is the greatest and the most absolute of monarchs. He does with all nature as he will. He adds, he abstracts, he changes, he remodels. *This* scene does but half please his critical fancy—*that* action but half satisfy his craving soul; and lo! the vision becomes a paradise—the deed a heroism.

The poet's mind is always busy. Every passing object, every trivial act, suggests a theme for description—a subject out of which a story may be woven. He is never friendless—never alone, for his imagination is the most devoted and entertaining of companions. It is always ready to lift him above the grosser atmosphere of the world around and bear him into the pure and serene azure of heaven. It has ever for his attentive ear a bright thought, a generous suggestion, an ennobling impulse. It is constantly instilling into his heart a love for everything that is beautiful and lofty. Love, hope, virtue and chivalry, are the planets about which it continually revolves—with whose pure rays it ripens and matures the sublime seeds implanted by the Creator in his soul.

And not only does the imaginative faculty elevate and refine the mind of the poet, but it gifts him with the power of inspiring the imaginations of others. The vigour and vividness of his heaven-born fancy impart to his words a subtle flame that vivifies the most torpid and unimpassioned intellects, and enriches them with unwonted faculties for the moment. Leigh Hunt says:—"The great privilege of the poet is, that using the medium of speech he can make his readers poets; can make them aware and

possessed of what he intends, enlarging their comprehension by his details, or enlightening it by a word."

The third poetic ingredient, **TASTE**, may be resolved into two elements—sensibility and accuracy. In sensibility (or that fine interior sense which enables us to discern instinctively the most minute inflections and shades of differences in the quality of things) the soul of the poet is steeped. It revels in the bewildering beauties and exquisite harmonies of nature. All the thousand subtle influences of sea, and sky, and earth, exert an unspeakable power over his delicate sense. From his childhood he feels with keen delight the wondrous sympathy that exists between his spirit and the soul of beautiful things. His eyes are fascinated with the fairy beauty of leaf, and bud, and flower; his ears are ravished with the ever-varying melodies of wood and wave; his whole frame vibrates as he drinks in, through every sense, the virgin loveliness of God's creation. Nor is it with the beauties of external nature alone, that this sympathy unites him. All that is pure or graceful, noble or lovable, in thought, or expression, awakes an answering voice within his heart. The glance of a loving eye; the thrill of a tender word; the warm pressure of a gentle hand—have power to stir his soul to its inmost recesses. He is thrilled with pleasure at the simple vision of a child's face—he cannot restrain his enthusiasm in the presence of a generous or a heroic deed. Very truly and gracefully does Rogers describe the blessings of poetic sensibility when he says, in portraying his own lot, that—

"Nature denied him much,
But gave him at his birth what most he values;—
A passionate love for reading, music, painting,
For poetry—the language of the gods,
For all things else, or grand or beautiful—
A setting sun, a lake among the mountains,
The light of an ingenuous countenance,
And, what transcends them all—a noble action."

Accuracy of taste, although rather the offspring of reason than of feeling, is, to the poet, a necessary element of excellence. By its aid he regulates the metre and rhyme of his verse, adds to it a grace of culture and finish unpossessed in its natural state, and embellishes it with numberless beauties and ornaments. The most striking among the latter are, perhaps, the two following—Alliteration and Variation. It may not be uninteresting to devote a passing reference to each of these.

Alliteration, when carefully employed, lends a rare beauty to the Poet's verse, by adding to the intellectual enjoyment conveyed by his words, an independent and delicate pleasure, communicated to the eye and ear of the reader—a pleasure, which, though sometimes seeming to pass unnoticed, is never lost. I need not seek a more charming illustration of the power of alliteration than Tenny

son's famous song of "The Brook," some of the stanzas of which are even strikingly alliterative. Perhaps I may quote one or two.

"I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

"With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

"I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

Any of my readers who have ever listened to the involutions of a peal of bells, will need no other illustration of the marvellous effects that may be produced by Variation. There is a beautiful lyric of Longfellow's, called, "My lost youth," which was a special favourite of my own, long before I discovered that it owed much of its attractiveness to this strange ornament. As it is, independent of this beauty, a poem of rare merit, and as I suspect—for it is not generally popular—that it is unfamiliar to many of my readers, I will not resist the temptation to quote from it at some length :—

"Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea ;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
*And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still.*
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'
.

"I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free ;
And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
*And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:*
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

"I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill ;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
*And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:*
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'
.

"I can see the breezy dome of groves,—
The shadows of Deering's woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighbourhoods.
*And the verse of that sweet old song
It flutters and murmurs still:*
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

"I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the schoolboy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
*And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:*
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

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"Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
*Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:*
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

Having considered severally the three main elements of the poetic character, I will endeavour to exhibit them in combination. I have been often struck by the wondrous connection between them, causing them to act and re-act on each other with the precision and regularity of machinery. Thus, passion intensifies imagination, taste purifies it. Imagination inflames passion; taste controls it. Sensibility awakens both. But the network will be made more easily discernible by illustration.

Let us conceive a poet—and a poet in love. "Not a very rare appendix, that latter," say some of our readers, and, we must admit, with more or less truth. "A poet without love," Carlyle asserts, "were a physical and metaphysical impossibility." But to return to *our* poet.

He has just left the lady of his dreams, and has been made happy with—what does it matter?—a flower! a word! perhaps only a smile! Onward he hies to the loved solitudes of his fair mother, Nature, that he may the more uninterruptedly yield himself up to the happy thoughts that crowd upon his heart. See his face, as he hurries past, brightened with a tender gleam. Ah! he

is far beyond the reach of our more tranquil souls. And now he is alone. Aroused by the emotion that swells in his heart, his imagination unfolds its vast possessions before his eager eyes, while to and fro amid the far-extending vistas his subtle taste hastens, choosing from out the sunny realms a cloudless kingdom for his queen. . . . Let us leave him there in peace. Poor soul! he will fall from his high eminence by-and-by, only to feel, the more acutely, the difference between *what might be*, and *what is*.

For, alas! the life of the poet is not without its share of woe. It is far from being a life of untroubled happiness; or, even, of unclouded serenity of soul. It is true, no doubt, that the glorious faculties with which the Creator has endowed him, yield to him pleasures and delights, the very existence of which narrower natures cannot even conceive; but it is not less true that those very qualities bear, also, with them, sorrows and perils, equally unknown to the majority of men. Shelley defines poetry to be "the record of the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest lives." But was Shelley's life either very good or very happy? Father Faber says: "Apart from Religion, the greatest pleasure in life arises from the felt sense of intellectual power." But, I have no doubt, that Father Faber would agree with me in saying, that the amount of suffering which has its origin in this same intellectual power is also extreme. For the three qualities which constitute the personality of the poet, form, perhaps, the most toilsome and hazardous equipments that could be selected for the journey of life. They are fraught with troubles and dangers, too many to enumerate, and too indefinite to describe. There is scarcely a chord of pain in man's heart that is not sometimes made to vibrate by some one of them—there is scarcely a pure radiance in man's soul that is not sometimes overclouded by another. Let us glance at them in turn, and test this assertion.

Equability of temperament, mediocrity of thought and feeling, and an indifference to everything and everybody, are—one might say with much truth—qualities eminently calculated to secure for man an untroubled and painless passage through life. Inexcitability, dulness, and want of sympathy, form an armour, proof against intensity of mental pain or extreme violence of temptation. But these are the very qualities most opposed to the character of poetic passion. The ardent, sympathetic nature is very often at war with the world. Its emotional temperament is ill-adapted for contact with ordinary affairs. High-souled enthusiasm appears extravagant and grotesque when viewed in conjunction with trivial doings and everyday aims; and, in our narrow existence, great opportunities are of rare occurrence. For these reasons, the actions and habits of poetic minds generally present to the majority of mankind an appearance and character somewhat analogous to those of the "ugly duckling" in the fairy tale. The emotional moods, or excesses of feeling, which we have already described as

especially associated with the poetic temperament, do not serve to lessen this difficulty of appreciation, at the same time that they are the cause of much personal discomfort to the poet. When they are of a sombre or dejected character this latter unhappiness becomes a positive evil. No doubt this evil is not confined to the experience of poets. Almost all men, are, at one time or another, oppressed by despondent feeling. Sometimes, even in the most shallow, superficial natures, this uneasiness assumes such vast proportions as to alter for the time the entire complexion of the mind. But such natures find an easy and effective means of removing it in the ordinary labour and bustle of life. Unhappily for the poet, the greater vigour and intensity of his mind make it proof against such an antidote. However he is not altogether restricted to this corrective. Providence, heedful of his exceptional necessities, has given him another remedy for the evil—the expression of his feeling. “All griefs are lightened in the telling,” says the old adage, and this saying is especially true of the poet’s gloom. There are even occasions when the relief and enjoyment of poetic expression actually make a pleasure of his pain. But such occasions are not very frequent. More often his despondence grows so deep and absorbing, that it makes him, during the period of its continuance, an instrument of punishment to himself and of discomfort to those with whom he comes in contact.

Nor is the soul-peril which accompanies the possession of poetic passion, an evil to be lightly regarded. “The passionate heart of the poet,” says Tennyson, “is whirled into folly and vice;” and there is sad truth in Tennyson’s words. Only those who are, themselves poets in feeling, can adequately conceive the variety and the intensity of the poet’s temptations. The storms that thunder amid the mountains of poetic feeling are sometimes almost unheard upon the dull, level plains of ordinary life.

Imagination, also, throws many a shadow of unhappiness and evil over his pathway. Contrasting the imperfection of the real, with the excellence of the ideal world, it often painfully disturbs his content. It is continually leading him into a realm of beauty, and happiness, and love, whose cloudless skies, golden plains and summer waters, harmonize in exquisite concert with the radiant forms and ever-smiling faces that rest beneath the drooping foliage, or wander by the dreamy, murmurous shores. But, alas! be it coming earlier or later, the moment never fails to arrive, when this sunny paradise vanishes into thin air, and he falls back into this every-day world of sin, and sorrow, and misery, where, as poor Keats bitterly sings—“men sit and hear each other groan.” It is not strange that “the weariness, the fever, and the fret,” which are the portions of fallen man in this life, should, most of all, find a home in the heart of the poet. But it were well, even, for the latter, if the only drawback on the possession of this great faculty were the personal pain which is born of it. There is a far greater

evil attached to its possession—the deadly influence which it exercises over his opinions and actions, by raising to an erroneous height his standards of virtue and excellence. For beauty of form and face are the least of the attractions possessed by the inhabitants of his dream-world. Their fairy loveliness fades into littleness when compared with their exquisite tenderness of heart, nobility of mind and purity of soul. Fascinated by such perfections, the poet can often see but little merit in the beings that inhabit his own sphere. To speak without metaphor—his mind is continually weaving tales and incidents in which the actors (amongst whom he himself occupies a prominent position) exhibit the bravest fortitude, the grandest magnanimity, and the loftiest unselfishness. These ideal natures become insensibly the standards by which he measures his fellow-men. The consequence is, that the rare virtue and worth which undoubtedly exist in real life are often almost altogether disregarded by him, while all of littleness or imperfection is unfairly censured.

The injurious effects of this habit of mind may be effectively illustrated, by considering it in its relations with poverty. The pictures of poverty which the poet's imagination exhibits to him, are pictures of elegant and dignified distress. They are made to contain much beauty—born perhaps of love, or faithfulness, or self-sacrifice—while nothing sordid or offensive to taste is admitted into the conception. Dirt, squalor, vulgarity and deformity, are invariably excluded. Hence, it becomes very difficult for the poet to overcome his disgust and disappointment at the sight of actual misery; to sympathise with sorrows that are not in the least degree picturesque, and to feel for calamities that are utterly unromantic.

Nor does the third poetic element, Taste, fail to contribute its share to the burden of the poet's sorrows. The delicate sensibility that sees a world of beauty in every opening bud, experiences a thousand unhappinesses that the coarser perceptions of the multitude protect them from. "Sensibility," says Colton, "would be a good portress if she had but one hand, for with her right she opens the door to pleasure, but with her left to pain." And Moore expresses this thought more beautifully still, in the well-known lines:—

"The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns."

How curiously has Providence proportioned the happiness and unrest, that, in greater or lesser quantity, are the portions of all. If the less refined among mankind could only know what a load of sorrow their more delicately-organised brethren are sometimes obliged to endure, they would not covet an increase of sensibility for themselves, while there are, undoubtedly, many among the latter who would willingly resign the glorious privileges that belong to their natures, if they could, at the same time, free themselves from the penalties which are attached to their possession.

I cannot conclude without suggesting, as the outcome of these latter reflections, the danger which we incur, by indulging in the criticism of the doings or sayings of the poet. For the glorious qualities, with which God has fitted him for his mission on earth, having special perils of their own (perils, of which we, owing to the limited range of our feeling, cannot justly estimate the force) it follows that the standards by which we regulate our opinions of other men are inadequate when applied to him. Of course I do not mean to imply that poetic genius dispenses in any way with moral responsibility. I would merely suggest the danger (for us, whose virtue is, very often, little more than a deficiency of temptation) of assuming to criticise natures, so much greater and more sensitive than our own. "In the investigation of character," says Sir Arthur Helps, "there is one signal mistake made by nearly all investigators. They have formed a notion of the nature and effect of some particular virtue, or vice, or quality. But they will not perceive that the virtue, vice, or quality in question becomes quite a different thing when implanted in different persons. The greatest error of this kind is, when a man makes his own mind the measure of another man's mind, and thinks that it is influenced in the same manner, and to the same degree, by passions or qualities, that are alike, only, in having the same names."

Our ramble is over. We have wandered through the sunny fields of Poet-land, and have observed, with a tender feeling of pity mingling in our admiration, the thorns and tares that lurk in many a flowery dell. We have directed a scrutinizing gaze upon the favoured inhabitants of that magic realm, and discovered, not, perhaps, without surprise, that the glorious qualities that individualize them are but the fuller development of those of which we are ourselves possessed. For the Poet differs from us only in this—that God has bestowed upon him a more than ordinary share of the higher attributes of humanity. His wondrous love and sympathy for all that is noble, or beautiful, or sad, and his eager yearning after perfection and happiness, are but the offspring of the deeper enthusiasm, richer imagination, and finer sensibility with which God has specially endowed him. That his calling is a hallowed and elevated one, who can doubt, who recollects that God himself ordained, that His own divine word should be transmitted through time, in the vesture of song—that the Sacred Scripture should be the greatest and the most sublime poem which the annals of the world contain?

MY MARY.

BY ALICE ESMONDE.

A FADED leaf—some kind words traced
 By hands long mouldering in the clay,
 And strangely there arises here,
 A sweet familiar face to-day.
 And glad and fair, that youthful face,
 With low, arched brow, and earnest eyes,
 In whose clear depths forever dwelt
 The tender calm of summer skies.

Across the long and changeful years,
 It takes my heart with yearning vain,
 To schooldays past, and school-friends gone,
 And things that may not be again.
 Through changeful years, with changeless love,
 My heart returns to those days past—
 And, Mary, to that parting hour,
 We dreamt not then would be the last.

That eve the hills lay flushed in gold,
 We watched the August sunbeams set,
 And spoke of life and days to come,
 And hours long passed with deep regret.
 The bridge was there with wallflower grown,
 In grasses deep the speedwell grew;
 Beside us, o'er the winding Suir,
 The songless waterbirds still flew.

We waited while the stars stole out,
 And till Orion in glory shone,
 And twinkling Hyades that seemed
 Like children's eyes when sleep comes on.
 Our hearts were sad that August eve
 For many a thing far off and near,
 For those kind friends we parted from,
 And one, to both of us most dear.

We met not since, nor e'er shall meet—
Yet thou'rt with God, and all is clear ;
I here meanwhile await His call
'Twixt hope and joy, and trust and fear.
Thou sleepest now beside the Suir,
Long miles away—yet still art near ;
No parting is, where death once comes—
I speak and, Mary, thou dost hear.

In hours of pain you tried to write,
Till pen from wasted fingers dropped.
The failing strength—the joy and peace—
The friend unchanged—and there it stopped.
Ah ! Grief is selfish, Love is weak,
I placed that note with tears away ;
I know thou art with God—and still
I dare not read it here to-day.

Ah, Mary ! thou wert good and true
As only hearts like thine can be—
Unselfish, gentle, shy, and kind,
All sweetness and humility.
So lofty natures humble are,
Or soon in holier strife will grow ;
In peaceful calm and self-control
Still, noble lives, like deep streams, flow.

O voice for ever silent now !
O face so beautiful this hour !
O eyes where stayed the calm of Heaven,
Ye haunt me with a wondrous power.
And like the grace that grows from prayer,
A sweetness lingers round these dreams,
And floods my soul with light from thine,
Till life from death scarce parted seems.

MADAME DE SAISSEVAL.

BY CECILIA CADDELL,

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE SNOWDROP," "BLIND AGNEER," &c.

PART III.

THOUGH the amnesty proclaimed to emigrants permitted Madame de Saisseval to return with all her family to France, she resolved upon only taking at first her eldest daughter with her, leaving the others under the care of their grandmother in London. There would be much to be done she knew in the beginning, in the way of reclaiming her estates and putting her affairs in order, and until this could be satisfactorily accomplished she felt it would be better for her aged mother to remain quietly in her decent poverty in London than to encounter the uncertainties and disappointments which might be attendant on their first re-establishment in Paris. With her eldest daughter, however, she could not part; and having arranged to return for the others as soon as she had succeeded in settling her property in France, she and her daughter, in the month of January, 1801, left London on their way to Paris.

To the infinite joy of both, she met Madame de Carcado, who had fixed her abode once more in Paris, continuing there, under the direction of Père Clorivière, the same life of sanctity and good works which she had commenced by his advice during her residence in the country.

She was naturally very eager that her newly-restored friend should profit also by his counsel; and finding she still preserved the same sentiments of religion and generosity which had distinguished her in former days and which had wrought, moreover, her own conversion, she proposed at once to Madame de Saisseval to place herself under his spiritual guidance.

Madame de Saisseval seized eagerly on the idea, and her friend lost no time in presenting her to the Father.

The saintly old man received her with a sweet gravity that won her heart at once; but he read deeper into her soul than she could; and even while gently pitying her misfortunes he made her understand that she was called to higher joys than the mere sympathy of creatures could bestow upon her, and that henceforth she must look to God, and God alone, for the strength and consolation of her future life.

Madame de Saisseval took in at once the full meaning of this proposition, and under his direction she then and there commenced that long chain of charities and devotions which ended only with her life. As a natural consequence of this engagement,

when her friends endeavoured to move her for the sake of her mother and her young children to a second marriage, they were met with such a calm and decided refusal as silenced them for ever.

The embarrassed state of her affairs, however, still continued to give her a good deal of troublesome occupation, and she was obliged to spend much time in Auvergne, where she had large and beautiful estates, before she was able to bring them to a happy conclusion. That once accomplished, she returned to Paris, and there she had the unlooked-for joy of meeting once more her mother and youngest daughter, Madame de Lastic having wisely taken courage to return by herself to France, instead of giving her daughter the trouble and expense of another visit to England. The meeting was joyful in itself, nevertheless there was much to temper it almost into sadness! The family indeed were once more re-united in Paris, but, alas! it was only as a remnant; and Madame de Saisseval could not forget the husband and children whom she had left behind, buried in a foreign soil—the sharers of all her sorrows, without any participation in her present gladness!

Père Clorivière, however, had already made her comprehend, that nothing less than God Himself could fill up the void which death had made in her affections; and having succeeded in happily marrying her two youngest daughters, she turned resolutely under his direction to that career of piety and good works, for which all her previous trials had been so evidently a fitting preparation.

She was not called upon, however, to work alone in the beginning. God, ever merciful, even where His very love makes Him seem rigorous, gave her at first a companion and assistant in her eldest daughter, who resolutely refused all offers of marriage, in order that, like another Eustochium, she might share in the devotions and charities of her mother.

From the moment when she had decided thus, Aline never left her mother's side, sharing, and more than sharing, in her charities; for the very best and highest of them all (the institution of the Petit Seminaire) owed its origin and subsequent existence to her. It was not therefore until after her Aline's early death that Madame de Saisseval could be said to stand really alone—alone on the heights of Mount Calvary, with none but God to work for, and none but God to look to for strength and encouragement in her task.

She and her daughter commenced their intended life by visiting the hospitals—a work in which Madame de Saisseval had so much delighted even in her courtly days. They were at the Hotel Dieu one day, when Madame de Saisseval was entreated to visit a poor woman, who could not die in peace, because of the one little fatherless child whom her own death would render entirely an orphan. Madame de Saisseval was moved almost to tears at the sight of a sorrow, of which, she herself a mother, could so thoroughly comprehend the bitterness. She promised to take charge of the child herself; and the poor creature, who had no other trouble on

her mind than that, which the future fate of her little one involved, died in peace, praising and thanking God, who had thus so mercifully sent her an angel to console and make beautiful her death-bed.

When Madame de Saisseval made this promise, she was probably merely moved at first by compassion for the poor woman she was endeavouring to console; but the recollection of the Princess Elizabeth and of the vow she had proposed for the gratuitous education of two children, must have flashed almost at the same moment on her mind. She spoke of it to Madame de Carcado, and they both felt a strong desire, almost amounting to an inspiration, to extend the good work far beyond the modest limits assigned to it by its saintly originator.

Unhappily there was no lack of subjects to benefit by the charity. War, with all the evils that war brings with it, had decimated France. No village in the country, no street in the metropolis, where children might not be found, whom, with its dread accompaniments of famine and disease, war had not rendered orphans.

The very fact indeed of the large scale upon which, in order to make the charity substantially a benefit to their country, it would have to be carried out, made them hesitate at first. They thought over and prayed over it for a long time; and then, after having taken all possible human means to ensure success, they went, still hesitating a little, to the chapel of the "Carmes" to offer themselves to God for its accomplishment. "There on our knees," Madame de Saisseval herself informs us, "we prayed most earnestly, and while crying to God over and over again, 'My God, shall we attempt this work?' an interior voice seemed to answer both of us so continually in the affirmative, that we felt we ought to hesitate no longer. The idea pleased all to whom it was suggested. Many other ladies agreed to join us, and, in order to procure that unity which alone can insure success, we appointed Madame de Carcado as chief directress of the work, and placed her at our head. For my own part," Madame de Saisseval adds, with saintly simplicity, "God had given me such a delight in good works that I was glad to be able to add the virtue of obedience to their accomplishment, in order to prevent their being spoiled by my own self-love; for charity so often flows merely from our natural disposition, that it needs both obedience and wise direction to render it supernatural and thus give it its full value in the sight of God!"

This observation of Madame de Saisseval is a very true one, though it is seldom pressed upon us as stringently as it might be. Charity is always good, but it has a very different sort of value when given for the sake of God or bestowed merely because our hearts are too compassionate to refuse. Lacking that one high motive (i.e. the intention of pleasing God), we may seem indeed, both to ourselves and others, to be doing much, but like annuals which, after making a great summer show, disappear at the first touch of winter, good works, instead of rooting themselves solidly

in the soil, will pass away with the impulse which inspired them, and our gardens be laid bare of beauty.

Madame de Carcado possessed in fact, every quality indispensable for a successful struggle with the difficulties attendant on a first foundation. To a very vigorous and fertile mind she added a soul so full of zeal and confidence in God that she actually rejoiced over the trials which He sent her; and if she thanked Him earnestly in the day of success, she thanked Him, and required her associates to thank Him also, yet more fervently, when He suffered troubles and contradictions to rain down upon her.

A foundation made in such a spirit is almost certain of success. It is no marvel therefore that the house for orphans which she and Madame de Saisseval between them founded, has not only resisted all the chances and changes to which Paris, during the seventy succeeding years has been subjected, but has so increased and prospered that it is now actually the centre of an immense establishment where all sorts of good works are carried on by ladies who, holding fast to the spirit of their saintly foundress, devote themselves as earnestly as she did to a life of charity and self-abnegation.

The task imposed upon Madame de Carcado, as first directress of the new establishment, was neither a light nor easy one. For five years she laboured continually upon it, regardless of her health, which, always delicate, was now rapidly giving way, and her last illness was so evidently the consequence of over-work, that she may most truly be said to have died a martyr to her charity.

She had led a life of a saint for years, and therefore her death corresponding to that life, was the death of a saint indeed. She no sooner found herself laid up with serious illness than she so earnestly requested that none but the very poorest of the poor might be permitted to attend her, that her friends, however unwillingly, were obliged to consent.

Those who have seen how much a light hand and quick wit can do to alleviate disease will easily comprehend the aggravation of suffering, which the presence of such an attendant would inflict upon the invalid. The person selected as nurse was a woman of the very lowest class of poverty; and having two children whom she could not leave unwatched at home, she was obliged to bring them with her into Madame de Carcado's very chamber, and to lay them on a mattress at the foot of her bed.

There, in that room divested of all but the most needful furniture, on that poor bed, and surrounded by those uncouth attendants, lay the once brilliant friend of Marie Antoinette awaiting her death hour: and strangely beautiful must the closing scene have been, not merely to Madame de Saisseval and her weeping friend, but to the angels also, who, accustomed as they are to the death-beds of the saints, had been sent hither to receive her spirit and to bear it to its Creator.

It is needless to add that Madame de Saisseval never left her friend entirely to her uncouth nurse ; on the contrary, she watched over her so continually that she might almost be said to multiply herself in order to wait upon her at a moment's notice. Nor did she refrain from weeping: Jesus had shed tears over Lazarus, and she felt it no harm to do as He did. Therefore she often wept bitterly over the bereavement she was about to sustain, and bitterly—yet more bitterly—over the loss that Madame de Carcado's death would prove, not only to the orphanage she had helped so vigorously to establish, but to hosts of poor people—the sick, the sorrowful and sad—to whom she had been a second Providence for years.

One day, when the end was evidently drawing near, she was so completely overcome by these anxieties (the offspring simply of her own humility) that she could not refrain whispering them to her dying friend ; but the quiet answer, " God has need of no one," silenced her at once, and restored her to that calm dependence upon Providence which had been the longest learned and best practised virtue of her life.

Madame de Carcado passed away sweetly and gently to the bosom of her God, and not only the care and government, but the very existence of the orphanage itself, fell of necessity on the shrinking shoulders of her friend. But the soul of Madame de Saisseval rose at once with the occasion, and the vigour and wisdom which she brought with her to the undertaking (the moment she felt it was the hand of God which had laid it on her) not merely secured its complete success during the period of her own personal supervision, but down even to the very days we live in. So true were the words of her departed friend, that " God has need of no one."

SONNET.

ON A FRESH OUTBURST OF DETRACTION AGAINST THE CHURCH.

REVOLTED province of the Church of God,
 By her a Christian nation made ! Too long
 Thou lift'st the froward foot and clamorous tongue,
 Unweeting of the retributive rod.
 Her singers once—her saints—thy pastures trod :
 Still rise her minster towers thy streets among :
 Her abbeys still denounce their ancient wrong :
 Hers every flower that gems the sacred sod !
 This day her college halls, usurped, impeach
 (Thy sin, not hers) the Scriptures as the Pope—
 Learn from thy *second* fall ; refrain thy speech :
 With humbleness alone is stored thy hope :
 Judge thou thyself—staunch first thy wound at home—
 Rome's prodigal is not the judge of Rome.

AUBREY DE VERE.

THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S. J.

XIV. THE DEFINITION OF PAPAL INFALLIBILITY (*continued*).

JUST after the definition, some of those who were unfavourable to it made, if I mistake not, a certain amount of capital of the incompleteness of the Council, not precisely of its incompleteness as to numbers, of which I have spoken, but of its not being *finished*, perfected, either altogether or even with reference to that act; as if the cause was yet pending. But this objection was of still less force than the other concerning moral unanimity. For, if moral unanimity were really needed, the majority could not cure this, as Dr. Newman truly remarked.* An incompetent tribunal cannot give competence to itself. We may fairly apply here the maxim: *nemo dat quod non habet*. But a General Council (always including the Pope)—or a *sufficient* majority—being competent and supreme, can render its own decree as effectual as it pleases, as soon as it pleases; and the Vatican majority manifestly did please to make the definition of Papal Infallibility effectual at once, quite irrespectively of anything that was to follow. They had done deliberating and projecting. They authorised the final and absolute promulgation of the Constitution.

I have, so far, dealt with the definition as an act of the Vatican Council *as such*; I have maintained, and do maintain, that the Teaching Church represented in the Vatican Council did infallibly teach the Pope's Infallibility. But, even if this were not so, if the Vatican Council were not an Ecumenical Council at all, the dogma of Papal Infallibility would be none the less a dogma of Catholic Faith propounded by *the Teaching Church*, and with moral unanimity of the entire Teaching Church. Certainly, on the 18th of July, 1870, the Pope solemnly propounded and proclaimed the doctrine; he, as head of the Church, and chief teacher of the faithful, *taught* the doctrine, and this teaching was partly at the time, and partly afterwards, expressly or tacitly—and for the most part expressly—accepted by all the Bishops of the Catholic Church. It was expressly accepted on the spot by all the Bishops present, those two included who had pronounced the words *non placet*. It was expressly accepted by very many other Bishops of the Church a little later, and even openly promulgated by several, at least, if not by all, of those who had seceded from the Council to avoid taking part in the definition. All opposition to it on the part of the

* In his letter quoted by himself, p. 98.

bishops has long since totally ceased. This teaching then is the unanimous teaching of the *Ecclēsia Docens*. The doctrine, therefore, of Papal Infallibility, was legitimately defined by a legitimate General Council in conjunction with—and including—the Roman Pontiff. But, even leaving out of account the legitimacy of the Council itself and of its action in this matter, the same doctrine was quite effectually defined by the Pope, considering his solemn Constitution as accepted and ratified by the whole Catholic Episcopate.

What is to be said on the once vexed question of opportuneness? Before the definition, many bishops thought it would be inopportune. A great many more thought the contrary. Much has been said about the proceedings of both classes, and of those who respectively agreed with them. With all this I have nothing to do. All I need say is that the view taken by the non-opportunists was not heterodox, that it was not unlawful, that they had every right to express it in the proper place and way. I say the same of any who may, at that time, have questioned the definableness, or even the truth, of the doctrine.

Now that the definition has taken place, we are to presume that it was opportune. There is no need of entering into a discussion on the subject. Still it will be no harm to make a few observations regarding it. First of all, then, there is one broad ground of opportuneness in the fact of the revelation of the doctrine, considering especially the nature of the prerogative in question. Of the existence of the revelation and of the Infallibility itself we can, as Catholics, no longer entertain the least doubt. Now, for what purpose did Christ make his Vicar infallible? That this one, visible, living, and—as to his office—ever-enduring person might securely guide the whole flock of Christ in Faith and Morals. As I have remarked elsewhere, the gift might have existed without being manifested.* Christ might have decreed to preserve the Pontiff from error in his teaching, and still not have made known the decree. Even so, the protection and assistance afforded would have been beneficial, but not nearly so beneficial as if it were known, because the same confidence would not have been imparted. For the sake of this confidence the gift was revealed from the beginning, that it might be known, that it might be relied on, that it might have its full influence on the minds of the faithful. It is a truth, not only to be believed when manifested, but, from its character, peculiarly expedient to be manifested, peculiarly calling for manifestation, not so much on its own account as on account of other truths in a manner dependent on it. The fullest and most unmistakable publication of it was desirable at all times. Every period was, if I may say so, *positively*, affirmatively, opportune for this, abstracting from some extraordinarily cogent reasons to

* IRISH MONTHLY, vol. ii., p. 220.

the contrary—some wonderful obstacles in the way. And the reasons would have had to be quite extraordinarily cogent, and the obstacles quite wonderful to interfere with this opportuneness. Nay, it is not easy to conceive how there could be reasons or obstacles sufficient at any time to stand in the way, if we reflect on the fundamental place which the doctrine holds as to the economy of Christ's Church.

Here, I may be asked how it came to pass that such a doctrine was so long allowed to remain, in some degree, uncertain. I answer that all along it was practically recognised by the great mass of the bishops, by General Councils, and by the faithful for the most part; that it was not formally questioned till a comparatively late period; that, once the controversy arose, a General Council was the proper tribunal to settle it; that General Councils could not be so easily assembled; that the negative doctrine had not acquired its fixed *status*—such as that was—till after the Council of Trent; that even if this was not the case, the Council of Trent had enough to do in dealing with the open enemies of the Church, so far as dogma was concerned, and with the regulation of ecclesiastical discipline. If this sort of answer is not adequate, I add that God permitted the controversy to continue, as He permits many other things whose permission we cannot thoroughly account for; that His ways are inscrutable, and often baffle our inquiries and speculations.

It will be rejoined that the Church could go on without any explicit settlement of this question, as it was going on so long before the Vatican Council. I say, I suppose it could. I don't pretend that the Church would have perished for the want of the definition. But I appeal to the fact of the revelation of the Papal Infallibility, for revealed it was, as we are now bound to believe; and why revealed if not to be universally acknowledged with the certainty of Faith? This was God's design, a design which it behoved the Church to carry out to the full, and this could not be done, as things stood, without a definition. The very difficulties that were raised in the way of this course showed the importance of the matter, and how little it could be viewed as a thing trivial or indifferent. Now, let us look at one or two of the grounds of inopportuneness.

The definition might lead and has led to persecution. Dr. Newman says truly, that "persecution may be as opportune, though not so pleasant as peace." It is more obvious still that, even without attributing a special utility to persecution, a supernatural benefit may be well worth having *at the expense* of persecution, as was and is eminently the case with the Christian Religion—with the Catholic Religion—with a pious life, of which St. Paul said: "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution" (2 Tim. iii. 12). Besides, is it so certain that the persecution which is said to have resulted from the Vatican decree should be

entirely attributed to it? I think not. Passing by the plans of the unseen arch-enemy of God's Church, the men who are oppressing Catholics in various places needed not the definition to set them on their prey. Like the wolf in the fable, their appetite was to be gratified, their victim to be devoured, with any excuse or with none. The exact time, the mode, perhaps the degree, for the moment, may have been influenced by the definition, but not, I should say, the substance. The spirit was there, the hatred of our religion—not to say of all religion—was there, no small amount of secret organization was there; opportunities were watched for, and would have been found or made. I am far from denying that individuals were swayed and duped by occasion of the particular circumstances. But, I repeat it, the substance of the persecution which exists, and of further persecution which may be in store for Catholics, is not to be mainly referred to the Council or its acts, both because there were signs enough of its being previously in preparation, and because the Vatican proceedings could not by themselves afford a sufficient motive—even an apparently sufficient motive—for what has been done and is being done against the Church. Be this as it may, the completeness of our religious profession and belief was not easily to be, in a manner, sacrificed even to avoid these exterior troubles.

But, besides persecution, the Vatican decree caused defections from the Catholic religion. Of this there can be no doubt. What is to be said of this evil fruit? It is to be said that the defections were few. It is to be said next that, though the men who fell away *consummated* a great crime and a great scandal by their apostasy, and made their case worse before God than it had been before, they were, in most instances, but nominal Catholics, and that their secession was rather a gain than a loss to the Church. The definition, so far, served as a test of the genuineness of Catholic profession. I would emphatically apply to these men the words of St. John (1 Ep. ii. 19), "They went out from us; but they were not of us." We ought, no doubt, to feel compassion for them, not that compassion which is due to the merely unfortunate, but that which is to be entertained even for the guilty, however undeserving they are; for, after all, guilt is the greatest of all misfortunes on this earth. We must pray for their conversion; but, taking them as they were before they left us, we are not the worse of having lost them, whatever may have been the gifts of some among them.

Another ground of inopportuneness is that those who are outside the Church will be deterred from entering it. I reply that, in the first place, the Religion of Christ is not to be in any manner curtailed, nor are its truths to be hidden away, for the sake of making it more acceptable or less unacceptable to Protestants, especially in points which concern its very framework and constitution. We must remember that the Papal Infallibility, having been defined, is now shown to have always entered into the Chris-

tian dispensation. Even before the definition, those who desired that definition knew well it could never take place unless the doctrine was true and revealed, and, if true and revealed, it was a thing to be made known to those without, that they might understand the Catholic Religion in its fulness. Genuine Christianity was not to be even negatively misrepresented for the sake of gaining proselytes. If Papal Infallibility were merely *an opinion*, a view, I could well conceive that it ought not to be thrust forward and paraded before those of other communions to whom it might prove a difficulty. But we know now that this was not its real condition, and those who sought its definition were satisfied of this, and were confident that this would be made manifest, as it has been.

But there is another aspect of the dogma, another effect, which must not escape our consideration. Some may be frightened by the Infallibility, but others will be attracted by it, and many, I have no doubt, have been, and are, attracted by it. I have heard of instances of this, and I am sure there are plenty of other instances. I add, moreover, that *it must be so*. The reason is this. The Papal Infallibility is one of the beauties of the Catholic Religion. Why do I say so? Because I and so many others happen to admire it? No, surely, for there is no disputing about tastes, as the old maxim has it. But because, as we Catholics now believe with Divine Faith, Christ our Lord actually bestowed this gift on His Vicar, and no doubt as a favour and a benefit to men, for the better assurance of Christians in all cases of controversy that need to be decided. Now, what is bestowed by Jesus Christ as a favour and a benefit with a view to settling men's minds, is a beauty of religion, or else Christ has made a mistake. Surely the gift cannot be a deformity, or a neutral, idle, superfluous thing. If any be really frightened by this dogma, they are likely to get over the fear, should this be the only thing, or nearly the only thing, that stands in their way; should they be otherwise well inclined towards the Catholic Religion; should they be earnest in seeking the truth. After all, the Infallibility even of *the Church* is something rather strange to Protestants; and yet, if they wish to become Catholics, not only must they admit it as one of the doctrines to be believed, but it is a necessary road to the admission of the other doctrines of our Faith, since they must assent in general terms to all that the Catholic Church believes and teaches, as we do; and, further, it is practically through the sole authority of the Church they must settle their minds on most of the truths they explicitly embrace; for conversion is not, as a rule, effected by means of separate examination and resulting conviction on each point in detail. Indeed such a method is not to be at all recommended, though it may be often expedient or necessary to solve particular difficulties which have made a special impression on the mind of an inquiring Protestant. Well, then, as I have said, the Infalli-

bility of the Church is somewhat strange to those who have been brought up in any of the sects; still, in order to become Catholics, they must accept it and most of the other doctrines through it; and if one of these doctrines be—as is the case—the Infallibility of the Pope, the additional difficulty is not so gigantic.

The Papal Infallibility, being real, is, in my mind, a great convenience, and ought to be viewed by all in this light. Surely, the more facilities we have of knowing the truth the better are we off. Why should we be unwilling to be informed with certainty on subjects in which we take an interest? I know there is often a passing pleasure in searching for the truth. But permanent uncertainty is not desirable, nor is the liberty of thinking falsely an advantage. Besides, if the exercise of reason and the institution of inquiries be a luxury, we are sure to have enough of opportunities for it in other departments than that of religion, and in religion too, for there is no chance of all Theological questions being settled to the end of the world.

In dealing with the definition of Papal Infallibility, I was naturally led to speak of the opportuneness or fittingness and expediency of the Vatican decree. Returning now to the decree itself, to the Constitution *Pastor Æternus*, from what has been stated concerning it, we may say with the utmost certainty, that the Infallibility has been thoroughly and superabundantly defined. It was quite sufficiently defined by the Council, nor is there any solid ground for questioning the effectiveness of the Council's action; and whatever colour there may be supposed to have been for questioning it has passed away, seeing how the Council and its decree have been since viewed throughout the Church. Then, even abstracting from the Council as such, the dogma propounded in the Bull, and thus taught by the Pope, has been accepted by the whole Episcopate. Either, then, the Infallibility of the Pope is a dogma of Catholic Faith or there is an end of the Infallibility of the Teaching Church. No one, therefore, can deny or controvert the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff and be still a Catholic. Mr. Gladstone, however, does not seem to see things in this light for Catholics: "I find it stated," he says,* "I hope untruly, that the 'Civiltà Catholica,' the prime favourite of Vaticanism, in Series viii. vol. 1, p. 730, announced, among those who had submitted to the definition, the name of Archbishop Kenrick." Fortunately for this otherwise excellent bishop, the statement was not untrue. Dr. Kenrick had no notion of becoming a Protestant or an infidel. He had no notion of giving up, at an advanced period of his life and of his exemplary episcopal career, the dogma he had always professed, of the Church's Infallibility. What is the meaning of the Church's Infallibility held at all times by all Catholics, if we are to throw it over whenever the Church's teaching does not

* "Vaticanism," p. 50.

coincide with some opinion we may happen to have formed? The object and end of this prerogative of the Church is to correct opinions and wholesomely control our understanding. It is not intended to be consistent with the Protestant privilege of believing or not believing as each man pleases. If Mr. Gladstone chooses to deny—as he does—the exclusive claim of the Roman Communion to be the Church of Christ; if he chooses to refuse Infallibility to the whole Church of Christ as conceived by him, whatever sort of aggregate that may be—which I hardly suppose he does—that is his affair. But surely he must expect Catholics to act as Catholics; he is not going to insist, in the name of civil and religious liberty, on our giving up our creed. But even if it were not a life and death question for a Catholic's Faith, does he maintain that a man is never to surrender an opinion once held, that he is not to be swayed by argument, by reason, by authority even not infallible, by the number and quality of those whom he finds to differ from him? Is a man to adhere to his own views through thick and thin? Has Mr. Gladstone always acted on this principle? I imagine not.

But, he will rejoin, there is no question here of change *in opinion* but of change *in Faith*. He says, just after the passage quoted: "Let it not, however, be for a moment supposed that I mean to charge upon those who gave the assurances of 1661, of 1757, of 1783, of 1793, of 1810, of 1825-6, the guilt of falsehood. I have not a doubt that what they said they one and all believed. It is for Archbishop Manning and his confederates, not for me, to explain how these things have come about; or it is for Archbishop M'Hale, who joined as a Bishop in the assurances of 1826, and who then stood in the shadow and recent recollection of the Synod of 1810, but who now is understood to have become a party, by promulgation, to the decree of the Pope's Infallibility. There are but two alternatives to choose between: on the one side, that which I reject, the hypothesis of sheer perjury and falsehood; on the other that policy of 'violence and change in faith,' which I charged, and stirred so much wrath by charging, in my former tract. I believed, and I still believe, it to be the true, as well as the milder, explanation. It is for those who reject it to explain their preference for the other solution of this most curious problem of history." A little lower down on the same page,* Mr. Gladstone writes thus: "Let us reserve our faculty of wondering for the letter of an Anglo-Roman, or if he prefers it, Romano-Anglican Bishop, who in a published circular presumes to term 'scandalous' the letter of an English gentleman, because in that letter he had declared he still held the belief which, in 1788-9, the whole body of the Roman Catholics of England assured Mr. Pitt that they held; and let us learn which of the resources of theological skill will

avail to bring together these innovations and the *semper eadem* of which I am, I fear, but writing the lamentable epitaph.

‘Non bene conveniunt nec in una sede morantur.’ ”

So, according to Mr. Gladstone, there is *a change in Faith* on the part of those who accept the Infallibility as a dogma as they did not before it was defined. Where is the change *in Faith* either on the part of the body of Catholics or on the part of individuals? Before the definition, the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff was not a point of *Catholic Faith* in the sense already explained.* It was *held* by the great majority of Catholics, whether believed or not *with Divine Faith* to which it objectively belonged. I apprehend that great numbers—like myself—are not in the habit of making acts of Faith about doctrines, however certain, that are not proposed for obligatory belief by the Church. The doctrine was *denied* by comparatively few. The opposite was not professed as a dogma of Faith by any. It is to be noted here, that even the disavowal of the doctrine, for the most part, and especially in the old Oath of Allegiance in these countries, was carefully confined to its exclusion from the category of obligatory dogmas, so that the personal admission and profession of it as a truth was left perfectly open, and, as a matter of fact, I should say that many who took the oath did not themselves deny the doctrine. Even those who did positively disbelieve it and profess their disbelief did not dream of charging its defenders with heresy or error. *A change in Faith* means the giving up of a dogma which was believed as such under the sanction of the Church, or the adoption of a dogma that was opposed to her teaching.

One of our disputes with Protestants has always been about the *Judex Controversiarum*—the Judge of Controversies. Both parties admit in words that there is one somewhere. Catholics have always said, and I may add, proved, that this Judge is a living authority, the Pope, or, at any rate, the Teaching Church. Now, what is the business of a Judge of Controversies? Surely his business—at least his chief business—is not to reassert dogmas already belonging to *Catholic Faith*. He has to settle questions not yet quite settled. The fact of a controversy having been for a time lawfully maintained on both sides does not take it out of his jurisdiction. He may yet decide some such controversies finally—that is infallibly. No; none of us—Catholics—have changed our Faith by accepting the Vatican definition. Mr. Gladstone *wonders*, too, and would have every one else wonder—exercise signally the “faculty of wondering”—on occasion of an English gentleman’s letter being termed scandalous because he

* IRISH MONTHLY, vol. iii. p. 332.

held what Mr. Gladstone calls "the belief which . . . the whole body of the Roman Catholics of England assured Mr. Pitt that they held." Now, I suppose this English gentleman had theretofore professed, as a part of the Catholic Faith, his belief of the Infallibility of the Church. I equally suppose he had never professed any similar belief in the *Fallibility* of the Pope. If he had—which is nonsense—it belonged to a special *Catholic Faith* of his own. But, of course, he had professed his belief of the Church's Infallibility, and when that Church spoke he refused to hear her, and in equivalent terms rejected *her* Infallibility. And this, Mr. Gladstone thinks, was not or ought not to have been scandalous in the eyes of Catholics and of a Catholic Bishop! If Mr. Gladstone formally or constructively denied Baptism or the Trinity, would his Anglican Bishop look upon it as a scandal or not? Had Mr. Gladstone been a Quaker or a Unitarian, the denial, however regrettable, would not be scandalous, and the Anglican Bishop would have no special business to concern himself about it, though on principles of Christian charity he would deplore Mr. Gladstone's spiritual condition. But that a Church of England Protestant should so wander away would, to the Anglican Bishop's thinking, be out-and-out scandalous, and few would blame him for saying so.

JOHN RICHARDSON'S RELATIVES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NANCY HUTCH AND HER THREE TROUBLES."

PART IX.

AFTER a delay rather less than might be looked for at the door of a busy man, John Richardson was ushered into Mr. Frazer's private office. But whether it was that during even that short interval his own anxieties had again so mingled themselves with those of Mrs. Moss that his careful make-up for the interview was undone, or that the attorney was too well read in the lines of other people's faces to be readily deceived, John had the gist of his morning's meditations in his countenance plain almost as print to the quick sharp glance that he encountered when brought face to face with the attorney. And while he took the chair ready set for clients, and looked into his hat—as a man not used to make petitions will do for his first words—Mr. Frazer ran over in mind, in the habitual and almost involuntary process of putting two and two together, all that he had ever chanced to see or hear of the man before him.

The result was his so taking for granted that his visitor was come on business strictly and importantly personal, that surprise alone sufficed to keep him silent, when John began by saying, "he had come on the part of the widow of an old schoolfellow and distant relative, poor Tom Moss;" silent long enough to give something like encouragement to a speaker who had more than half expected to be peremptorily cut short upon the mere mention of the matter in hand.

With this slight advantage on his side, John opened and put his case pretty fairly without interruption. But as he proceeded, warming more and more as he more and more identified himself with "poor Tom," and Tom's wife and children with his own, the attorney's eyes stared wide and wider with amazement; then a sort of smile of compassion—whether for John alone or John and John's client included, did not of course appear—overspread his countenance as though he were saying to himself: "Well, now, this really is *too* bad!" whilst at the same time he—mechanically, no doubt, being a punctiliously polite man—took up the pen lying with its ink fresh on it ready to his hand in, as it would seem, an involuntary protest against real business being suspended for such child's play as this.

"You are aware, I presume," he said, when John paused, "that Mrs. Moss has been with me on the same errand?"

"Fool's errand, no doubt," thought John. But as though nothing daunted, he replied: "Certainly; I have but just parted with her."

"That *she* should have expected me to fall in with the very foolish course she is proposing to herself is, I suppose, natural enough," continued Mr. Frazer; "but that a man of business, such as you, Mr. Richardson —"

"But we are not mere men of business, either you or I, Mr. Frazer," urged John, availing of the moment's pause made by the attorney to emphasize his astonishment; "I was her husband's cousin and old chum; and you, I believe, were her father's friend."

"I am no man's friend more than I am my own," responded Mr. Frazer, drily.

"And what is she to do, poor soul?"

"My dear sir, what am I to do?—to give money now that may be demanded of me, or perhaps of *my* widow and children, over again one of those days?"

"Not likely, Mr. Frazer, I should think," John said.

"Few things more likely, Mr. Richardson, I think. Here are four young ladies—or four little girls who soon will be—and what is to hinder their four husbands coming to me and saying:—'Sir, you got charge of my wife's money in full, and in full I require it?'"

"Well," John said, "they have been unfortunate enough as ~~not~~, poor children; but I trust Providence has not in store for them

the misfortune of meeting four such rascals—men who would not allow for money gone to feed and educate their own wives.”

“They might be four honest men enough as the world goes,” said the attorney, coolly.

John shrugged his shoulders.

“To demand all the law allows one to demand is about as much honesty as we lawyers meet with, I can tell you.”

“Then,” thought John, “if ‘evil communications corrupt good manners’——”

“I grant she is to be pitied—really to be pitied,” pursued Mr. Frazer; “but what would she be when this money was gone? My advice to Mrs. Moss was to put those four children into an orphanage and let their little fortunes lie. She may do that, I think, with the interest of the money. And as she is able to teach, and feels or fancies that she’d like teaching, let her in Heaven’s name try it—and herself at the same time—under a roof rent-free to her, instead of spending, as she wants to do, money she may never get back. That was my advice to her. Did she tell you that?” concluded he, evidently guessing that she did not.

“No,” John answered, simply. But to himself he added—“Children reared in India, and by Tom Moss, in an orphanage! Little wonder she did not.”

“That was my advice to her,” resumed Mr. Frazer; “it would be the same if she was my own daughter; that is,” he added, as John looked at him, “under similar circumstances.”

“Poor little soul!” the latter said, feelingly. “I’d do it for her myself, if I could, Heaven knows. An orphan asylum is a sad place for a parent to contemplate consigning her children to. If it would save them from that, Mr. Frazer——”

“Aye, indeed,” interrupted the attorney, “‘if,’ as you say yourself, Mr. Richardson, if you or Mrs. Moss could show me that it would! but I see no certainty, nor even probability that it would.”

“But for the endeavour that no doubt she would make with an asylum before her eyes, two hundred of the thousand, fifty to each child, seems to me not so very much to risk.”

“Two hundred,” repeated Mr. Frazer. “Yes: but I know how that would be. Two hundred this year; another hundred next year, and so on. I understand this kind of thing better than you can, my dear sir. This is just one of those cases in which if you say ‘A’ you must say ‘B;’ or if you don’t you are told your saying ‘A’ was no good—that, in fact, it would have been wiser and better if you had not said it; and you don’t get even ‘thank you’ for it. ‘Eaten bread is soon forgotten.’”

“Well,” John said, “I shall not ask you next year certainly; nor this year for any more.”

“It seems to me, Mr. Richardson,” went on Mr. Frazer, “that the time for a mother to feel what she is feeling now is when she

might save money and is not saving it. How could she forget that a European in India carries his life in his hand? Mr. and Mrs. Moss were several years in the enjoyment of a good income; yet they never, it seems, laid by a pound towards the future of their children. I believed Fanny Willett to be one of the steadiest and most sensible girls I knew. In fact, as they grew up together, Mrs. Frazer and I often held her forth as a pattern to our own eldest girl. But I confess myself quite deceived in her, and forced to distrust her for the future in proportion."

While Mr. Frazer dwelt on the past, John thought that he himself could guess how all that may have been; though he was sorely perplexed and pained by the notion of attempting to explain it—loath to dispraise a dead friend, and yet feeling that that friend himself would now, if able, use a hundred tongues to proclaim his own infirmity. At last he went so far as to say:—

"A fault, certainly, there seems to have been somewhere."

"I should think so," put in Mr. Frazer, sarcastically.

"But it may not have been hers. Poor Tom Moss I know to have been one of the most easily led of human beings."

"Then his wife should have taken care to lead him," returned Mr. Frazer; "and to lead him aright."

"God help her," thought John; "God help the wife that must try to lead a husband! He forgets—or can it be possible he never observed—that the very bent of that weakness is to take a twist in the wrong direction, and to yield least to a pull from the right hand." However, as to twit Mr. Frazer with a shortcoming like this in his view of human nature would not, John's native tact told him, be the best way to effect the purpose of this interview, all he said aloud was:

"Perhaps she could herself explain matters to your satisfaction, were you to ask her."

"Ask 'where is the snow we had last year?'" said the attorney. "She may, as you probably are aware, compel me to put her affairs in the hands of the Chancellor, who, I honestly own to you, very likely would give way to her views. But then that would be her act, not mine; and she, not I, should meet the regrets and perhaps reproaches of her children if her speculation were to come to nothing. And to what else could come the attempt of a woman who had lavished hundreds a year to work, and to work hard, for pounds?"

To this John thought it best to listen silently, and so, after a moment's pause, the other went on:

"For my part, Mr. Richardson, I am convinced that the children themselves would be in the long run more grateful to their mother if, reared now on potatoes and milk and taught to make their own way in the world, they found their little funds for a start in life untouched when the right time came, than if reared softly now to be told hereafter that their money was let go softly too."

At this juncture a knock at the door and Mr. Frazer's "Come in!" followed by, "Excuse me," to John, interrupted the debate. And, perhaps, fortunately; for the attorney had begun to lose the blandness of manner which had marked the opening of their interview. His "Come in" had carried with it to John's ear something very like an echo of the "Walk out," that not improbably was in the speaker's mind. And then in the moment's talk aside between the latter and the young man who had just entered, John caught—he could not help it—a few words spoken in a higher key of "Sir Henry waiting," on the one side, and "In five minutes," on the other.

"Not five minutes, nor even one," thought John. "If I press him further now it will be to a point blank refusal to do anything if only to get rid of me." And he had already risen to be gone when the interloper (who proved to be the eldest son of the house) turned to quit the room.

"I'll see Mrs. Moss again," he said; "and call when you may possibly be somewhat less occupied. And, meantime, perhaps you will kindly consider if anything can be done."

And so he left the office; thinking it a point, however little, gained that his plea had not there and then been explicitly and finally rejected: that it is not to a woman only that deliberation is temptation; and that the constancy of even an attorney may be swayed by time and circumstances.

As following closely in the footsteps of Frazer junior, John passed to the outer office, a lady was entering it from the street side in whom he recognised at once the companion of his late grandaunt, Mrs. Tottenham, and the friend of his present friend, Mrs. Moss. His first matter-of-course impulse was to advance and speak to her. But as in that course young Frazer was beforehand with him, he, on second thoughts, only bowed to her and passed on and out. Again he had, caught, undesignedly, a few words not directed to himself.

On reaching the street door he stood still. "It would seem downright unkind not to wait and ask if there is any change for the worse," he said to himself, "so much seems due to common charity when occasion like this offers. And when I ask no special questions, neither she nor anybody else can fancy I want special information. Besides if my granduncle was not in the world, I'd want to have a word with her about poor Fanny Moss." So saying, and resolutely turning his back on "Stubbs's List," he awaited the reappearance of Miss Travers.

"I trust Mr. Tottenham is spending the day well?" he said, when they had exchanged the customary personal courtesies.

"Very well, thank you," returned Miss Travers. Then blushing and looking confused, she added hastily—"I beg your pardon, Mr. Richardson; I quite forgot to whom I——"

"Don't mention it," interrupted John, laughing. "And really

there was nothing to be remembered. But I wanted to ask you if you knew that your old friend, Fanny Willett—Fanny Moss—is home again?"

"Home again?" echoed Miss Travers. "I wrote to her as soon as I could bring myself to do it after seeing poor Tom's death—as soon as I thought Fanny could read letters, and I heard nothing since."

"She probably was on her way," John said; "your letter may have crossed her."

"How long is she home?"

"That I cannot tell you. I came to know of it myself only within the last hour. I thought you might not know it, and that I'd just ask you if you did."

"I'm ever so much obliged to you, Mr. Richardson," the young lady said, warmly, speaking, it struck John, as a friend is spoken of by those whose friends are few; "and if you could only tell me where to find her—but I suppose you hardly know that?"

"At lodgings in North Charlotte-street, number 118."

"Poor Fanny!" exclaimed Miss Travers; her eyes now brimming over with the tears that had come to them at the first mention of Mrs Moss's name. North Charlotte-street was so far from being a fit place of residence for a nabobess that the mere address seemed to fill up the measure of her friend's misfortune.

"Yes; it is there she's to be found," John said; "and a visit will be a real God-send, if you can spare the time."

"I'll go directly, I think; as I happen to be out."

"If you do—but it is not necessary, mind, should anything prevent you, will you kindly tell her that I'll call in the evening: most likely between six and seven, but at some hour certainly, please God."

"With pleasure," Miss Travers responded promptly, yet half mechanically; and then recollecting herself she blushed again to think how unsuitable to the occasion was the word "pleasure."

On this they parted: John turning off in the direction of his own office, and Miss Travers in the opposite direction. Thoughtful of the little Indian children, as yet known to her but by name, she made short visits to a toy and cake shop, and thence hurried to the nearest cabstand. Time was precious; for though, between Mrs. Timmany and Mary George, her post really had become a sinecure, she did not choose to absent herself from home long enough to call forth question or remark on her return.

THE CHANCES OF WAR.

BY A. WHITELOCK.

CHAPTER VI.

A HURRIED DEPARTURE.

"Ceder l'amato oggetto
 Né spargere un sospiro,
 Sarà virtù, l'ammiro
 Ma non la curo in me.
 Di gloria un' ombra vana
 In Roma è il solo affetto
 Ma l'anima mia Romana
 (Lode agli Dei) non è."
 METASTASIO. *Attilio Regolo.*

A SUBDUED knocking at the heavy oaken door of his chamber aroused MacDermott from a deep and refreshing sleep. He listened for a repetition of the sound, and, wondering, bade his early visitor enter. Responsive to the summons, a head of bushy hair, surmounting an unshaven face, was protruded from out the shadow of the doorway. The awakened sleeper somewhat roughly demanded the cause of this untimely visit.

"I have brought a letter from the shore, and was told I must at once deliver it to you," said the uncouth intruder, apologetically, presenting at the same time a folded note.

MacDermott seized the paper, and by the light which streamed through the narrow windows of the apartment was able to read the words: "*Hâlez-vous de partir; des dangers vous menacent.*"

"From whom did you receive this paper?" he inquired of the messenger, who still waited by his bedside.

"Troth, good sir, that question I cannot answer. I know not who the sender is. He is a stranger in this neighbourhood; and if good manners be a stranger's best recommendation, he is not likely to be invited to stop much longer. He has impudence enough for a gentleman, though hardly clothes enough for a creaght."

"I think I know the writer now," said MacDermott, smiling at the novel combination of attributes contained in this pithy description. He hastily wrote an order to the officer in command of his troop, bidding him prepare at once for the march, and committed it to the boatman with an injunction to lose no time in delivering it.

Half an hour later he was pacing up and down the narrow pathway in front of the castle, impatiently awaiting the return of his messenger, determined to proceed at once to the shore and discover, if possible, the meaning of the strange warning he had received. One consideration, however, served to moderate his impatience. Each moment's delay increased his chance of seeing

again the friendly faces which had smiled so warm a welcome to him the preceding evening. He had determined to leave a message apologising for his sudden departure; but he could not help wishing that he might have an opportunity of making the apology in person. Willingly would he have spoken once again with the young mistress of the mansion. Her beauty and the gentle sincerity of her manner had made upon him an impression such as had never been made before. Critical as were the circumstances in which he was placed, he could not help abandoning himself to the pleasure of this feeling. Under its influence his thoughts wandered far away from his actual situation, and led him into the land of golden day-dreams. His fancy built him a castle by the Loire, made this beautiful Irish maiden the mistress within its halls, and then held up to him the picture of the dames and demoiselles of the neighbouring châteaux doing homage there to the virtue and beauty of the stranger. He was disturbed in the contemplation of this pleasing scene by the light tread of feet on the pathway, and, raising his eyes, he beheld the central figure of his dream standing before him. He was taken aback by this apparition, and blushed, as if the picture his fancy had been painting had been suddenly revealed to other eyes than his own.

"I perceive Captain MacDermott is an early riser," said the lady, with a bright smile, as she held out to him her hand.

"I cannot accept the compliment as due to myself alone," he replied, laughingly. "But in truth I must renounce all claim to merit in this matter. A message reached me a short time ago which makes it necessary for me to leave at once. My soldier's life has taught me to quit without repining the places where we halt on the march; but I have not learned the lesson so thoroughly as to be able to quit Duneevin without regret. I am sorry that circumstances should have shortened, even by a few hours, the stay I had allowed myself."

"You surely do not propose to begin your day's journey so early?"

"Unfortunately I cannot do otherwise. I must not delay beyond the return of the boat which I have despatched to the shore."

"But why a departure so hasty? You are not, I hope, threatened with any danger?"

"I know not of any immediate danger to which we are exposed, but it seems that eyes more watchful than mine have detected it. Make my adieux to your father and sister and to your kinsman, Mr. Plunkett."

"Mr. Plunkett," returned the lady, "is even more hasty in his movements than yourself. He left the castle some hours since. Unexpected business called him away to visit one of our relatives who lives farther west."

This communication took MacDermott by surprise, and for a moment his countenance betrayed the agitation of a man who

makes an unexpected and unpleasant discovery. He could not help connecting the departure of Plunkett with the message he had received. He regained his composure immediately; but the quick eye of his companion had already fathomed his thoughts.

"I will not dissuade you from leaving us," she said, "since you think it best to do so. But I will advise you to employ the time you are still obliged to wait in preparing for the fatigues of the day. I am housekeeper here just now, and I can promise that the preparation for breakfast shall not delay you long. My father, I am sure, will be disappointed if you quit us thus abruptly, and Kathleen has made me promise that she shall see you again before you go."

The unassumed kindness which pervaded the manner of his young hostess won more and more the soldier's heart, and made him congratulate himself that compliance with her request involved no departure from duty. He followed her in silence into the hall of the castle, and sat down to the meal which under her directions was placed upon the table. He applied himself vigorously to the viands, at the same time that he jestingly explained to Miss Dillon how important it is for a soldier to be able to eat when not hungry that he may not be hungry later when there is nothing to eat.

He had not finished his meal when Mr. Dillon entered. He expressed surprise at these early preparations for his guest's departure, but was satisfied with the explanation he received of their necessity. The splash of oars now became distinctly audible without, and MacDermott rose to take his leave. At this moment the door opened and the pale face of Kathleen Dillon, encircled with its ringlets of golden hair, met his eye. A half angry exclamation rose to her father's lips, and he chid the little invalid somewhat sharply for thus exposing herself to the chill and damp of that early hour.

"O pray do not be angry with me, father!" said the child, imploringly. "I forced them to promise they would call me early if Captain MacDermott was leaving. I wished to tell him again how grateful we are to him for all he is doing to protect us, and to promise him that Mary and I will pray every day that he may not be hurt in those dreadful battles where so many poor soldiers die."

"While such prayers are offered for me, I shall fear nothing," said MacDermott, deeply touched by the simple earnestness of the delicate child. "Good bye, Kathleen. Should I ever see Duneevin again, I hope to find you grown very tall and very strong."

"I do not think I shall ever be tall or strong," returned the child; "but I shall be very glad when you come again. Good bye!" and she put her tiny fingers into the browned hand of the soldier. Leaning on her sister's arm she accompanied him to the boat which waited by the stone steps in front of the castle; and when he had made his last adieux and was gone, she stood long on the little pier watching the beams of the morning sun glance from his armour, and telling Mary how greatly she liked the soldiers of

Cousin Walter's army, and how much she preferred them to her pale-faced Cousin Lucas.

On those whose profession obliges them to a wandering life kindness usually makes a deep impression. For the most part they come in contact only with the official side of human nature, and they are taken by surprise when they meet with something more than cold politeness or empty professions of esteem. Though they mix much with the world, they are perhaps the most solitary of all classes of mortals. They find few objects which call into play the warmer feelings of their nature, and so they keep them locked up in their breasts, and encounter the endearments of the world with professions as empty and as meaningless. They are not accustomed to genuine displays of human feeling, and from this cause they not unfrequently come to believe that ingenuousness does not exist, and are unable to recognise it where it does. MacDermott had seen a good deal of the official side of life, but he had not yet arrived at the belief that every appearance of friendship for a stranger is assumed. His blood was yet too warm, a cynic would say—his experience not protracted enough, for such a morbid view of human life. He fully appreciated the cordiality with which he had been entertained. As he was borne towards the shore, he felt oppressed with that sense of loneliness which we experience when we quit the society of warm friends to go out again into a world with which we have no sympathy. His thoughts reverted ever to the incidents of the past few hours. He went over again each word of the conversation of the preceding evening, and recalled with a sort of sad pleasure the winning words and graces of manner which had charmed him so much in the young mistress of the island castle.

Arrived at the shore, he mounted his horse which waited him at the landing-place. The sharp notes of the bugle rang through the woods and died away across the lake. The troopers, disappointed of the repose they had expected, fell sullenly into their places; the order to march was given and the troop defiled before its leader. When the last of his little detachment had passed, MacDermott turned his horse's head towards the castle, against the gloomy wall of which he fancied he could trace the outlines of two slender figures, raised his plumed hat, waved it in the air in token of adieu, and then followed the line of horsemen which moved through the wood.

At the turn of the pathway, where stood the Biatach's cabin, the stranger whose acquaintance he had formed the preceding evening stood waiting his approach.

"To you, I presume, am I indebted for the warning I received an hour since," he said, after the first salutations had been exchanged.

"Yes, I thought it right to warn you as I did. You have made the acquaintance of Mr. Lucas Plunkett?"

"Yes."

"You are aware that he quitted the castle at an early hour this morning?"

"Yes; I have just learned that business obliged him to visit a friend who lives farther west."

"Would you know the friend whom he visits?"

"I cannot perceive that the information is likely to interest me. I have not found the gentleman himself so interesting that I should care to know the names of his friends."

"Yet doth it concern you to know of his movements to-day. He is now on his way to Roscommon Castle, and before many hours will be closeted with Sir Charles Coote."

MacDermott had not expected this. "Curses on the cadaverous traitor's soul," he angrily exclaimed. "I did not judge him too harshly when I thought him capable of any villainy. Excuse my anger," he continued, addressing the stranger. "I thank you for your timely warning. If your information be correct, we have not a moment to lose. You seem to know the country well. What place are they likely to choose for the attack, if they resolve to make one?"

"I am but a poor strategist," returned his adviser; "yet do I know enough to understand that you will have passed the bogs before they can be apprised of your march. If you gain the ford at the head of the lake before them, you are safe. Farewell! God bless you! We shall meet, I hope, again."

"One word before I go. May I ask the name of him to whom I am now so much indebted? I begin to think we have met before, though I cannot remember where."

"My name," replied the other, quietly, "is O'Hartigan."

"Le Père O'Hartigan?"

"Oui."

The soldier gazed fixedly on the careworn face of the man before him and said, in a voice of deep emotion: "Excuse me, mon Père, that I did not recognise you at once. You have greatly changed since we met in Paris."

"Sorrow and despair make great changes in a short time," replied his new-found acquaintance. "Once more, farewell! Ride hard. You may yet gain the ford before them. If not, delay the engagement as long as possible. Delay may bring help."

The soldier pressed warmly the hand that was held out to him; and turning his horse in the direction taken by his troop, plunged his spurs into the animal's sides and rode rapidly away. The clatter of his charger's hoofs and the clanking of his armour had died away in the distance before his friend quitted the spot where he had been left standing.

"Another and a noble victim to a failing cause!" he murmured sadly, as he turned away. "My God, my God! wilt Thou not even yet save the land which has sacrificed everything for Thee?"

He made his way to the rear of the hut, where a shaggy pony stood quietly mumbing the tufts of hay which he judiciously selected from a heap before him. Having adjusted the bridle and saddle, O'Hartigan mounted this uncouth steed and rode away, taking the path by which MacDermott and his troop had come the preceding evening.

The bright sun shone gaily down upon the green trees, and peeped in at every opening in the luxuriant foliage; and the birds chirped merrily underneath the leaves and sprang lightly from branch to branch in the fulness of their delight. But the sunbeams and the birds were alone in the woods of Duneevin; and Kathleen Dillon, who had been intently watching the figures that moved through the trees, said at length to her sister, who stood by her near a window of the castle:

"They are gone, Mary. I wonder shall we ever see Captain MacDermott again. He is very good. I hope he may come back some day."

Mary's hopes took the same direction as her sister's; but she contented herself with replying: "We will pray, as you promised, that he may be preserved from danger."

CHAPTER VII.

A CHIVALROUS REVENGE.

"Nimm dich in Acht! dich treibt der böse Geist
Der Rache—dass dich Rache nicht verderbe."
Wallenstein's Tod.

THE tourist who at the present day visits the ruins which lie to the north of the town of Roscommon, will find it difficult to believe that the gaunt walls rising before him are the skeleton of a fortress which for ages was, by turn, the terror and the stronghold of the English power beyond the Shannon. The castle was built at an early stage of the conflict between the Anglo-Saxon and the Celt in Ireland, and was alternately possessed by one or other of the rival races. Its high walls had looked down on many a fierce conflict, and themselves borne many a rude shock; but, on that day in May, 1646, at which we have arrived, it wore the look of peace. The round towers which protected the angles of the building sprang lightly up into the sky, and the light architecture and graceful windows of the upper stories attracted the eye from the heavy casements and gloomy doorways which frowned below, half hidden behind the outer walls of defence. But for all its peaceful look without, evidences of the troubled state of the times were not wanting within. Pikemen on sentinel duty paced up and down

within the outer walls. In the courtyard of the castle stood a file of horses fretfully resisting the attentions of a troop of horse-boys who, under the inspection of some half dozen indolent cuirassiers were endeavouring to remove from their glossy skins the traces of a late ride. Snatches of songs and sounds of noisy tumult proceeded from the side of the great quadrangle occupied by the garrison. Peasant girls from the neighbouring village, who had come to sell the produce of their dairies or their gardens, lingered to blush at the rough compliments of the soldiers who loitered about the gates.

Suddenly the strange and by no means disagreeable medley of sounds peculiar to the early hours of garrison life, was broken in upon by the tramp of horses' hoofs on the paved way which led to the eastern gate of the castle. The sentinel who had been leaning on his pike, enjoying the warmth of the sun's rays, drew himself up and advanced to the outer edge of the tower defending the entrance. The lounging soldiers through the yard raised themselves from their listless attitudes and waited in lazy expectation the entrance of the horsemen. They were rewarded by seeing at length a cavalier, attended by a half-naked Irish boy and followed by a mounted servant, ride into the courtyard. The new-comer acknowledged by a stately nod the salute of the sentinel, and dismounting committed his horse to his servant. Turning to a soldier who stood by, he asked the way to Sir Charles Coote's apartment. The soldier pointed to the building which occupied the centre of the quadrangle. As he turned to quit the spot, the gentleman addressed his servant in a low tone and in the English tongue.

"Wilson, see that the knave who led us hither does not leave the place without my knowledge. Should he attempt to fly, send a bullet through him rather than let him escape. It is a slight offence here to bring down such a one as he. We shall have further need of you," he continued, addressing his guide in the Irish tongue; "rest and refresh yourself before we start again."

The guide thanked his employer for his solicitude, and the latter turned towards the door of the state apartments.

Within a wainscotted closet of the building towards which he directed his steps, sat at this moment two men engaged in earnest conversation. The younger of them was a man in the prime of life, of muscular and athletic frame, and of a cast of countenance which had in it a certain manly beauty. Yet his was not a face to invite affection. The fierce gleam of his eye, and the contemptuous smile which occasionally curled his heavy upper lip, as well as the ever-recurring frown which overshadowed his dark features, showed him to be a man in whom the more violent passions predominated. His companion, a soldier in the undress costume of an officer of cavalry, was a man already past middle age. The furrows, traced by time, mingled with the scars which

disfigured his face, and the bushy mustache, which surmounted a row of teeth separated from each other by preternaturally great distances, had almost wholly exchanged its original ugly brown for a still uglier rusty gray.

"And so the old fox has at last obtained aid from the rebels," said the younger of the two, taking up a letter from the table.

"I dare say he was beginning to feel that the fire was coming too near his own den," returned he of the gray mustache.

"The vermin may give us trouble yet," pursued the first speaker. "But anyhow we have swung him well already. Ha! ha! and he thought his friend of Dublin Castle would have stopped the operation and proclaimed me a traitor. The sneaking coward! I would pay him a visit at Portumna itself, were not Preston and his beagles so close upon our heels."

"Your pious wishes may be executed later on," suggested his companion, with grim smile. "In the meantime it were seasonable for us to think of withdrawing within our own lair. Preston's artillery is, you perceive, in motion. Do you propose to leave Roscommon in the sole charge of Sir Michael?"

"Now, out upon thy politeness, Storey," rejoined the other, mockingly. "He has entertained us so pleasantly that we must needs make an effort to requite worthily his hospitality. Might we not, thinkest thou, meetly prove our gratitude by leaving behind us a few of our northern horse to assist him in holding the castle for his Majesty?"

"Verily, Sir Charles, thou art scrupulous in thy loyalty," returned his companion, approvingly; "but what provision shall we make for ourselves? Preston will soon be upon us."

"Yes, curses on him, he has spoiled a nice game. But we will play it out with Clanrickard another time. Meanwhile we will draw northwards. I will leave a detachment under Colonel Saunderson. The rest must be ready to march to-morrow morning——"

He was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who announced that Mr. Lucas Plunkett begged the favour of an interview with the Lord President.

"Mr. Lucas Plunkett?" asked Sir Charles, in surprise.

"Yes, my Lord."

"Bid him come."

"What the devil drives the knave hither now?" he exclaimed, as soon as the servant had retired. "Dost know him, Storey? By heaven! a fine model for the statue of a coward. The most arrant poltroon and the cleverest hypocrite I know. He is useful, however; you will find that even now he comes to set us upon the trail. He has rendered me important services before——"

The noise of footsteps in the hall without interrupted him in this sketch of his visitor's character. Presently the door opened and Plunkett entered. Sir Charles Coote rose and greeted him with welcomings profuse, if not cordial.

"The pleasure of seeing you again comes unexpectedly upon me. So you have come to laugh at our mishap! Well, well, it may be our turn to laugh soon. Our mission to Connaught has failed; Bunratty must defend itself, though our brave soldiers made every effort to reach it. But the mention of our soldiers recalls to me my duty—you must make the acquaintance of my esteemed friend, Major Storey, a most excellent officer of that detachment of horse sent by the Major-General to aid us in accomplishing our errand. Truly a most worthy man, even though he have covenanted to extirpate Popery."

Plunkett bowed low to the veteran.

"We could have wished," continued Sir Charles, "that your visit had been paid us somewhat earlier. We have already completed our arrangements for quitting Roscommon at once. Your friend Preston is moving in the neighbourhood, and we would willingly avoid a meeting which could only have unpleasant consequences for both of us."

"Do you march to-day?" inquired Plunkett, eagerly.

"No. We start with the sun to-morrow."

"Then I have not come too late. The principal object of my visit is to suggest a means of employing some of your idle troopers during the day."

"I doubt if they be able duly to appreciate this attention," said Sir Charles, smiling. "They think themselves abundantly supplied with work already."

"Nay, but this is an important service," urged Plunkett, "and may benefit much the interests of the Parliament."

"I will not make bold to say that even this consideration will weigh much with them," returned Sir Charles, with a half-sarcastic smile. "But what is the expedition you would propose?"

"To intercept a party of horse detached from the Nuncio's forces and on its way to join O'Neill."

"Truly a most praiseworthy service, and one in which I would right willingly engage; but the preparations for our departure will occupy our men during the day."

"A small party would suffice for the matter," remonstrated Plunkett. "The rebels do not number more than twenty men."

"Sooth to say, a bold ride," mused the Lord President. "They are over hasty in bidding us defiance. They might have waited till our forces had quitted the district. Fain would I punish the rashness of yon shaven priest, and teach him that it is perilous to follow too close on the retreating lion. What sayest thou, Storey? Wilt undertake, with a squadron of thy troop, to give this useful lesson?"

"Yea, I will even ride forth at thy bidding, and smite the children of the unrighteous," returned the Major, in a deep voice, and with a strongly marked nasal intonation—peculiarities which the presence of the stranger seemed suddenly to have developed—

"and peradventure this man who hath delivered the ungodly into our hands will be with us on the way. His counsel would doubtless avail us much into the destroying of our foes."

Sir Charles caught the gleam of humour which sparkled beneath the shaggy eyebrows of the Parliamentary veteran, and hastened to reply. "Mr. Plunkett, will, I doubt not, eagerly consent to your wishes. A doughty knight, good Major! I know his valour well. Nay, nay," he continued, as Plunkett showed a disposition to object to these arrangements, "the Major will take no refusal. I will fit you out with helmet and cuirass proof against any rebel bullet that may chance to stray in your direction."

Here the baronet touched a bell which stood on the table.

"Verily I am not a man of the sword or spear," said Plunkett, accompanying this imitation of the Major's Scriptural language, with a sorry smile.

"Yet dost thou bear about thee the carnal weapons," reasoned his tormentor, pointing to the pistols and sword which Plunkett carried.

"And deftly does he use them, too," added Sir Charles. "Morrison," he continued, addressing the orderly who had entered the room, "conduct this gentleman to our armoury, and bid our own armourer attend him, and say to Cornet Ellis of Major Storey's troop that his squadron must be ready to mount within half an hour."

Sir Charles bowed to the mortified and distressed Plunkett and motioned to him to follow the orderly. There was no escape from the unpleasant difficulty in which he had involved himself; the unwilling cavalier quitted the room, while Sir Charles and the Major remained to laugh over his discomfiture and distress.

"But there is a serious side to this freak," said Sir Charles to the Parliamentary officer, as the latter rose to quit the apartment. "This rebel party carries, no doubt, despatches for O'Neill; and it is highly important for us now to learn something of his intentions. It may also be the bearer of some of the Pope's crowns with which I believe O'Neill pays his kernes. Keep a sharp look out for letters and money bags. Farewell! If you come to blows, see that our valorous friend smells gunpowder."

"Trust me for that," returned the Major, confidently, as he strode from the room.

Half an hour later the castle walls rang with the trumpet-call, "to horse," and shortly after some two score troopers rode slowly down the courtyard, and formed in line before the entrance to the state apartments. Presently Major Storey and his reluctant companion in arms issued from the doorway and mounted the horses that awaited them.

"Our place is at the head of the troop," whispered the Major to his companion, and then in a loud voice directed to Sir Charles Coote, who stood in the doorway, but evidently intended for the

troopers behind him, he added: "This day will the Lord be with us, and in the strength of His arm shall we prevail against them which despise His covenant."

"Yea; smite and spare not," piously responded the baronet. "Adieu, Sir Knight," he continued, in a low tone, addressing the wretched Plunkett, "This day must thou win thy spurs. Sorely doth it grieve me they cannot be buckled on by fairer hands than mine. Haste to return to us victorious; in the banquet of to-night we will celebrate thy deeds of prowess."

As the horsemen passed under the massive portals of the castle, Plunkett noticed his servant in the crowd of idlers assembled to witness the departure of the troopers. "Remember my orders," he whispered, as he rode by; "see that the lad does not quit the castle till I return."

"This injunction recalled to Wilson's mind the command he had received, but which he had been too much occupied to remember. He searched in every direction for their guide of the morning, but that eccentric individual had disappeared. Inquiring from the sentinel of the outer gate, he learned that an Irish boy in every respect like the one he sought had passed through a short time before Major Storey rode out, and when asked whither he went, had replied that he carried a message from Mr. Plunkett to the doctor of the village.

Meanwhile the receding forms of the troopers grew more and more indistinct in the distance. The eyes of their friends followed them as they dwindled down to a mere mass of waving plumes and glittering armour, until at length they entered the shadow cast by Slieve Bawn upon the moors, and were lost entirely to view.

FAR AWAY.

BY ALICE ESMONDE.

SCARCE an hour has passed over, Joe, and I've waked you up again, With this cough, and the gasp for breath, and the moaning of selfish pain; I count that you're watching me there, full fourteen months long and more; Oh! the strength of man's love and the depth! Poor Joe! it will all soon be o'er.

There's the beat of the petrel's wings, in their flight 'neath the silent sky,
There's the whirr of the bandicoot, and the lone potoroo's quick cry;
The slanting casement's lengthened panes I see on the floor less clear;
These nights from the pale moon I mark, when the dawn of the long day is near.

And I thought that I'd die last eve—for I dreamt of the grave and rest,
While I slept as the red sun sank, and flooded with gold all the west;
And sweet was that dream of the end, and of home, and the long ago,
Till waking I felt your hot tears, and could not but weep with you, Joe,

But the end and the rest must come soon, the darkness and chill grow apace;
 Joseph, come nearer and give me one earnest, long view of your face;
 Ah! the eyes—deep, blue, and kind still—the old honest look on the brow;
 The sweet, firm mouth of your boyhood—there seems scarce a change on you
 now

Since we climbed up to the young cranes, far out on the old castle's height,
 And barefoot would wade through the brook, where the speckled trout dived out
 of sight;
 Or chased the swift hare round and round, the meadows and clover fields through,
 And you lifted me up till I reached where drooping the wild cherries grew.

Ah! there still the crane builds its nest; unaltered the stream flows along—
 For ever and ever, no shadow of grief or of pain in its song;
 And still, through the long summer eves, other lads (like us then) are at play,
 And there's health, and there's freshness and life, at home in old Ireland to-day.

For 'tis June, and in the glad sunshine the hillsides from green to gold change,
 And enraptured the blue mists veil jealous the crest of the far mountain range;
 I know how the purple heath smiles from the depths of the dry torrent's bed,
 And summer winds loiter to-day, where the herds to the river are led.

Dear Joe, wipe the damp from my forehead, and soften this hard pillow here;
 Wet my lips with the cordial. I feel that relief must be near.
 Oh! how soothing a strong hand's soft touch, how patient an old friend's true
 love!
 A love such as yours, my poor Joe, a mother's is only above.

Let me lie in the churchyard beyond—the corner that looks to the West—
 Say a tired stranger pined far from Erin, and there do his weary bones rest;
 And, brother, at some future day, will you go and bring back o'er the wave
 Some shamrocks from father's green sod that will grow here again on my grave?

Lift me up—I'm so weary and weak. Ah! once, Joe, in anger I said,
 My strength and my youth should not fail, and strange lands would yield me
 free bread.

Alas! the hard words and the boasting, the fierce pride that kept me apart—
 The crushed love, and yearning and pain, that eat out the life from my heart.

* * * * *

Hush! Joe, old friend—God knows what's best, and I'm happy even now.
 Speak kind words for me to Willie, and to Nell with the curly brow;
 Give my heart's love to my mother—mind, say *her* name I breathed last;
 Let her and Nellie pray for me, and forgive me all the past.

In the dusk of autumn evenings, when the solemn thoughts will rise,
 When the mower's scythe is resting, and in swathes the damp hay lies;
 And in winter by the fireside, when the wind is bleak and high,
 And the wild geese seek the bogland, with a homeless, lonely cry;

When the young lambs race at twilight, in the first green flush of spring,
 And the children pull the primrose, and the glad birds build and sing;
 Through the sultry summer nightfalls, when the dead and gone arise,
 They'll weep for me then lying 'neath these strange Australian skies.

* * * * *

You'll tell them, Joseph, how we thought to travel home this year.
How spring-time went and came again, and I lay helpless here :—
Ah !—on this bed my life's short dream comes clear before my sight,
So hot and restless and astray. Well, death shall set it right.

It seems to me astray and wrong, all out of tune and time—
A song that promised well, but failed—a strange, unmeasured rhyme ;
Ah ! hope is false, and promise vain, and life runs quickly o'er—
And never now—ah ! never now, I'll see poor Erin more.

We'd travel westward in the spring, you'll tell them so we said,
And I was ill, and tidings came, the news that *he* was dead.
Oh, father wronged ! oh, father lost ! too late, too late !—since then
I'd give whole worlds to hear one word from your cold lips again.

Yes, I thank God, now I'm dying, in life's glory and full prime,
For, Joe, perhaps,—ah, yes ! God knows, feelings change and hearts in time.
And when I'm gone you must be brave, nor fret here all alone,
For we will meet again, old friend, where no death nor parting's known.

You'll dig my grave close by the hedge—where the winds blow from the West,
Say a stranger died from Erin, and there he begged to rest.
And, brother, when, in years to come, you go across the wave,
Send shamrocks from my father's clay to grow here on my grave.

HÔTEL PANIER D'OR.

(OUR FOREIGN POST-BAG.)

WHEN you remember what a charm a peal of bells has for your correspondent ; how surely a lover of the *carillons* loses all interest even in the most profitable conversation once their message, melodious and divine, rings out from the dizzy eminence of some cathedralspire ; how much on one occasion I missed in France, after a sojourn in Belgium, “ the deep sonorous clangour,” “ the beautiful wild chimes ” that had so lately showered music on the hours as they passed—when, again, you recollect my love for heaven-reaching heights, whether mountain peaks or aspiring *campanili*, you will understand how happily situated I consider myself to be in the capital of West Flanders, planted right opposite the Belfry of Bruges. On my return home I may be called on to explain why it was I preferred lingering in these parts to hurrying southward ; why I was satisfied with a *voyage autour de ma chambre*, when I might have enjoyed a sail down the Danube and a visit to the Kaiser's capital. But I am not now going to waste your time and mine with a statement of my excellent reasons. One thing I know—if I shall not have many traveller's tales to relate, I shall at any rate be able to

boast that I remained a whole week in Bruges; and is not this more than one in a thousand of your travellers can say?

On Sunday we landed at cock-crow; heard first Mass in the old church at Ostend; breakfasted at our leisure; sauntered up to the station, and took our places in the *convoy*, which, in the manner of trains in this country, proceeded with considerable caution over the dead level, avoiding all risk of an upset through excessive speed, or a blow up from over excitement. In about half an hour our old friends, the tower of S. Saviour, the steeple of Notre Dame, and the historic Belfry were fully in sight; and by-and-bye we stepped out on the platform among a crowd of the townsfolk in their Sunday blouses and hooded cloaks. I looked over the heads of the people, eagerly, for one friendly face, and was not disappointed. B——, who arrived the previous evening, had come down to meet the train, and you may guess how cordial was the greeting between Celt and Saxon.

"And where are we to take up our quarters?" I inquired, when the first few words had been exchanged.

"Oh, at the Panier d'Or," was the reply. "I went there last evening according to your suggestion; and certainly I do not think we can do better than establish ourselves among the quaint gables and eccentric chimney tops of the Grande Place in view of the belfry tower."

"And is it tolerably comfortable there?" put in G——, who wanted to satisfy himself that in our search for the picturesque we should not be left without the necessities and comforts of life."

"Oh, yes;" said B——, "comfortable enough—though rather sandy!"

When the train moved off to the sound of the guard's bugle, taking G——, who, having his face resolutely turned to Vienna, could do no more than wish us an agreeable holiday among the canals, we took our way, arm in arm, to the centre of the town, a Belgian lad following with my very light baggage. The bells and the carillons were at their usual Sunday's work—doing double duty. The Cathedral was proclaiming to the ancient city and the surrounding country that all who desired to attend high mass within its venerable walls should forthwith put themselves in motion. Notre Dame kept on announcing something, manifestly important, the sense of which, however, I could not exactly catch. Bells of less pretension were communicating intelligence in an undertone across the canals; and the Belfry, which can do everything but hold its tongue for one quarter of an hour, in its usual style chimed in with the rest. As we passed the churches, we met the people with their large prayer books and rosaries slowly hastening in their peculiar fashion. Grandmothers in sabots clattered under the porch; soldiers of the line marched boldly in; young women looking so pretty, many of them, in their faultless caps and long black

cloaks, paused to exchange a friendly word with their acquaintances, and to form, as it appeared to us, a group of figures artistically disposed in the foreground; while two or three broughams, drawn by stout well-groomed horses, rolled over the heavy pavement, taking the burgher aristocracy to church.

"Is it not delightful," we said to one another, "to hear these bells talking of heavenly things to the silent old city? Is it not pleasant to see these people who appear neither to want common comforts, nor to be choked with the cares, and riches, and pleasures of the world? Is it not a relief to see people with peaceful faces taking their way with Christian sobriety through life; and does not all this rest one greatly?"

On turning into the smoothly paved square, which is the market-place on Saturdays, but the Grande Place on other days, I glanced towards the Panier d'Or and saw the windows in one of the peaks of the frontage which were to be ours. Then we walked into the centre, turned round, and surveyed the Belfry, rising from the comparatively low, battlemented, red-brown structure called *Les Halles*, and ascending in successive storeys with Gothic openings, corner pinnacles, flying buttresses, and surmounting balustrade up to a height of 290 feet. I recognised the family of bells in their breezy abode in the upper storey, and saw, somewhat lower down, as indeed the entire city of Bruges can do, one face of the clock which presents a dial to each of the cardinal points. It did not require much time to run up the crooked stairs of the Panier d'Or and take possession of my apartment. Presently we were out again hoping to be in time for High Mass at S. Saviour's; and in this we were not disappointed.

I do not know whether the organ, the band, and the voices are particularly good in the cathedral, but I know the effect of the music is very fine. The orchestra is placed opposite the altar, on the rood that crosses the church; and you can see the conductor waving his baton as he stands foremost in that elevated position. It is here as in most of the foreign cathedrals: the music, like the congregation, has room enough. Thus the tide of sound floats down the nave, thunders along the aisles, reverberates from the roof, winds in and out of distant chapels, and breaks in rippling echoes among the monuments of the forgotten dead.

After Mass we walked in the little garden called the Park, to which the townsfolk resort at that hour to hear the band play; and by twelve o'clock we were just as ready as the rest of the world hereabout for dinner. That duty discharged, and an hour's rest enjoyed, we were on our rambles again. I think we must have been in and out of half the churches in Bruges: and that is saying a good deal. We crossed I do not know how many bridges; passed under two or three of the city gates; and were out on the ramparts with the windmills. In fact we did the very thing we so often have thought it a hardship to be obliged to do: we never sat down, and

we saw vastly too much. Finally we returned to our inn, pretty well tired and quite disposed to retire betimes to rest; which we accordingly did, having said good night to the Belfry "thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt."

The Belfry, however, was determined not to let the foreigners have the last word. I was suddenly aroused from a sound sleep by a thumping of the heart and the sensation of some tremendous engine beating about my head. Starting up in alarm I became aware, after a minute or two, that something was going on in the Belfry; no airy carillon this time, but bang! bang! went the bell, calling over the roofs of the houses, making the market-place vibrate, and rolling waves of sound, I could not doubt, over all the country round. I could think of nothing but the men of Ghent! the men of Ghent! for we had been reading how in the old days there had always been a watch on the tower to give notice of danger, especially from the side of the rival city whose spires and own aspiring belfry could be seen eastward on the plain. But presently, of course, I remembered that we were not in the fifteenth but in the nineteenth century; and concluded that a conflagration had broken out in the city, and the Belfry was calling the firemen and engines to extinguish the flames. I listened breathlessly for answering sounds—the rumbling of wheels, the tramp of hurrying feet; and expected to see the citizens rushing through the square. But the knell that might have waked the dead, appeared to excite neither alarm nor interest in drowsy-headed Bruges; not a footfall was heard, not a shadow crossed the pavement.

You may be sure I was not slow in the morning to inquire the cause of the disturbance in the Belfry. When I succeeded in making myself understood, I was assured both in French and in Flemish that nothing particular had occurred during the night; that the bell always rings at eleven o'clock on Sunday night to close the cabarets, and probably that was what I heard. "Well!" said I to myself, "this *is* a grand mediæval way of shutting up the public-houses."

There was no knowing what the Belfry of Bruges might say or do after this; and I often in the small hours of the night and in the dawn looked out into the square. One night I saw a light like a star moving in the sky. It disappeared for a few minutes, and then shot out much higher up. Again it was hid, but only to reappear at a still greater elevation. This I guessed to be the lantern of the guard, who was proceeding on his way from the lower world to his station near the bells, and whose upward course was indicated by the shining of this mysterious light through the openings in the tower.

About three o'clock one morning, after a heavy fall of rain had wetted the smooth pavement, I saw the Belfry throw its shadow across the square and rest there exactly like a reflection in a lake.

On Saturday morning, while it was yet too dark to distinguish

anything but some heavy masses in the otherwise empty space, my attention was again aroused by a sound constantly repeated and more like the report of firearms than anything else. I could not guess what the noise meant; I only felt sure the Belfry had something to do with it. But when I went out in broad daylight I found the Grande Place had assumed its character of market-place, and was filled with booths, stalls, and chaffering town and city folk. Waggon's laden with the materials required for the construction of these temporary erections had been driven in during the night; and the noise was caused by the planks, which being thrown flat on the pavement made a report sharply repeated by the echoes.

Though our life here is full of variety we are quite regular in our ways. After Mass in the cathedral we breakfast about half-past eight o'clock, having the *salle à manger* and the newspapers very much to ourselves; for the Panier d'Or is not frequented by idle tourists, and the Belgians, as a rule, are at their business long before that hour. Then we take our walks abroad; visit one or two of the churches; study the paintings of the early Flemish school in the Hospital of S. John or in the Academy; drop into a convent or hospice; look at some remarkable house or monument, with a view perhaps to a sketch; and loiter on the bridges to observe the picturesque grouping of a grey wall with pendant foliage, overhanging red-brown gables, and the never failing tower or steeple. But I must tell you of one disappointment we met with.

The evening before I arrived, B—— not having anything very particular to do, went forth, sketch-book in hand, to study the transparent shadows, cool reflections, and charming effects to be found, by all report, on the canals. Away went the artist to that part of the Canal des Marbriers which you may perhaps remember to have seen in pictures: where the façade of the Palais du Franc, with its pinnacled turrets, curious windows and picturesque parapet wall and balconies, backed by the high-pitched roof of the Hôtel de Ville and the ubiquitous Belfry, borders the canal on one side; while on the other is drawn up a line of poplars; a one-arch bridge and its reflection occupying the middle distance, and the tower of S. Saviour and sundry irregular house-tops standing farther off. You may fancy what a disappointment it was to find everything there but the canal, or rather the water. I hardly believed that the liquid element could fail anywhere in this part of the world, and hoped that somehow we should find all right next day—the canal an unruffled mirror, and the poplars and turrets standing on their heads in it as usual. But it was not so; there appeared only an ugly dyke between the banks, and we had to console ourselves with the reflection that, as there is always some drawback to every enjoyment, the withdrawal of the water must be considered as satisfying that condition on the present occasion. They are, it seems, making navigable for large vessels the canal to Ghent, and while the works are in progress have turned off the water.

We are back at our inn to hear the dinner bell ring ; and shortly before noon are in our places at the long table in the *salle à manger*, the windows of which open on the square. Just as the *potage* is about to be served, and precisely at five minutes to twelve o'clock, there begins a performance in the Belfry—the bells playing a prelude very tastefully indeed. At twelve to the minute, the carillon commences an air from Belisario, keeping remarkably well to time and tune for the first three bars. Then a slight indecision becomes perceptible ; the bells are nervous, lose the key, get entangled, and fall into the sweet “wrangling” of which their poet sings. Their attempt to right themselves, and their evident determination to do their very best are quite comical. While this is going on two hundred feet in the air a pretty little scene takes place at the foot of the tower. A company of infantry march out from a guardhouse round the corner, go through certain evolutions in front of the building, beat their drums, and then march off again. After this there is silence for fully ten minutes, until, in fact, the city has to be told that it is a quarter after twelve o'clock. By-and-by when the hands in due course point to the half hour, the chimes perform a voluntary, and the bell strikes one—in this following the custom that prevails among the Belgian town clocks of striking the hour fully thirty minutes before the time comes round. What the meaning of this arrangement is I cannot tell. I only know that in no country in the world are you so often told the time of day, and in no other place do you require to be so much on your guard not to believe all you hear.

Our table d'hôte has the reputation of being the best in Bruges ; and very good it is—well served and plentifully supplied. The guests appear to me to be nearly all Belgians, and from the regularity with which many of them take their places I conclude that they are residents in the city. To-day I heard a substantial looking burgher praise the wine in French and Flemish. There is not, however, much wine called for at dinner : beer is in greater demand. The proprietor, a nice, demure-looking, young widow, in her pretty cap, comes in to see that all goes well, and to direct the service ; while two older women—her sisters, I imagine—who have a pleasant word for the habitués and an attentive eye to the strangers, do the waiter's duty.

You need not send any of your mere touring acquaintances here. The arrangements are not particularly elegant and the place certainly is sandy. But seasoned travellers like ourselves readily put up with sand and cigars, and would put up with a great deal more for the sake of mixing with the people of the country rather than with a crowd of English and American sightseers. Besides it is a great satisfaction to get all you want at a moderate cost. You can have everything you wish for at the Panier d'Or, wine included, for about twenty-five shillings a week. A lady and gentleman who have lodgings in a neighbouring street come here to

dine every day. They pay forty francs a month each, with two shillings additional for as much beer as they like to drink.

In our afternoon rambles we have done a good deal in our leisurely way. We have, for example, noted very particularly the restorations going on at the Hôtel de Ville, the elegant façade of which, previous to the visit of the Vandals of the French Revolution, was covered with statues. There in niches were the effigies of the Blessed Virgin and the Archangel Gabriel, the prophets of the Old Law, and the counts and countesses of Flanders. On the balcony of one of the windows the counts on their inauguration used to stand and take the oath to observe the laws and respect the privileges of the city; and from the same position it was customary for a preacher to deliver sermons to the people during Holy Week. In the more ancient building, which the edifice now undergoing restoration replaced, there was a chapel in which Mass used to be said daily by members of the Franciscan, Dominican, Carmelite, and Augustinian orders.

Indeed, in the monuments of Bruges and in its story, as well as in the history of the middle ages generally, you find the religious inseparably associated with the political and municipal life. Bad as those times were in many respects, God was not then left out of all human calculations: the hereafter was not altogether forgotten in the transactions of the present. Until the destruction in the time of the French Revolution of the venerable cathedral of St. Donat, in which John Van Eyck was buried, a Mass was offered in the month of July every year for the repose of the great painter's soul; and up to the same period, that is to say, for more than three hundred years, after the High Mass sung every day in the church of Notre Dame in honor of the Blessed Virgin, a Requiem Mass was offered for the princess beloved by the citizens of Bruges, Mary of Burgundy, the daughter of Charles the Bold. You may remember that she was thrown from her horse while hunting in the neighbourhood of the city, and died at the age of twenty-five of injuries then received which she concealed out of affection for her husband, the Archduke (afterwards the Emperor) Maximilian.

I am not going to give you a description of the marvellously beautiful tomb of Mary of Burgundy in the above-named church, nor of the extraordinary way in which it was hid from the French plunderers; all this you may find in a guide book; but I must tell you that we spelled out the inscription in old French; a long array of titles, and then a few words recording with touching simplicity that she had lived virtuously and in great affection with her husband, and was regretted, wept for, and mourned by her subjects, and by all others who knew her, as much as any princess ever was. *Prîez dieu pour son ame. Amen.*

I need hardly tell you that we have been among the bells and the birds in the Belfry, and have looked out from that airy height over the great plain on which Ostend, Ghent, Courtray, Thorhout

and many another place of old renown and modern interest can be descried. About three miles to the north-east we distinguished, easily enough of course, the village of Damme, once a flourishing city and an important seaport, now bereft of everything save its name and the records of its prosperity, and deserted even by the sea which has retreated many a mile away. It would be interesting, we thought, to go out there, to see whether there remains any trace of the dykes that once protected Bruges from the German Ocean, and to walk in the meadow that grows in the former harbour.

One evening, therefore, in pursuance of this design, we hired a cabriolet and spent some hours most agreeably, visiting Damme, calling at other villages, and following very irregular roadways through the fields. This excursion pleased us so much that we began to wish for more of the same kind of journeying; and before we re-entered the city gates we had made up our mind to stay only a few days in Ghent after leaving Bruges, and then to make our way to the Campine, an extensive region only partially reclaimed from sand and morass, but interesting in many ways, though seldom visited by the Belgians of other parts of the country, and quite unexplored by the typical tourist.

Whether we do much or little in our afternoon rambles we invariably finish by an evening stroll on the ramparts which encircle the city. There, on the grassy heights, we linger until the sunset glory vanishes and the spires grow gray in the failing light. Then taking our Belfry as a guide we descend into the streets, follow the canals and keep on resolutely until we lose our landmark in the crowding of the houses. Presently we hear music in the air; the chimes are ushering in the twilight hour; we are at home again.

By nine o'clock we have had supper, and are seated at our window looking down on the square. You cannot imagine how picturesque it is: the tower rising into the air; the lights gleaming in the houses; the figures moving about. As the clock strikes the hour the carillon favours us with something I can only describe as an occasional overture. At the same moment the call of the regimental trumpeter is heard; there is a roll of drums; the soldiers march round the corner, rapidly cross the square, and disappear. Gradually night settles down on the city. The lights vanish one by one from the houses. Darker and darker grows the belfry tower as the stars shine out. It is time for the strangers from the British Isles to say their prayers, and close that casement in the Panier d'Or.

S. A.

CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

VIII. SURRENDER OF KILKENNY—SIEGE OF CLONMEL.

KILKENNY surrendered on the 28th of April, 1650. As the garrison marched out of the town, with their Commander, Sir Walter Butler, at their head, they were complimented by Cromwell for their bravery: he said that they were gallant fellows; that he had lost more men storming that place than at Drogheda, and that he should have gone without it were it not for the treachery of the townsmen.

The inhabitants who remained behind, owing to the timely surrender, escaped many of the calamities that befell the other places captured by the Puritan army. Dr. Rothe, the bishop, availing himself of the terms of the treaty, that the clergy could leave in safety with their goods, quitted the city with the garrison. Not that he feared danger or cared for his own life—he had often given proof of his readiness to run any risk for the welfare of the flock. When the plague appeared in the city, he rose from his bed, to which he had been confined for more than a year by excruciating pains, and he had himself borne on a litter from door to door, in order to minister with his own hands the consolations of religion to those of his flock who stood in need of them. He had not gone more than a mile outside the walls, when he was seized by some stragglers from the victorious army, and robbed of all he possessed. Dr. Fleming, the archbishop of Dublin, writing a few months after, says he was dragged from the carriage in which he sat, stripped of his clothes, a tattered cloak covered with vermin was given him, and he was cast into a loathsome dungeon, where he expired after a prolonged martyrdom. Another and a more probable account states, that, when he had been brought back to the city, Cromwell gave him permission to dwell with his friends, and to pass the brief remainder of his life among them. A month after, he gave up his soul to God, in the 78th year of his age, and the 32nd of his episcopate. His remains were laid in the family vault in St. Mary's Church, after the usual obsequies had been performed without any restraint. Some years before, in more peaceful times, he had erected a tomb in the Cathedral of St. Canice, where he hoped he might be laid when his course was run. But as a regiment of soldiers was now quartered in the sacred edifice, his friends could not carry out his pious wish. Strange to say, this monument escaped the fury of the Puritans; it was demolished by the ill-judged zeal of Parry, the Protestant bishop of Ossory.*

* "The Irish Hierarchy in the Seventeenth Century," by Rev. C. P. Meehan. Parry occupied the See of Kilkenny from 1672 to 1677.

"Catholicity was flourishing in the city of Kilkenny, when the Puritan army, like a devastating torrent, overturning everything in its course, appeared before the walls. As soon as they got possession of the city, they impiously profaned the churches, overturned the altars, destroyed the paintings and crosses, and showed their contempt for all things sacred. The vestments, which had been for the most part concealed, were discovered and plundered by the soldiery. The books and paintings were cast into the streets, and either destroyed by fire or taken away as booty."* Dr. Patrick Lynch, of Galway, writing on the 1st of May, 1650, to the Secretary of the Sacred Congregation, mentions that a report had reached him of cruelties exercised in the city of Kilkenny, and of numbers of priests, religious, and citizens having been put to death there.

Father Archdeacon, S.J., describes the manner in which the soldiers displayed their fanaticism. "There stood, and still stands," he wrote in 1686, "in the market-place of Kilkenny, a magnificent structure of stone, of elegant workmanship, rising aloft after the manner of an obelisk. It is supported by four lofty columns, which bear the weight of the whole superstructure, to which you ascend on the four sides by flights of stone steps; and above all, on the highest point, was placed a sculptured figure of the crucifixion.† After the occupation of the city by Cromwell's soldiers, some of them, who were particularly remarkable for their impiety, assembled in the market-place, armed with their muskets, and directed many blows against the symbol of the crucifixion, in order that they might fully complete their irreligious triumph; this their persecuting fury at length accomplished. But behold! the wrath of an avenging God quickly pursued the authors of this sacrilege. A mysterious malady seized on them, and affected them so, that none survived beyond a few days."‡

The Church of St. Canice was the special object of their pious wrath. We have already seen that, in the earlier part of the siege, the assailants had attacked the quarter of the city where it was situated, and had succeeded in effecting an entrance there, and establishing themselves within its walls. After the surrender,

* "Brevis Relatio," &c., quoted by Right Rev. Dr. Moran in "Persecution of Catholics."

† It was erected in the year 1335, on the day after the Feast of St. James. It is recorded in the city archives, that at its erection many of the inhabitants made pious vows for the safety, prosperity, and protection of the newly founded municipality; and that some burned the sign of the cross with red hot iron into their flesh, in order to their making the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, that God might condescend to prosper the undertaking of that community and town. At the point where the gablets diverged were originally sculptured the statues of the saints to whose guardianship and patronage the city was of old committed; these are—St. Canice, St. Kieran, St. Patrick, and St. Brigid the Virgin. *Kilkenny Archeological Journal*, ii. 220.

‡ "Theol. tripart." iii. 220.

Colonel Axtell's regiment was quartered in it for a considerable time. Eight years before, it had been taken possession of by the Catholics, Dr. Griffith Williams, the Protestant bishop, having fled at the breaking out of the rebellion. It was then solemnly reconciled for the Catholic service by Dr. Rothe, in presence of the members of the Supreme Council and of the prelates assembled in the city. Bayle, whom Rothe calls "a drunken image breaker" (iconoclastes ganeo), had sold the gold and silver vessels, and demolished the altars and statues of the saints. Rothe devoted all his energies to repair these injuries, and succeeded so well that he merited the eulogy of the legate Rinuccini. An inscription, still extant in the cathedral, records the gratitude of the people for his zeal.* Williams thus laments over the disasters that had befallen the noble edifice: "The great and famous and most beautiful cathedral church of St. Keney (Canice) they have utterly defaced and ruined. They have thrown down all the roof of it, taken away five great and goodly bells, broken down all the windows and carried away every bit of glass that, they say, was worth a great deal; and all the doors of it, that all the hogs might come and root, and the dogs gnaw the bones of the dead; and they broke down a most exquisite marble font (wherein the Christians' children were regenerated) all to pieces, and threw down many godly marble monuments that were therein, and especially that stately and costly monument of the house of Ormonde, and divers others of most rare and excellent worth, not much inferior (if I be not mistaken) to most of the best, excepting the kings', that are in St. Paul's Church or the Abbey of Westminster." The famous painted windows too, exhibiting the history of our Saviour, erected by Bishop Richard Ledrede in the fourteenth century, for which Rinuccini offered £700, were demolished by the iconoclastic bigotry of the soldiers.†

The main body of the army seems to have remained at Carrick for nearly a week. Parties were sent out from there, to seize on the strongholds in the neighbourhood. Adjutant-General Sadler summoned the castle of Pulkerry to surrender; the garrison refusing to yield, two guns were brought to bear on it. A breach was made, and a storming party got possession of a part of it; thirty of the garrison were put to the sword; the others continuing to hold out, fire was applied, and they perished in the flames. Cromwell,

* DEO. OPT. MAX. ET. MEMORIÆ. DAVIDIS. EPISCOPI. OSSORIEN. QUI HANC. ECCLESIAM. CATHEDRALEM. STO. CANICO. SACRAM. [PRISTINO. CULTUI. RESTITUIT. HÆRESIM. SCHISMAQUE. EXINDE. EMUNDANS.] ANNO. DOM. 1642. The words between brackets are supplied from tradition, which says they were effaced by Parry.

† "The Cathedral of St. Canice," by Rev. J. Graves and J. Prim, Esq., p. 43. The monument of the Ormonde family mentioned above was that of Thomas Butler, surnamed the Black, tenth Earl of Ormonde, who died in 1614. He was buried in the choir of St. Canice's Cathedral.

it would seem, wished to wait for reinforcements before attacking Clonmel. He had sent an urgent request to the Parliament for help in men and money. "Our hardships are not a few," he writes from Carrick on the 2nd of April; "I think in my conscience if money be not supplied, we shall not be able to carry on your work. But if it be supplied, and that speedily, I hope through the good hand of the Lord, it will not be long before England will be at an end of this charge. Our horse have not one month's pay of five; we strain what we can that the foot may be paid, or else they would starve. The taking of these places and keeping but what is necessary of them, must needs swallow up our foot, and I may humbly repeat it again that I do not know if much above 2,000 of your 5,000 recruits have come to us."

A month before, Henry Cromwell had arrived at Youghal from England with a regiment of foot and about 200 horse. His forces having joined those of Lord Broghill, they defeated Lord Inchiquin in the neighbourhood of Limerick, and kept in check the enemy who might have fallen on Cromwell's rear. Broghill received orders to join the main body of the army. In the meantime, spies brought word, that David Roche had collected 700 men in Kerry, and was on his march to relieve Clonmel. With him was Boetius Egan, who had been consecrated bishop of Ross the year before. He had been obliged by Ludlow to fly from his diocese and to take refuge in the fastnesses of Kerry. Broghill, being ordered to disperse them, set out from Cork for Macroom, where he learned the rendezvous of Roche's army was. On the morning of April 30th he came before the castle of Carrigdrohid, on the river Lee, about three miles from Macroom; he found it garrisoned by some of Roche's forces. Leaving his foot behind, to keep the garrison in check, he hurried with his horse to Macroom. At his approach, the garrison set fire to Macroom castle, and joined the main body which lay encamped in the park. Broghill immediately charged them. Surprised by the suddenness of the attack, they soon took to flight, leaving many slain on the field. Among the prisoners were the bishop of Ross, the high sheriff of the county Kerry, and several other persons of distinction. The high sheriff was condemned to be shot. Broghill ordered the bishop to be led to the castle of Carrigdrohid, and offered to pardon him, if he would use his efforts to make the garrison surrender. When the bishop was brought within parley of those within, instead of urging them to yield, he exhorted them to hold out to the last. By Broghill's order he was abandoned to the soldiers' fury; his arms were first severed from his body; he was then dragged along the ground to a neighbouring tree, and hanged from one of the branches with the reins of his own horse.* The castle was

* Bruodin, "*Passio Martyrum*." We need hardly remind classical readers of Horace's beautiful description of the courage shown by Regulus, *Carm.* iii. 6. The

afterwards taken by a silly stratagem. The assailants yoked teams of oxen to large beams of timber. The garrison supposed these were cannon, and thought it better to make terms than to continue a resistance that would certainly end in their own destruction. They surrendered on articles, by which they were allowed to march out without arms, the Governor being "allowed sixteen arms to defend his soldiers from the Tories."

On the 9th of May Cromwell appeared before Clonmel. Without any delay he set about besieging the place. Hugh O'Neill had been sent by Ormonde, some time before, with 1,500 Ulstermen to garrison it. By frequent sallies he continued to inflict very heavy losses on the besiegers. Cromwell was beginning to lose heart. He sent messengers to Broghill, informing him that his army was sorely distressed by their defeat, and that he must raise the siege and retire with disgrace, if not immediately relieved; he conjured him, by all the ties of duty and friendship, to desist from all further designs and to come without delay to his assistance. The message reached Broghill after he had defeated Roche, and while he was putting the country under contribution, and taking measures to prevent any muster of forces there. So urgent an order could not be disregarded; he immediately despatched a messenger to inform Cromwell, that he would join him on the evening of the third day following. Cromwell was delighted at the news of his successes and of his speedy arrival, as his army was greatly reduced in numbers and enfeebled by sickness. The author of the "*Memoirs of Lord Orrery*" says, that he was transported with joy at Broghill's arrival; that he embraced him, and congratulated him on his bravery, and that the whole army cried—a Broghill! a Broghill!*

Among the defenders of the town there was a major of horse, with whom Cromwell contrived to enter into a secret correspondence. Tempted by an offer of £500 and of full pardon for the crime of taking up arms against the Parliament, he promised to open one of the gates on the north side of the town, and to allow 500 of the besieging force to enter by it. A party of Ulstermen were on guard there; these he drew off, and in their place he put a party of his own regiment; he knew that they would not offer such a stubborn resistance as the brave northerns. It so happened that, on that same night, Hugh O'Neill determined to visit the posts, and see with his own eyes how they were kept. When he reached the gate, he found it almost unprotected. Suspecting that treachery was at work, he called for the officer in command. Fennell could not conceal his guilt; he promised to reveal the con-

Hon. Mr. Boyle was made to atone for some of the "*delicta majorum*" a few years ago, when he sought to represent the Co. Cork. Placards representing his ancestor, Lord Broghill, hanging the bishop of Ross, were exhibited at the various meetings, and helped in no small degree the cause of the Catholic candidate.

* Smith's "*History of Cork*."

spiracy in all its details, on condition that he should receive a full pardon of his crime. As soon as O'Neill was made aware of the plot, he secured the various posts by means of strong reinforcements. In addition to the ordinary guard, he placed a body of 500 men at the gate by which the enemy would be admitted. All this was done so noiselessly, that no suspicion was excited of the discovery just made. At the appointed hour the gate was thrown open. When the last of the 500 had entered, at a given signal the gate was closed, and the Ulstermen fell on the Puritan soldiers and cut them to pieces.* Seeing his plan to obtain the place by treachery utterly frustrated, Cromwell ordered up the battering guns; a breach was made in the wall, and horse and foot were ordered to get ready for the assault. O'Neill had a counter-scarp and ditch made without delay opposite the breach; he placed a strong body of musketeers in the houses near the wall. These opened a galling fire on the enemy as they advanced. Three times the assailants were driven back with terrible carnage. Determined at all hazards to gain the place, Cromwell continued to pour masses of troops into the breach, the hinder ranks pushing on those before them. For full four hours the slaughter continued. At length the assailants fell back, and refused to go meet what they knew was certain death. Cromwell, unable to conceal his admiration of the defenders' gallant conduct, declared that they were invincible. Knowing that any further attempt might so weaken his army, that it might be annihilated by a sally of the garrison, he ordered a retreat to be sounded, and withdrew to the camp, leaving O'Neill's forces in full possession of the breach. During the night, this gallant soldier called a council of his officers, and finding that both ammunition and provisions were exhausted, he marched quietly out of the town by the old bridge, and proceeded over the mountains to Waterford. It was only the next morning, when a deputation of the townsmen came to the camp to surrender the town, that Cromwell learned the retreat of its brave defenders. "They had like to bring my nobles to ninepence," he exclaimed. "Cromwell," says Whitelock, "found at Clonmel the stoutest enemy his army had ever met in Ireland, and never was seen so hot a storm of so long continuance, and such a gallant defence." 2,500

* Unhappily Fennell seems to have been pardoned and allowed to continue in a position of trust. More than once afterwards he played the traitor. He abandoned the pass at Killaloe, and allowed Ireton to cross the Shannon there and invest Limerick from the Clare side. During the siege, having conspired with some of the officers, he seized on St. John's Gate, and threatened to admit the enemy unless the garrison would capitulate. The writer of the "Aphorismal Discovery" (MS. in Trinity College Library) throws the whole blame of the surrender of Limerick on the treachery and cowardice of Fennell. Some historians say he was hanged at Limerick soon after by Ireton's order; others, that he was taken to Cork, and executed there, having pleaded in his defence his services in betraying not only the garrison of Limerick but also Lord Castlehaven before Youghal. See Lenihan's "History of Limerick."

of his men fell before Clonmel. On reaching Waterford, O'Neill was refused admittance by Preston, who commanded the place; he hastened by forced marches to Limerick, and joined the garrison there.*

Details are wanting of the events that followed the surrender. The history of the preceding sieges will help our readers to fill up the void without much difficulty, and to conjecture what took place. The learned author of the "*History of the Dominicans in Ireland*" gives the following account of the death of two holy priests of the order at this time:†

"Father James O'Reilly was a learned theologian, an eloquent preacher, and a famous poet. He had been sent a short time before from Waterford to Clonmel, to train the youth of the town in polite learning and in the Christian doctrine. When the garrison abandoned the town, he too sought safety in flight. Not knowing whither the road led, he wandered about and fell in with a troop of Puritan cavalry. They asked him who he was. He replied fearlessly: 'I am a priest and a religious, albeit an unworthy one, of the Order of St. Dominic. I have lost my way, and while trying to escape you, I have fallen into your hands. I am a member of the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church. So have I lived, and so shall I die. May God's will be done.' The soldiers fell on him and covered him with wounds. For a whole hour he lay weltering in his blood; he did not cease to invoke the holy names of Jesus and Mary, and to beseech his patron saints to aid him in his last struggle. At length, exhausted by his numerous wounds, the holy martyr gave up his soul.

"Father Myler Magrath was put to death after the capture of the town. He came to Clonmel to give the consolations of religion to those who would need them. He was seized, while engaged in this holy work by the bedside of a sick man.‡ The Governor's satellites hurried him off to their master's presence. His trial was a brief one. He was condemned to death, and hanged immediately after."

Owen Roe O'Neill died in November, 1649. In the beginning of March in the following year, the officers of the Ulster army and many ecclesiastics met at Belturbet to elect a commander. Their choice fell on Heber MacMahon, bishop of Clogher. Though not deficient in personal courage or in zeal for the cause of his country, he was not equal to the heavy burden laid on him. The training of a churchman is hardly a fit school for learning the science of war. Yet on the whole, perhaps, no better choice could then be made. There were many who aspired to that honour; jealousy

* Duffy's *Hib. Mag.*, vol. iii.

† De Burgo, *Hibernia Dominicana*, cap. 16, de Hib. Dom. *alumnis martyrio claris*.

‡ "*Sacra pyxide in manibus reperta*," says O'Daly.

and intrigue were at work; and it was hoped that these would cease, and that all would follow the leadership of one who was known to have had the confidence of O'Neill, and to be heart and soul devoted to the good cause. The appointment was sanctioned by Ormonde, who issued a commission "nominating and appointing his trusty and well-beloved, Bishop Heber MacMahon, general of all his Majesty's forces of horse and foot, of the province of Ulster." O'Farrell was at the same time confirmed as lieutenant-general. Soon after MacMahon put himself at the head of his troops, numbering about 5,000 foot and 600 horse. Recruits flocked to his standard; and in a short time, owing to O'Farrell's skill, the whole army was disciplined and ready to take the field. The plan of the campaign was communicated to Ormonde and Clanrickarde. They promised to raise forces in Connaught, and to send a plentiful supply of artillery and provisions. The army set out from Monaghan and marched to Charlemont; there the commander issued a manifesto, inviting the Scots, who were serving under Coote and Venables, to make common cause with the Irish and enrol themselves under the royal standard. His appeal brought over only a few; the majority preferred to adhere to their old commanders, though these refused to acknowledge the newly proclaimed king. MacMahon knew that the Irish army was more than a match for either Coote's or Venable's forces; he determined therefore to prevent their union, and to crush them in detail. Some time was spent in skirmishing and in the taking of the strongholds garrisoned by Coote. Marching northwards along the Bann, he crossed the Foyle near Lifford, in order to keep open the communication through Ballyshannon with Connaught for the supplies promised by Ormonde. This fatal movement allowed Coote and Venables to unite their forces near Letterkenny. MacMahon, contrary to the advice of his officers, resolved to risk a battle. In vain their spokesman, young Henry O'Neill, who seemed to have inherited not only the bravery but the prudence of his father, Owen Roe, pointed out to him that the Irish troops, owing to the nature of the ground, were unfavourably placed, and that they were weakened by the absence of a large body that had been detached to seize Castle Doe. A few days' delay would insure their return, and oblige the enemy to retire from their position, as provisions were already beginning to fail them. He replied by taunts, telling them that such arguments were not suited to brave soldiers, but rather to dastards who feared the sight of their own or of others' blood. The ill-merited rebuke had the desired effect: they bade their men prepare for battle. Early the next day, June 21st, the fight began. The fierce onset of the Irish at first produced a panic among the enemy. Unhappily, owing to the rugged nature of the ground, they could not advance in compact masses, nor be supported by the cavalry. The enemy were therefore able to recover from their terror; a charge of their cavalry drove back

the Irish, and restored confidence to their whole army. The battle continued until mid-day, when a combined attack, made by the whole of Coote's forces on flank and rear, obliged MacMahon to sound a retreat. The infantry led by O'Farrell fought bravely; Henry O'Neill won the admiration of the enemy, "dashing among them like a merlin hawk among a multitude of sparrows." Before sunset 3,500 of the Irish were slain. MacMahon fled towards Fermanagh. Two days later he was captured near Omagh; he was taken to Enniskillen and executed by Coote's order. Henry O'Neill was taken prisoner on the field of battle; he met with the same fate, notwithstanding a promise of quarter. O'Farrell escaped. The other survivors sought safety in flight, and hid themselves in the mountains and woods, to avoid the certain death that awaited them if taken. The Ulster army, that had so often followed Owen Roe to victory, was no more.*

The danger on the side of Scotland was growing greater each day, and the demands of the Parliament for Cromwell's return became more urgent. His successes in Ireland pointed him out as the one man who could meet the enemy in the field and crush every attempt at rebellion. In a letter to the Speaker of the Parliament from Carrick, dated April 2nd, he says:—"I have received divers private intimations of your pleasure to have me come in person to wait upon you in England; as also copies of the votes of Parliament to that purpose. But considering the way they came to me was by private intimations, and the votes did refer to a letter to be signed by the Speaker, I thought it would have been too much forwardness in me to have left my charge here until the said letter came. Your letter came into my hands on the 22nd of March, the same day I came before the city of Kilkenny, it bearing date the 8th of January. The letter supposed your army in winter quarters, and the time of the year not suitable for present action; making this the reason for your command. And your forces have been in action ever since the 29th of January; and your letter, which was to be the rule of my obedience, coming to my hands after our having been so long in action, I knew not what to do. And having received a letter signed by yourself on the 26th of February, which mentions not a word of the continuance of your pleasure about my coming over, I did humbly conceive it much

* See "The Franciscan Monasteries of Ireland," pp. 248 and 388, from which we have taken the details of this battle. The readers of these papers cannot fail to have remarked how often we have quoted from this and from the other works of the Rev. C. P. Meehan. The extracts we have made will give but an inadequate idea of their valuable contents. Any one that wishes to acquire an ample knowledge of the history of Ireland during the first half of the seventeenth century, will find it there. The learned Author, while carrying out what to him, we are sure, has been a labour of love, has done much to prevent the names of many of our great good men from being forgotten, and to wipe away the reproach attaching to our country of being "*incuriosa suorum*."

consisting with my duty, humbly to beg a positive signification of what your will is, professing (as before the Lord) that I am most ready to obey your commands herein with all alacrity; rejoicing only to be about the works which I am called to by those whom God hath set over me, which I acknowledge you to be; and fearing only in obeying you to disobey you."

About the end of April, the "President" frigate set sail from Milford Haven, "to attend his Excellency's pleasure and bring him home if he see good to come." Waterford, Limerick, and Galway were still in the hands of the Irish rebels; and he would fain try whether the same good luck that had accompanied him hitherto might not attend him for a few short months more. But the affairs of Scotland had become more pressing, and new letters had arrived from the Parliament, leaving no room now to doubt what was its supreme will. He surrendered the command of the army to Ireton, his Major-General, who already held the appointment of President of Munster; and on the 29th of May he set sail from Youghal for England. He had been nine months in Ireland, having landed at Dublin on the 14th of August.

At Bristol he was received with all honours and acclamations, "the great guns firing thrice." On the 31st he reached London. Fairfax, the chief officers of the army, and many members of the Parliament came as far as Hounslow to meet him. As he approached the city, the whole of London turned out, to give him a hearty welcome. Some sycophant by his side having said—"What a crowd has come out to see your lordship's triumph!" "Yes," he added, "but if it were to see me hanged, how many more would there be!"

In the record of the proceedings of Parliament, under the date of June 4th, we read:—"The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland this day did come to the House, to whom our Speaker did, by order of the House, give the hearty thanks of this House for his great and faithful services unto the Parliament and Commonwealth."

It is not our purpose to dwell on the consequences of Cromwell's victorious campaign. A narrative of the events that followed it has been already written with consummate skill. No period of our country's history is so interesting, and none has found so worthy an exponent. John Mitchel—no mean authority—has pronounced the "Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland" to be "the most perfect monograph of one special and cardinal point of our history." To Mr. Prendergast's learned work we beg to direct the attention of any of our readers who have felt an interest in the doings of Cromwell in Ireland.

D. M.

EMANCIPATION AND REPEAL.

CENTENARY THOUGHTS.

IN the case of a nation as of an individual, tyranny and the consciousness that resistance is impossible will produce the spirit of a slave. An unsuccessful war, a single great defeat, or a brilliant victory, has often changed perceptibly, for a time, a nation's character. The Frenchmen of our day are no longer the Frenchmen of Louis the Fourteenth, of the Great Napoleon, or even of Crimea and Magenta. Their eastern neighbours, too, have changed since the days of Frederick William III., of Jena and of Auerstadt. But had either people experienced an unvarying succession of defeats, or been subjected to the enduring misrule of the other, the change would have been greater still—greatest among those whose passions were the strongest and whose sense of justice was most keen.

This may help us to realise in some degree the position of the Irish Catholics towards the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. No multitude of men seemed ever more contented in their slavery. They were despised and trampled on by a foreign power; for "no man of English blood," says Lord Macaulay, "then regarded the aboriginal Irish as his countrymen. . . . They were foreigners; and of all foreigners they were the most hated and despised; the most hated, for they had during five centuries always been our enemies; the most despised, for they were our vanquished, enslaved, and despoiled enemies. . . . He (the Englishman) was a freeman: the Irish were the hereditary serfs of his race. He worshipped God after a pure and rational fashion: the Irish were sunk in idolatry and superstition."* And though this has been written more especially of an earlier period, the feeling was as intense, and its expression in law and language more unjust and insulting, at the close of the eighteenth than at the close of the seventeenth century. Yet the Catholics as a body made no effort to bring about a change; they suffered in silence, and appeared to accept as an unmerited concession the scanty pittance of relief their masters gave them. Nor are the causes of this far to seek. In the earlier days of our subjection, it was the Norman knight and his descendants in whose favour the mere Irish were plundered and oppressed. But, later on, under the Stuart kings, when the war of races had become embittered by difference of creed, the Scots were allowed to seize a portion of the prey. Their religion, when they had any, divided them from the native Celt, but formed no hindrance to a union with the most

* "History of England," c. ix.

bishop-loving members of the English Church. Community of interests and a devouring love of Popish acres easily overcame the stern precepts of Knox and Calvin, and made the children of the covenanting Puritans firm if not disinterested friends of the children of the Cavaliers. Add to these the pervert nobility of ancient Irish race, some French Huguenots, and a few German Protestants, and you will have the men who, from the days of James I. misgoverned our island, till they ended their career of villainy and shame by selling themselves to Mr. Pitt under George III. If all the records of our country were to perish, leaving us the statute book alone in which to read its history, we should still find little difficulty in proving that our legislators were almost always aliens in race and always aliens in sympathy. There were, of course, some few exceptions; but the very reverence in which their memories are held, and the nature of their claims upon our gratitude, show how different was the conduct of their fellows, and how great must have been the misery of a people who could repay such small favours with such unbounded gratitude.

In the present day, when we are governed with an outward show of even-handed justice, we find it hard to realise the state of things and parties as they were a hundred years ago. A handful of Protestants—many of them English-born—made and administered what laws they pleased for a nation of Irish Catholics. Every demand for justice, every cry for mercy, had been sneered at and trampled upon. The appeal to arms—the last resource of the oppressed—had been sternly put down, stifled in the people's blood. No wonder that public spirit had died away among the Catholics of Ireland; that the followers of the despised and down-trodden faith had set themselves to learn the bitter lesson which Schiller teaches the victims of successful tyranny, in *William Tell*: "Our only deeds are patience now and silence."* They feared to band together in defence of their most sacred rights; feared to protest against the wrongs inflicted on them, and petition for redress; feared even to be heard murmuring overbreath against the tyranny that was crushing them. To create a public spirit among such a people, to give them back something of their old life and energy, and above all to teach them that deliverance was possible, nay, almost certain, was no easy task. And yet it was accomplished during the lifetime of a single generation, and accomplished by the persevering efforts of one man—Daniel O'Connell.

He was born just one hundred years ago; almost while the guns of Lexington and Bunker's Hill were ushering in a struggle which was to teach the English people that timely concession may quiet feelings which the bayonet and artillery cannot crush. We should wish to dwell upon the details of his boyhood; for, unevent-

* Der einzige That ist jetzt Geduld und Schweigen.—*Act i. sc. 3.*

ful as it was, it must still be full of interest when seen through the glories of his after years ; but we are forced to pass over much which is merely personal in his history. He was fairly taught what the Kerry schoolmasters of the day could teach ; was sent to study for about a year with a Catholic clergyman near Cork ; and then, at the age of sixteen, set out with his brother Maurice for the Continent. There in St. Omer, and afterwards in Douay, he was highly thought of by those best fitted to judge of his abilities. "I was never so much mistaken in my life as I shall be unless he be destined to make a remarkable figure in society," wrote the Superior of St. Omer to his uncle in 1792. But the revolutionary storm, which was sweeping over France, soon compelled the brothers to return. In 1793 we find them on their way back to Ireland in company with two other brothers—John and Henry Sheares—famous also in our country's history. Soon after, he entered the Middle Temple, having decided on becoming a lawyer ; a profession for which, one of his biographers amusingly tells us, "his course of education at St. Omer, in the study of Jesuit authors and under the direction of Jesuit tutors," had eminently fitted him, by teaching him to make "the worse appear the better reason."* In 1798 he was called to the Irish Bar, and entered at once on that political and legal career which was to make his name so famous.

O'Connell, it is said, had been early stirred by the desire and the hope of fame. The hackneyed phrase that men awaken unexpectedly to find themselves renowned, if true at all, is the exception, not the rule. History makes mention of few such men. Most, if not all, of those whom the world calls great had youthful forewarnings of what they were destined to become : they longed for and strove after a glory which they felt to be within their reach. "I'll make a stir in the world yet," said O'Connell, while still a child ; and the most touching scene in that ever-varying life was the half-conscious repetition during a long and nearly fatal illness of Home's beautiful verses—

" Unknown I die ; no tongue shall speak of me :
Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
May yet conjecture what I might have proved ;
And think life only wanting to my fame."

These aspirations after greatness were to be soon and fully satisfied. When O'Connell joined the Irish bar the Catholics were looking round them for a leader. Some not unimportant measures of relief had lately passed the Irish Parliament. Grattan and the Volunteers had declared, some years before, for religious freedom ; and although the bigotry of the ruling faction had in part prevailed, still a widespread feeling of the injustice done to Roman Catholics had arisen and was rapidly gaining ground. Some small

* Huish.

concessions had been made to them. They could now give and receive leases; could purchase and dispose of lands; could even open schools; could become attorneys and barristers to plead before Protestant judges; could vote for the Protestant or infidel gentlemen who were to represent them in Parliament; and could be legally appointed, when the Protestant Chancellor was so minded, to the Commission of the Peace.* It was not much for men with a keen sense of right and wrong, but it was very much for a spirit-broken people, accustomed, during a long course of years, to be dealt with as slaves—to be denied all rights—to be jibed at and trodden under foot when they ventured to complain. It gave them a taste of the sweets of liberty, and an ardent longing for the fulness of the blessing. It roused up energies which despair had laid to sleep, awakened new hopes, taught the people that the rulers who had granted to a handful of armed men in '82 what they had refused to generations of patient suppliants, would never dare to withhold justice from a united nation, which knew its rights and was determined to obtain them. All the elements which go to create a public spirit were at hand. A leader only was now wanting who should breathe life into them. No doubt much gratitude was felt and often slavishly expressed for the relief which Parliament had granted; and it may be doubted whether the people, if left to themselves, would have shown any great anxiety for more. But it was their good fortune to enlist the services of one whom a happy combination of circumstances had prepared to bring about results which strike us with wonder still. For he was no ordinary man who could safely guide them through such a crisis. Of Irish birth and of an ancient Irish race, the descendant of men who had suffered and sacrificed much in defence of their country and their faith, it were well that social standing and a sufficiency of wealth should place him above all suspicion of being moved by interested and mercenary motives. He should be educated, to influence the minds of educated men; familiar with the best models of ancient eloquence; yet not ignorant or forgetful of those less refined arts by which less learned crowds are moved. He should possess no small share of moral courage, to bear up against the contempt and hatred of proud and vengeful adversaries. He should be thoroughly resolved to fight the battle by legal means alone—not curse the land again with the bloodshed and ruin which an ill-starred rebellion had just brought upon it. He should be lawyer enough to know where agitation touched on illegality, cautious to draw back from every violation of the law, yet fearless enough to risk something where oppressive statutes were ill defined or easily evaded. An earnest Catholic, jealous of his Church's rights and privileges, resolved to make no compromise where her interests were at stake,

* For a full list of the Statutes of Relief, see "*Memoirs, &c., of Viscount Castlereagh*," vol. iii. p. 158.

he should not be so bigoted as to refuse sectarian aid, or make men think that he was striving to recall the days of Catholic ascendancy under the administration of another Talbot Lord Tyrconnell. Birth, learning, eloquence, great coolness, deep passion, a readiness to yield much for the sake of union, a determination to make the sacrifice of much in the cause of principle—there was need of a rare union of gifts and attainments never found before or since in any leader of the Irish people. Not a few great names are written on the page of Irish history—names of men who have earned our gratitude and who will live in the memory of our children, while they can read our country's records, and be stirred by the recollection of her wrongs. Molyneux, Swift, Flood, Charlemont, Plunkett, Grattan—names like these shall never die while Ireland has a place among European peoples, or her sons find a refuge among strangers on distant shores. But they can never hope to take a place with O'Connell in the Irish heart. Many of them were men of another race than ours; all of them professed a creed which we know to be false; none of them ever touched the mighty heart of the *people*, for none of them ever came into immediate contact with the masses who till the soil and gather in the harvests of our island.

Soon after O'Connell joined the bar, the question of Emancipation began to attract attention. Many Catholics, both lay and clerical, had been gained over to the Union by promises of religious freedom; and to preserve at least a show of honesty, Pitt professed, if he did not feel, an anxiety to grant some measure of relief. But the wishes of the king and people of England were opposed to all further concessions; so a pleasant comedy was sketched out and played through. Pitt quitted office for a time, and, having passed through this moral bankruptcy, was free to enter on public life again, without a thought on the debts and obligations of his previous career. It is needless to say that the disappointment was sorely felt in Ireland; and had the clergy been less resigned, or the natural leaders of the people less dispirited or denationalized, the discontent would have been more loudly spoken, and O'Connell's labours and successes most probably anticipated. But the training and the later traditions of the clergy had disinclined them to further any active opposition to the plans of Government; and the want of sympathy between the aristocracy and the people was not felt for the first time then. In England the populace had gone over in a body to the reformed faith, had recanted their errors under Queen Mary, and willingly apostatized again under Queen Elizabeth. If we except the Revolution of 1688, no great change ever interested the *mass* of Englishmen less than the change of religion. There were few or no victims from among them when the scaffolds of Tyburn and Tower Hill were reddened with the blood of martyrs. But over against the people, in noble contrast, stood many of the old Saxon and

Anglo-Norman families. They withstood, at least for a time, every temptation to apostacy. Fines, confiscation, banishment and death were inflicted on them—yet not a few held firm, and handed down to their descendants, through ignominy and suffering, an inheritance of faith, which is all the more dearly prized because it has cost so much. In Ireland it was far otherwise. The chiefs of Celtic race had been for the most part either driven into exile or made outcasts and beggars in their native land. Those whom the policy of the Tudor and Stuart sovereigns had spared, together with the Catholic nobility of the Pale, had perilled and lost their all in the cause of a Stuart king, and had gone to live in dignified poverty at St. Germain's, or to fight and die under the banner of a stranger. Their places were filled by reformed Norman families and an upstart race of Cromwellian and Williamite adventurers, who looked upon the native Irish as almost natural enemies, whom they should hate because of their Irish race, whom they should hate doubly because of their religion. It is almost unnecessary to add that the few Catholics who had outlived the storms of those troubled times and saved some remnant of property and position from the general shipwreck, could influence only very slightly the spirit of their class. Rather they themselves drifted surely into the current which bore away all around them. They wished to stand well with the ruling caste—to mingle in its society, and be thought well of by it; and, to gain so much, they had to put away from them a great deal of what their Protestant friends were pleased to call bigotry and superstition and slavish subjection to a domineering priesthood. Thus, although Catholics in name, many were sorely tainted with Protestant opinions, and would themselves protest that there was little in common between their enlightened faith and the religion of an uneducated peasantry. They feared, too, to compromise themselves with government by joining the people in denouncing religious tyranny; for they were determined, at all hazards, to prove their loyalty to the English crown.

It was on such a scene as this O'Connell entered. He set himself at once a twofold task—to give the people back their leaders, and to inspire both with a knowledge of their power and a will to use it. In part he succeeded, and in part he failed. He created a public spirit, both political and religious, such as had been never seen in Ireland before. He awakened in the people a courage and a confidence they had never known till then. But he failed to seduce the mass of the upper classes from their allegiance to the traditions of the past.

The history of Emancipation is a long and complex one. In the beginning, so great was the enthusiasm excited that all ranks joined the movement. But when it became evident that Government was only playing with the national hopes and was determined to refuse relief, or clog it with conditions which would make it worse than useless; and when the people, in their anger, indig-

nantly protested against the trickery, rejected the offered compromise, and spoke with a well deserved contempt of the prince who had been the willing tool of a deceitful minister—then the representatives of rank and respectability withdrew their patronage. Emancipation was offered to the Catholics, if the appointment of their bishops were handed over to the Crown. "History," says a trite proverb, "repeats itself;" and we have heard an English statesman of our own day boast, with childlike candour, of a policy similar both in its nature and results to that pursued by Canning in 1813. A bill was introduced into the House of Commons for the relief of the Catholics of the United Kingdom; it was avowedly an answer to the reiterated cries and petitions of the Catholics of Ireland, and was supported by some at least who had always struggled nobly in the cause of religious freedom. At that time the Catholics of Ireland were ably represented by the "Catholic Board" in Dublin, were represented too by a hierarchy of bishops. And yet the bill was drawn up, and laid before Parliament, and read a first time, without the Catholic people or their leaders being consulted. To this it may be said that the Catholics of England were. The "English Board," under the guidance of men like the Earl of Shrewsbury and Mr. Charles Butler—"Protesting Catholic Dissenters," as they called themselves—became the advisers of the Crown, and offered to sell the rights and liberties of their Church for a paltry measure of political freedom. Meetings were held, resolutions were passed, confidence in the Government and approval of the bill were freely expressed; and Bishop Milner was expelled the English Catholic Committee because he condemned the bill and did not conceal his mistrust and dislike of those who approved it.

"RESOLVED," said the 'British Catholics,' assembled at the Earl of Shrewsbury's in Stanhope-street—"Resolved—That a paper entitled 'A Brief Memorial on the Catholic Bill,' and signed John Milner, D.D., having been distributed to members of the House of Commons . . . and inferring consequences from the Bill, if carried into execution . . . highly injurious to the political integrity and wisdom of the framers and supporters of the Bill, . . . this board feel themselves called upon to publish the following resolution—

"That, under the present circumstances, it is highly expedient that the Right Reverend Doctor Milner should cease to be a member of the Private Board, or Select Committee, appointed by the General Board of British Catholics.

"(Signed)

SHREWSBURY, Chairman."

What effect this resolution produced in England we cannot say. What Protestants themselves thought of it and of the men who framed it we may guess from the biting sarcasm of the apostate Duke of Norfolk, addressed to some noble and still Catholic friends, who boasted to him of the Committee's doings: "Aye, you have done well. . . . You are following my example. . . . I have been only thirty-five years beforehand with you."

In Ireland the desire to obtain Emancipation was still more intense than in England ; and many were willing to make a sacrifice for its sake. That they might enjoy every right of citizenship, they were inclined to yield a good deal of what was not essential in their religion, while still holding to what was. Nearly all the nobility and gentry, and not a few among the episcopate and clergy, were of this mind. The Bishops, as a body even, had shown themselves prepared to grant to Government a modified form of veto. But that had been before O'Connell's genius had inspired the Irish Church with higher hopes ; for when the Catholic Relief Bill of 1813 with its insulting conditions became known, the voice of the episcopacy was clear and decisive. A synod was held on the 27th of May, two days before the Stanhope-street gathering of "Catholic Dissenters," and the following resolutions sent a thrill of joy through Catholic Ireland :—

"RESOLVED UNANIMOUSLY—That having seriously examined the copy of a Bill now in progress through Parliament . . . we feel ourselves bound to declare, that the ecclesiastical clauses or securities therein contained are utterly incompatible with the discipline of the Roman Catholic Church and with the free exercise of our religion."

"RESOLVED UNANIMOUSLY—That, without incurring the guilt of schism, we cannot accede to such regulations."

We have passed over O'Connell's share in the events which led to these results ; because, although he had done very much to further the Catholic cause, and had already acquired no small share of influence, he had not as yet become the leader of the movement. Lords Fingal and Trimleston, Sir Edward Bellew, and others equally well known, took a prominent part in the doings of the Catholic Board, and O'Connell contented himself with an apparently subordinate position. But the Relief Bill made a great change. The resolutions of the Bishops were communicated to the Board ; and a pensioner of Government* endeavoured to form a party modelled on the "Select Committee," who should criticise the action of the Bishops, and accept or reject their advice as they themselves might judge most fitting. Luckily these endeavours failed ; their only effect was to isolate what might be called the English party in the Board, and force them after a time to withdraw from it. From that day O'Connell became the acknowledged leader of the Emancipation movement. He had long striven to produce the spirit which found its expression in the Episcopal Resolutions, and now he gave them his earnest support ; for he saw too well that to place the appointment of the dignitaries of the Church in the hands of the Crown would be to destroy the influence of the priesthood. The clergy owe much of their power to the recollection of what their predecessors suffered at the hands of our English rulers, and to the belief that they themselves are

* Counsellor Bellew.

intensely devoted to the best interests of their country. But should promotion to all offices of rank and emolument rest finally with the Crown, and not with the Roman See, loyalty would, of course, become the criterion of merit. Ministers would very naturally refuse to aid in the advancement of any one whose political opinions were displeasing to them; and thus ecclesiastical dignities would seem to have become a bribe to subserviency. This and other evil consequences sure to follow, the Irish Bishops clearly understood, and with a noble spirit of zeal and holy disinterestedness, declared against the veto.* They carried with them the priesthood and the people, whom O'Connell had taught to estimate the question at its true value. For, although he was struggling earnestly for Emancipation, he would accept no Emancipation that could separate the priests and people, and was prepared, rather than have it forced upon him, to make the sacrifice of many present advantages, to break through not a few friendships, and give up many aids on whom he could always count before. Even Grattan had been led to think that Ireland would accept the disgraceful terms, and was anxious that she should; and the Catholics of Ireland, though no man had more deserved their gratitude, refused to be guided by his counsels, and gave the management of their parliamentary business to another. Meanwhile the Bill met with other enemies on other grounds. Like one of our own time, it was rejected as an insult by those whom it was intended to benefit; while it was bitterly opposed by others because it conceded too much. It was withdrawn by Government, after a defeat on one of the clauses, on May the 25th, two days before the meeting of the Irish Bishops.† But though the spirit, which O'Connell had created and sustained, influenced in no way the rejection of the measure, it bore good fruit in after years; for when ministers again resolved to grant Emancipation, there was no question of the veto.

O'Connell controlled the movement now; and in opposition to the warnings of mistaken friends at home, in opposition to the angry protests of the Catholics of England, in defiance of a hostile Government and of an Orange faction, he bade the people not lose heart, but persevere in agitation. The details of his plan we cannot stay to examine. It is enough to know that by a course of action which few men could even hope to imitate with any likelihood of success, he brought the people to the very verge of rebellion, and obtained from fear what he could never have obtained from a sense of justice. Whether, if Government had refused to

* That the conduct of the Bishops was highly disinterested will be seen by a reference to the "Abstract of the Return, &c., of the Roman Catholic Bishops of Ireland," &c., published in "The Memoirs, &c., of Viscount Castlereagh," vol. iv. p. 97; and the schedule of a "Bill to make a competent and independent provision," &c. at p. 432 of the same volume.

† Owing to the slowness of communication, the news of its rejection did not reach Dublin until four days afterwards.

yield, he could or would have prevented a rebellion, has been often asked. It is probable he could; still more probable that he would: for France in '92 and Ireland in '98 had shown him the result of an appeal to arms. But Government mistrusted both his power and inclination, and gave way at last—granted to the Catholics of Britain a freedom they had not sought and scarcely deserved; to those of Ireland a freedom they had long striven for, had put away from them when offered under dishonouring conditions, had almost revolted to obtain. Neither the ill-will of its enemies, nor the ill-directed zeal of its friends, could ruin the Catholic cause. Emancipation was conceded, not indeed willingly or graciously, but still conceded, and without the pledges or securities demanded in 1813.

We have dwelt at what may seem too great length on this portion of O'Connell's life, and yet have introduced his name but seldom to our readers. But his claims to a place in European history and his dearest title to our gratitude are the liberation of his country from religious tyranny. He may have attracted a larger share of the world's attention and gained louder applause in later years, but he performed no such glorious deed, and aimed at none so glorious, as when he helped to prevent the Irish Church from becoming a servant of the state, and sinking to the level of a Protestant Establishment. Of himself we have spoken seldom, for although a minute record of his words and actions during those years has been preserved, we think the truest estimate of him and of his work will be formed from the recollection of what Ireland was when he first began to take an active interest in her welfare.

The Bill which conceded Emancipation restricted the franchise; O'Connell's election for Clare was made void, and his name significantly passed over, when some Catholic barristers, of whom Sheil was one, were called to the inner bar. Emancipation had, no doubt, become law; but the law was administered by English ministers, at the bidding of a small Orange faction, for whom were reserved in fact the benefits open legally to all. Discontent spread. No foreign Government, it was declared, would ever rule Ireland in the interests of the Irish people. The real remedy for all our evils would be a native Parliament. It is no part of our design to inquire by what means or with what purpose the Legislative Union was effected. It has been said that men anxious to retain their independence do not cheerfully offer it for sale, nor yet commission other men to sell it for them, and that, had the Irish people been eager for the maintenance of an Irish Parliament, the English and Scotch adventurers and the venal politicians of native growth could never have sold it for English gold. Certain it is no great outburst of indignation followed on the passing of the measure. The country at large accepted the change with apathy; for it had no such cause of gratitude towards the Protestant assembly, which legislated for it, as would warrant any great display of sorrow at

its fall. Many, even of those who spoke loudest in the cause of Parliamentary independence, were determined to preserve untouched the ancient Protestant ascendancy, to continue the time-worn system of legislating in the name and for the interests of a small minority. What wonder they were allowed to sell themselves without remonstrance? But it was by no means evident that a reformed Parliament in College-green ought not to be preferred to one sitting in St. Stephen's. Emancipation having been once gained, the reasons for seeking a restoration of our native legislature seemed many and cogent. We need not stay to discuss them. It is enough to know that they are actuating a powerful party in Irish politics at the present day, that they have been acted on in Austria, produced a civil war in America, and have largely modified the colonial policy of Great Britain. They have been accepted as conclusive by the most honest and enlightened patriots whom Ireland has known since 1800; and were so powerful, as expounded by O'Connell, that he was soon at the head of a strong and united party who cried loudly for Repeal. Not that the idea of Repeal took hold on him then only when the other causes of agitation had in great part died away; still less that he urged on the movement, as his enemies have said, that he might continue to be, what he had been until then, a great popular leader. Even at the darkest period of the religious struggle, he had repeatedly declared that Emancipation should be only a stepping-stone to Repeal; and although he had wisely rejected Lord Cloncurry's plan of agitating first for a native Parliament, and then seeking from it a remedy for our religious evils, he had never made any secret of his wishes and determination. "I have an ulterior object," he proudly declared at a meeting of the Catholic Board in 1813, "the Repeal of the Union, and the restoration to old Ireland of her independence."

In 1834 agitation for Repeal began; and year by year it grew in extent and intensity, until the country was roused to a degree of excitement it had never known, even in the Emancipation contest. By private and public letters, by speeches both in and out of Parliament, by the monster meetings which he planned and over which he often presided, O'Connell stirred the land from sea to sea. We cannot linger on the details of the movement, or stay to calculate its chances of success. But so much we may say—that at no period from its origin until it reached the turning point of its glory in 1843, did success appear so hopelessly improbable as did Emancipation in 1828. Recent events had led many men to think "that a nation's will is the one legitimate rule of its government;"* and although we believe the doctrine to be false in theory, modern history tells us that it is usually accepted and acted on in fact. Now, never had the Irish people been so unanimous as on the question of Repeal. Again, experience had shown that England

* Mr. Lecky.

gression is somewhat less than it would otherwise be. The precise nature of this particular sin of heresy lies in its wilfulness. Mortal sin against Faith can be committed only when reaching the grade of heresy. This may be illustrated by the crime of murder, as viewed by the law of the land. A crime of legal acceptance, involves a particularly notable absence of which by no means necessarily exonerates the party from severe punishment. He may be still guilty of killing his fellow-creature; and manslaughter is often visited with a very heavy penalty, though it is not inflicted for murder. It is not required for heresy that the person should actually recognise the Divine revelation which he refuses to believe. Few men are *explicitly* to give the lie to God. But, as I have said, as revealed must be placed within his reach.

The doctrine, too, must be of *Catholic Faith*, must not only be contained in the body of revelation but must be proclaimed by the Teaching Church as there defined, it must be preached so decidedly, and so universally as a revealed doctrine that the very proposition of it is unmistakable. I have said elsewhere that a doctrine may be quite sufficiently proposed by the Church without being defined, and that some which were so proposed antecedently to their definition may be so manifestly contained in the Scripture as to be of the same force as the Word of God is a part of the doctrine as revealed. When we say a doctrine is of *Faith* we mean that it is *entitled* to be believed which has been described as constituting an act of Faith which has been so thoroughly and finally promulgated that all are obliged to receive it and believe in the authority of God; that in its explicit and developed form, merely contained in the general deposit of Faith from the Apostles, it has a special place in the Church of Faith. Many things which are of Catholic Faith are expressly by all the Faithful; but all the Faithful are bound to accept of the Church's teaching in whatever terms *whatever the Church teaches* to be revealed in the form in which she teaches them. Hence, the dogmas of Catholic Faith which they have not heard of, though personally on their part implicit, remain the same dogmas according to the explicit shape which the Church's profession, and nothing is wanted to make explicit belief of them but the intimation of their distinctly proclaimed by the Church. It can even be good Catholic, unaware of the Church's teaching

think the opposite of what she teaches: but a mistake which does not interfere with the

made between *Catholic Faith* and *Divine Faith*: be of *Divine Faith* though not of *Catholic Faith* all difficult to understand that one or more with *Divine Faith* a revealed truth Church so as to make it of *Catholic Faith*. need to think these cases are rare. But have self classed as of *Divine Faith* and not of *Catholic Faith*, and a true meaning of the phrase is that when a reality is revealed, and is therefore a proper needing only to be duly propounded in order to *Catholic Faith*. But those who state things to be appear at times to imply more than this. The comes perhaps to this: that the revelation of a doctrine not propounded by the Church so as to make it under pain of heresy, is so plainly established and consistent *Catholic* can hardly reject it to the Faith. There is also, perhaps, that the Church alone teaches the doctrine as Faith has alone defined it, but this is not the only mode, as we have seen a doctrine belonging to Faith: though once a doctrine is consistently among Catholics, nothing short is likely to settle the question. When, therefore, a doctrine is of *Divine* though not of *Catholic Faith*, the it may sometimes be not needful that it has been revealed has always been, or has become, particularly that the Church goes near preaching it as a revealed doctrine she may not have formally pronounced, not only on the truth of the doctrine, but also on the opposite in any shape. But, after all, each doctrine ordinarily, not to say always, remains of a doctrine be questioned with impunity by many, who, and may be true: while, in some instances the doctrine is denied with equal impunity. Certainly the doctrine is denied of the Church, though it may be true in the eyes of men because the thing is and in its revelation is made sufficiently manifest, particularly in instances of this kind are quite individuals, who, but here is not committed without the light. As a rule, the sin of rejection of a doctrine is not peculiarly a mortal sin, but a mortal sin, the

would not refuse the demand of a united people determined to obtain their rights—and the Ireland of '43 waited only a signal from O'Connell to rebel. Had England become engaged in foreign wars, or had O'Connell left Richmond Bridewell with the physical and mental powers that were his when he entered there, had he even found a successor able to fill his place, the money-changers might have been cast out from the temple of the nation's liberties. But it was fated to be otherwise. The state trials of 1844 and the consequent imprisonment of O'Connell broke down his constitution. He was compelled to quit Ireland; and the ardent but misguided men, who inherited a portion of his influence, used it to ruin the cause he had so long struggled for, by means which he had always condemned. Almost alone, and far away from the land he loved so dearly, on the shores of the Mediterranean, he breathed his last—saved by a kind Providence from the heart-rending scenes of famine and the sad spectacle of an abortive rebellion.

He had found Ireland weighted down with penal laws; he had seen Irish Catholics the uncomplaining slaves of hard task-masters—modern helots in a modern Sparta; he had seen the destruction of an Irish Parliament acquiesced in, or even welcomed, by a people who hoped to obtain from strangers the justice which it had refused. And he had lived to see the penal laws in great part repealed; had watched over the Catholic Body while it grew up to be a power in the state, before which ministers trembled; and had seen the political apathy of the people give place to an all absorbing passion for the restoration of their native liberties. He could proudly boast, and boast with truth: "Grattan sat by the cradle of his country and followed her hearse: it was left for me to sound the 'resurrection trumpet, and show that she was not dead but sleeping.'" He had consecrated his life and talents to the service of his country, and well nigh obtained for her political, after he had given her religious, freedom. For his brave attempt no less than for his actual victory a nation's gratitude repaid him. During long years he ruled with more than kingly power over the wills and the affections of our people. They mourned for him with a personal tenderness of sorrow, when he was lost to them in death. They join in spirit over the habitable world, as we write, to glorify his memory. And, while history lives, they will hand down the record of his great deeds and noble aspirations as the pattern which every Irish patriot will do well to imitate.

P. F.

O'CONNELL—IN MEMORIAM.*

I STOOD upon the triple-crested height,
And looked beyond the city's smoke and gloom ;
I marked the lonely pillar tall and bright,
That rises o'er the Liberator's tomb.

Meet emblem, planted o'er his sacred dust,
Old Ireland's tower, her mystery and her pride ;
Fitter than jewelled shrine or speaking bust,
To mark the patriot dead who sleep beside.

Methinks that tower, whose prototypes uprear,
Unbent by tempest's rage, their giant forms,
Tells of the mighty soul that knew not fear,
The will that quailed not 'mid life's raging storms.

The cross, whose saving arms are lifted o'er
His grave, to bless and shield that narrow home,
Attests the loyal trust and love he bore
To Ireland's ancient Faith, the Faith of Rome.

He is not dead—though cold his ashes lie,
His spirit breathes in every patriot soul ;
His fiery zeal for Erin's liberty
Her children bear with them from pole to pole.

And we who press our country's hallowed soil,
And hold the Faith O'Connell loved so dear,
Shall we not honor him, whose patient toil
Gave us to hold that Faith in honor here ?

Who bade our fathers leave their lone retreat,
In distant glen or by-way of the town,
And rear God's temple in the public street,
Unchecked by zealot's rage or tyrant's frown.

Who wrested from the bigot's grasping hate,
For sons of Holy Church and Irish birth,
The right to seek in high employ of State,
The prize of knowledge and the meed of worth.

Who raised our bleeding country, loosed her thrall,
The quenchless spark of native genius fanned,
Taught us to claim in England's senate hall
Their birthright for the children of our land.

Shall we not honor him ? Shall we not join
In loving harmony his praise to sing ?
May hands so young a worthy chaplet twine
To deck the tomb of Ireland's uncrowned king ?

Alas ! how little help our art affords
To speak the love and reverence that we feel ;
Vain task ! we only mock with lifeless words
The burning thoughts that words may not reveal.

* Distribution of Prizes, Clongowes, July 21, 1875.

Yet, when the nation calls her sons around
 His shrine, to keep her chieftain's festal day,
 Shall we not join and swell the glorious sound,
 Our humble tribute to his memory pay?

Be ours to hold that glorious memory dear,
 And publish to the world unborn his fame,
 Teach Ireland's future patriots to revere
 And bless for aye their Liberator's name.

Trained in these halls that echoed to his voice,
 Be ours to plead like him our country's cause ;
 Bid the pale mourners of our land rejoice
 In happy homes secured by Freedom's laws.

Be ours to keep undimmed the truths he taught,
 Cringe to no faction, own no tyrant lord ;
 Yet learn of him who bloodless triumph wrought
 That voice and pen are mightier than the sword.

Be ours the glory, ours the honest pride,
 To follow in the path of fame he trod,
 Live ever as he lived, die as he died—
 True to ourselves, our country, and our God.

THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S.J.

THE DEFINITION OF PAPAL INFALLIBILITY (*continued*).

MR. GLADSTONE exonerates from the charge of dishonesty and duplicity those Catholics of the British Empire who, at various periods, made declarations opposed in different degrees to the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. So far so good. Still, Mr. Gladstone turns these declarations to account seriously enough. He infers that there has been a change of Faith. With this charge I have dealt already.

He infers also that there has been a change in the conditions of civil allegiance in connection with infallibility. He says: "I hope that, so far as this country is concerned, I have now done something to throw light upon the question whether Papal infallibility was or was not matter of Divine Faith before 1870; and consequently on the question whether the Vatican Decrees have 'in no jot or tittle' altered the conditions of civil allegiance in connection with this infallibility."* Now, on this statement I observe, in the first place, that there is nothing in the declarations, as compared

* "Vaticanism," p. 52.

with the Vatican Decrees, to show that the Papal Infallibility was not matter of *Divine Faith* all along, if we understand by matter of Divine Faith a doctrine really contained in the original Christian Revelation. There is no doubt a great deal to show, what I most fully admit, that it was not at the time of the declarations matter of *Catholic Faith*. I grant, too, that the position of Catholics in these countries, and in all other countries, is altered with reference to this infallibility. They cannot say now, as they could before, that they are not required as Catholics to profess their belief of it; they cannot now, as they could before, question, or roundly disown or deny it, without ceasing to be Catholics, and without falling under any ecclesiastical censure or condemnation. This is perfectly true. But as to "the conditions of civil allegiance in connection with this infallibility" being altered, such alteration depends on the existence of a special connection of the kind supposed. That this special connection was imagined to exist by the Governments of those earlier times, and is imagined to exist by Mr. Gladstone and many other Protestants at the present day, is unquestionable. But the reality of the connection I deny.

Papal Infallibility, as defined in the Vatican Council, has reference to the solemn teaching of doctrine, in Faith or Morals, to be held by all Catholics, not to local regulations nor to any mere commands or orders of the Pope. These belong to his jurisdictional authority, of which I will speak later, and which no doubt has a large share in causing Mr. Gladstone uneasiness. But the two things are quite distinct. Now the teaching of doctrine by the Pope has no special connection with civil allegiance. It has that general connection with allegiance which it has with all moral duties as prescribed in the written or unwritten Word of God, and in the Natural Law re-enacted and embodied by Christ in His Religion. If Mr. Gladstone is afraid the Pope will teach unsound doctrine—that is, unsound according to Mr. Gladstone's judgment—he may have the same apprehension about the *Church*.

The principles of the Catholic Church have always been the same as those of the Popes and *vice versa*. Whatever the Popes have at any time taught *ex cathedra*, the Church has taught, and teaches, by its assent to their teaching. On the other hand, it may be said with truth that whatever the Popes have taught they received from the Church, that they were guided by the voice of the Church. The Roman Pontiff is indeed the immediate and supreme representative of God on earth; he is neither a delegate nor a subject of the Church. But the whole Church, more especially in the persons of its chief pastors, the Bishops, is the depositary of the treasure of doctrine which has come down to us from Christ. Of this treasure the Pontiff is the principal dispenser, but, after all, he is only the dispenser. It is in the Church he finds the treasure; it is from the Church he takes it, and administers it under Divine direction with the help of his Brethren in the Episcopacy.

If the Pope's infallibility is opposed to allegiance, so is that of the Church. Neither really is so. Will Mr. Gladstone say to a Catholic: "You are not a thoroughly loyal subject, or, at least, are in danger of becoming otherwise than loyal, because you hold yourself bound to adhere to the solemn teaching of the Roman Pontiff in doctrines of Faith and Morals. He *may* teach some doctrine that is inconsistent with your fidelity to the civil Government." This is certainly looking enough to possibilities, and in a country, be it observed, in which free currency is given to opinions subversive of all Government, all morality and religion, to the extent of openly denying the existence of God, and propounding, besides, revolutionary *principles*, provided the writers and speakers keep clear of downright incitement to treason or sedition. Certainly, the doctrines taught by the Church and by the Popes up to the present time, the doctrines to which the Church and the Popes are too far committed to recede from them, are such as tend to secure—as far as it may be secured—the fulfilment of the duties of subjects towards their rulers, whatever be the form of Government in any given country, and to counteract the wild and dangerous theories so widely spread through the world at present.

Another inference of Mr. Gladstone's is contained in the following passage:—"Here," that is, in the declarations alluded to, "here, there is an extraordinary fulness and clearness of evidence, reaching over nearly two centuries: given by and on behalf of millions of men: given in documents patent to all the world: perfectly well known to the See and Court of Rome, as we know expressly with respect to nearly the most important of all these assurances, namely, the actual and direct repudiation of Infallibility in 1788-9. So that either that See and Court had at the last-named date, and at the date of the Synod of 1810, abandoned the dream of enforcing Infallibility on the Church, or else, by wilful silence, they were guilty of practising upon the British Crown one of the blackest frauds recorded in history."*

I am tempted to invite the readers of this passage to bring to bear on it their "faculty of wondering," as Mr. Gladstone calls it in a sentence of his already cited. But I prefer a little quiet examination to barren wonder. First of all, we must call to mind the position of the Catholics of these three kingdoms, whom, for convenience, I will call British Catholics. They had endured, and were, down to the last of the declarations, enduring persecution. After the penalties immediately affecting life and limb, and later those affecting property, had passed away, Catholics were still debarred from many civil rights, and from that equality with their Protestant fellow-subjects to which they were strictly entitled. They naturally wished to have done with this state of things, to be relieved from their political thralldom; and for this end they were prepared to use all

* "Vaticanism," p. 49.

means consistent with conscience and honor. They would not give up any part of that Religion for which their Fathers had suffered, and for which they themselves were yet suffering, and which had all along been the only barrier between them and civil freedom. They would not give up any part of their Religion, because that would be giving up the whole of it. On Catholic principles there is no medium—all or none. But concerning what they did not consider a part of their Religion, when objected to, though unreasonably, by the great Protestant majority, British Catholics had not the same difficulty. Papal Infallibility they knew not to be a doctrine of *Catholic Faith*. The prevalence, too, of certain Gallican views among the clergy and laity of these countries facilitated the underrating, or even rejection, of this doctrine. It is not, therefore, matter of surprise that the declarations in question were made, especially under such pressure as existed. It is not my business to defend all the expressions used, or to maintain that no excess of any kind was committed, either through anxiety to get rid of obstacles, or through strong opinions on the part of the persons concerned. But, in substance, there was nothing which can be condemned, on the one hand as fraudulent, or on the other as a betrayal of the Catholic Religion. Let us now consider the position of Rome as to this same Papal Infallibility. It had always—or, to content Mr. Gladstone, we will say, it had for centuries—been held there, not as a dogma of Catholic Faith, but as a truth sufficiently established from revelation, and which the Roman See and Court thought ought to be admitted everywhere, not by way of a compliment to the Pope, but because it was true. So matters continued over the whole period of the declarations counted up by Mr. Gladstone, as anyone who chose to inquire might easily find out. There was neither more nor less of any intention to *enforce* the doctrine than there had been before. The Pontiff expected his solemn teaching to be accepted, as it had been before and continued to be. There was not, so far as I know, any purpose of bringing about a *definition* of Infallibility.

I am willing to grant, either as a matter of fact, or for the sake of argument, that the Holy See knew of all these declarations, and knew everything about them, at the respective times of their being made. If these declarations had involved any serious deflection from orthodoxy, especially on the part of Bishops, or a considerable number of the clergy, or even of the laity, it would have fallen within the charge of the Pope to apply a remedy for the sake of the erring men, and for the sake of the Church. He might, however, prudently pass over views to him objectionable in a minor degree, for Rome is not necessarily supposed to approve what it does not openly condemn, and in reality practises a wise toleration, which Protestants sometimes deny and sometimes misrepresent as tortuous policy. But the dereliction of duty imputed to the Holy See by Mr. Gladstone has not reference to the religious interests

of Catholics or of the Church. It was its duty towards the **British** Crown that was violated. The Pontiff, it seems, was obliged to cry out to the English Government: "Beware: these men are deceiving you; taking you in: don't trust them. I *am* infallible, and insist on this being universally admitted, and shall always enforce my infallibility to the best of my power." This would have been volunteering with a vengeance.

The Pope, *as a Catholic*, and in common with all Catholics, knew that the Catholic religion neither then was, nor ever could become, antagonistic to legitimate civil authority; that Catholics as such could not be disqualified for the enjoyment of the fullest political rights. It is a self-evident proposition that a truly Divine Religion, remaining genuine, uncorrupted, and such as it was intended by the Almighty to be, cannot make those who profess it bad members of society, disloyal subjects; that it cannot render them in any degree unworthy of participating in civil power and influence. Even an atheist would admit that, if there were a God, and a God revealing, this would be so. Now, every Catholic believes as part of his Faith that *his* religion—the Catholic religion—is such as I have described. This is not a mere truism—though even truisms are, after all, *true*, and sometimes need to be stated. It may be, in some sort, a truism for Catholics; but Protestants are not quite familiar with it. Their ideas of *our* religion are often cloudy enough, and they do not even *pretend* to believe *their own* in the way I have stated we do ours. Church of England Protestants, for example, will hardly say that the truth of Anglicanism, as a special form of Christianity, even supposing its tenets to be quite ascertainable, is an object for them of *Divine Faith*. They *think*, perhaps, that it is best. But will any one of them say: "I believe Anglicanism to be true in all its details, as I believe the existence of God, or the Trinity or Incarnation?"

They may tell me, perhaps, that the Church of England is not the whole Church of Christ, and that they believe the whole Church of Christ to be Divine. But this is not to the point, in the first place; and, in the next place, it makes matters rather worse. Even if the Church of England be not the whole *Church* of Christ, its doctrines ought to be the whole *Religion* of Christ, or else these gentlemen do not profess the whole religion of Christ; and will they say that they believe with Divine Faith the exclusive truth of this body of doctrines? Then, to show that recourse to the branch theory makes matters worse; that *entire* Church of Christ to which the branches belong embraces the profession of the contradictory doctrines respectively held by the branches—for instance, the Anglican and the Roman.

But I must not wander too far upon a wide field of controversy. What I want to establish, or rather to explain, is this: that all Catholics believe *with Divine Faith* that their Religion and Church are the true Religion and Church and the only true Religion and

Church; that consequently they hold, as a consecratory of their creed, that their Religion as it stands cannot be dangerous or pernicious; that it cannot make themselves unfit for the enjoyment of full civil rights; that their partial exclusion from those rights, whenever and wherever it does or did exist, was and is essentially unjust. God forbid I should infer from this that Catholics are at liberty to misrepresent their own belief for the purpose of obtaining political equality, that they are at liberty to give false pledges wherewith to satisfy the foolish fears of Protestants. No; this would be a dishonest proceeding, dishonest towards Protestants, and, still worse, dishonest towards their own Divine Religion, by which they must stand at every risk and at every loss. But assuredly the Pope, as a Catholic, and his advisers, as Catholics, knew with supreme certainty that *nothing* in the Catholic Religion, not even the Papal Infallibility, *if it was a part of the Catholic Religion*, could be a bad and mischievous thing; that the British Crown did not need to be protected from Catholics; that there was no occasion for any warning voice to put the English Government on its guard; that should the Infallibility be ever defined and thus enter into the domain of Catholic Faith—of which event the Popes of that former time gave no sign that they thought—no harm would or could come of a revealed truth, as it must be to be defined in the order of Faith. They knew, on the other hand, that it was not *then* a dogma of Catholic Faith, that British Catholics told the truth in saying so; that it was not insisted on by Rome, as a doctrine to be held; that the denial of it was tolerated in the writings of Catholic authors and in the teachings of Catholic professors in various countries; that British Catholics, even when they went so far as to reject the doctrine, were not thereby rebels to the Catholic Church; that a special and decided interference with British Catholics, and an inhibition to make such declarations as they were making, would embarrass them and expose them to failure in the acquisition of their just rights. The Pope and his advisers knew all this, and were moreover not appealed to by the British Government, nor questioned on the subject, though that Government was well aware that the Roman Pontiff was, at any rate, the recognised Head of the Catholic Church, whether infallible or not. In such circumstances, according to Mr. Gladstone, it was a fraud on the part of Rome to remain silent—at least if it did not abandon the dream of enforcing the Infallibility, whatever that *dream* and that *enforcing* mean in Mr. Gladstone's mind.

I would appeal to Mr. Gladstone himself, not in his present polemico-political condition of thought, but in that sounder normal state to which we may hope he will some day return, whether, if the Pope had at the period referred to raised his voice, not for the necessary correction of his own spiritual subjects, but for the interests of the British Crown, he—Mr. Gladstone—would have thought the Pope right. I would appeal to him for his judgment on such

a course, and I apprehend that judgment would be that the Pontiff was making himself very gratuitously busy in damaging the cause of British Catholics. If Mr. Gladstone had been Prime Minister during that period, such a Prime Minister as he has been in our own time, with the same principles and views, would he not have said on occasion of the Pope acting so: "Could he not let us and the Catholics alone? They are expressing sentiments he may not quite like. But they are adhering to their religion, and they are looking for delivery from unjust oppression. After all, what real harm can this Infallibility do us? A disclaimer of it is useful, and is made with truth and honesty, and why need the Pope or we poke further into the matter?"

I have spoken of three inferences of Mr. Gladstone's from those declarations of British Catholics at various times concerning Papal Infallibility. That which I have put last, for convenience, precedes the other two in his "Vaticanism." The three inferences are that there has been *a change of Faith* among Catholics; that *the conditions of civil allegiance in connection with Papal Infallibility have been altered*; that *the See and Court of Rome either had at a certain time, abandoned the dream of enforcing Infallibility on the Church or had practised upon the British Crown one of the blackest frauds recorded in history*. I have endeavoured to show, though not at much length, that these inferences are not warranted. I may observe, with regard to the last, that it is a curious specimen of that extreme rigour of moral doctrine which otherwise reasonable men exhibit in certain circumstances. I have alluded elsewhere to manifestations of this character on the part of men—with whom I should be very sorry to class Mr. Gladstone—who are far from models in the rest of their words and actions.* Of course, it is more intolerable in such persons; but even in an upright man it seems strange—in a man of such great ability and who was so short a time since charged with wielding the destinies of a nation. It would certainly be a benefit if statesmen were more careful than they often are about following the dictates of conscience, and we may suppose Mr. Gladstone was solicitous in this respect; yet he can hardly be imagined to have laid down for himself rules so stringent as those he would dictate to the Roman Pontiff.

I must not omit noticing here a statement of Mr. Gladstone's concerning the Infallibility, a statement of which I am comparatively little inclined to complain, but which is not correct. He says higher up in the same paragraph in which he is so hard on the See and Court of Rome: "We were also told in Ireland that Papal Infallibility was no part of the Roman Catholic faith and never could be made a part of it: and that the impossibility of incorporating it in their religion was notorious to the Roman Catholic Church at large, and was become part of their religion,

* IRISH MONTHLY, vol. ii., p. 503.

and this not only in Ireland but throughout the world.”* The reason why I am comparatively little inclined to complain of this statement is that it is based on a passage, cited by Mr. Gladstone from a declaration of the Irish Bishops in 1810, and worded as follows: “That said Oath, and the promises, declarations, abjurations and protestations therein contained, are, *notoriously, to the Roman Catholic Church at large, become a part of the Roman Catholic religion, as taught by us the Bishops, and received and maintained by the Roman Catholic Churches in Ireland; and as such are approved and sanctioned by the other Roman Catholic Churches.*”† This declaration is, no doubt, exceedingly strong, stronger, I must confess, than I much like. I take its authenticity for granted, though it is somewhat unlikely looking. Any doubt I have does not, of course, regard Mr. Gladstone’s good faith. Strong, however, as it is, the conclusion drawn from it in the next page is not legitimate.

I am speaking of the Infallibility only, because with it alone I have to do at present. The words of the Oath are: “It is not an article of the Catholic Faith, neither am I thereby required to believe or profess that the Pope is infallible.” The meaning therefore of the declaration is that the exclusion of an article of *Catholic Faith* affirming the Infallibility was a part of the Roman Catholic Religion, as taught, &c., or that the fact of that doctrine not being of Catholic Faith at that time was part, &c. That such *must have been* the meaning is proved from this, that the declaration sets forth in terms that *the Oath, &c., are part of the Roman Catholic Religion; therefore—so far as the declaration is concerned—nothing beyond the Oath, &c., enters as a part.* That only which is comprised in the Oath, was part of the Roman Catholic Religion, as taught by the Bishops. The declaration conveys an inference from the Oath as approved by the Bishops. Now the Oath does not deny the revelation of the Infallibility, nor its definableness nor the possibility of a future definition. The meaning, in substance, is that the exposition of the Catholic Religion given by the Bishops contained the doctrine expressed in the Oath, &c. The doctrine expressed in the Oath was that the Infallibility was not *then* an article of Faith.

The Bishops, in all probability, had not before their minds the question whether the Papal Infallibility might ever be defined, and, if they had had that question before their minds, their own conjectural solution of it would most likely have been in the negative. But they knew quite well that a doctrine not of *Catholic Faith* at one time might become so at another; and if they had been asked whether they meant to teach *as part of the Catholic Religion* that the Infallibility could never be defined, they would have answered that they meant no such thing. Any other answer would have involved intolerable rashness, to call it by no worse name. The Bishops could not but be aware that Papal Infallibility was regarded by a

* “Vaticanism,” p. 48. The italics are Mr. Gladstone’s. † *Ibid.*, p. 49.

host of the gravest Theologians, and indeed by the great majority of Theologians generally, as a revealed doctrine, and by several as having nearly the *status* of a dogma of Faith.

As to what may be called *the argument* contained in the passage of the Bishops' declaration, to show that their teaching was approved and sanctioned by the other Roman Catholic Churches, it does not come to very much. Those other local Churches which happened to know of the "oath, and the promises, declarations, abjurations and protestations therein contained," and of their adoption by the Irish Bishops, may have looked, and I suppose did look, on them as involving no heterodoxy. They recognised the Irish Bishops as Catholic Bishops, as not having fallen into any serious error, or into any error, against Faith. Some foreign Bishops, perhaps, rather approved of their language; but it is hard to conceive that the Prelates or clergy of other countries considered themselves parties to any teaching implied by the adoption of the oath. The Irish Bishops approving the oath were not in the position of the Pope speaking *ex cathedra*, to whose teaching in such circumstances the silence of Bishops signified acquiescence, irrespectively of his infallibility. The Irish Bishops were not the Pope, nor were they teaching solemnly; though even if they had been teaching solemnly their voice had no claim to be regarded by any but their own flocks. No doubt, if they had set about teaching heresy, their brethren abroad, and more especially the Roman Pontiff, would have resented it.

Mr. Gladstone follows up this passage from the declaration of the Irish Bishops with another from Bishop Baines in England, whom he qualifies as "a very eminent and representative member of the Anglo-Roman body." The Bishop's words are these: "Bellarmine and some other Divines, chiefly Italians, have believed the Pope infallible, when proposing *ex cathedra* an article of Faith. *But in England or Ireland I do not believe that any Catholic maintains the infallibility of the Pope.*"* I have no wish to disparage Dr. Baines, and will not discuss the weight of his testimony. But his statement is inaccurate. As to the first part, what he says may be true so far as the terms go; but the sense conveyed by implication and intended to be conveyed is not so. This sense is that *only* Bellarmine and some comparatively few others, still fewer out of Italy, held the Pope to be Infallible. Dr. Baines thought so, and it is no wonder if many Catholics and Protestants took his word for it. But Theological libraries and chairs would not bear him out. As to the second part: that he did not believe any Catholic in these countries maintained the infallibility of the Pope; of course he did not believe it, as he said so, but the state of things represented is not very conceivable. This has all the look of one of those assertions often loosely and unreflectingly made. I am not able at this moment to refute the allegation; but I have very little doubt

* "Vaticanism," p. 48. The italics are Mr. Gladstone's.

of its inaccuracy, and very little doubt that it could be shown to be inaccurate. Among the clergy educated abroad, say in Rome, for instance, but elsewhere, too, among the laity educated abroad, or taking their opinions from priests at home who had studied abroad, there must have been many who held what have been called *ultramontane* views. That Gallican ideas regarding the Pope were extensively prevalent I fully admit, and have myself assigned this as a reason, among others, for the declarations made by Catholics concerning the Infallibility; but that these ideas were exclusively current in the British Islands I can hardly believe.

JOHN RICHARDSON'S RELATIVES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NANCY HUTCH AND HER THREE TROUBLES."

PART X.

SEEMING that he had but a vague and perhaps groundless hope to impart to Mrs. Moss, John had, a moment before his unexpected meeting with Miss Travers, been saying to himself that it might be well to put off for some hours at least his return to North Charlotte-street, as such delay would prepare the way for what he had to say. And now that he fortunately had been able to send another friend to her, he had no doubt that this was the better course to take. Back to business then he went with even, steady step: not less preoccupied indeed than when going over the same ground on his way to Richard Johnson's, but with thoughts of a somewhat different complexion. For the restless anxiety that had driven him from his desk two hours before had calmed down into quiet thankfulness that *his* wife and *his* little ones were waiters upon no man's humour. Of the annoyances that he then had been anticipating he now began to take the view that he imagined Tom Moss would take (if the poor fellow could look back upon old friends and neighbours) as trifles exaggerated by a morbid sensibility. And in the comparative peace of mind so restored to him he already had, he felt, more than due reward for his endeavour to serve those whom poor Tom Moss had left behind.

Going home to dinner in this tranquillised and grateful mood, he was quite as much amused as vexed by the surprise that awaited him in his wife's account of her morning "at home," as she yet sometimes called the west-end villa residence whence John had transplanted her to the more rural and picturesque, though less fashionable suburb in which lay her present actual and happy home. This surprise was an instance of the truth of that wise saying that warns us how rarely does trouble really reach us through the ways and means towards which we look to meet it (losing time and

energy in our forecastings) but rather from unnoted circumstances and in undreamed-of shapes.

Up to this day his father-in-law had spared John all reprehension, all comment even, on the score of inattention to his grand-uncle. Up to this day indeed, Mr. Leeson had himself been contented with from time to time asking how the old man was, in that matter-of-form indifferent enough kind of way in which people commonly ask after those other people whose death is likely to call themselves out at an early or otherwise untimely hour from bed or business—without any compensatory benefit accruing—to swell a funeral train; and whose impending fate they forget to regard from any other point of view. Thus as long as old Uncle Tottenham was supposed to be lying in a state that disabled him from settling or (as no one concerned knew which it was to be) resettling his affairs, and it was taken for granted that Law and Legacy Duty would apportion immutable and even-handed justice to all claimants, Mr. Leeson thought John Richardson did well in attending exclusively to his own proper business. But “now that he was at last,” as he emphasised it to his daughter Mary (who in good truth was culpable to a degree unsuspected by her father of purposely withholding information of the fact) “at long last, he might say,” made aware of the old man’s convalescence to a will-making condition, Mr. Leeson at once became alive to all proprieties and contingencies of the situation; and there was little prospect of his holding or giving peace upon the subject. And to begin with, he now “was quite clear upon the point that one nephew ought to show the old gentleman at least as much attention as another—as any other; he understood there were three other nephews daily visiting the house.”

Mary, indeed, as John judged from the facts and persons in question, gave but an abstract of what had passed during her two hours’ stay “at home.” She had left out all she could; delivering her message—for message in plain truth it was—as if making out a telegram, where every word, that is, every word omitted, is worth money to the excisor. But John filled up for himself the carefully light-handed outline. Once before, at an earlier hour, that day he thus went through a discourse from Mr. Leeson to his family circle; but this time it was with a smiling instead of darkening countenance, that he came to the same conclusion of—“Is our son-in-law mad, Anna, my dear?”

“He says ‘it is a duty,’” Mary repeated, by way of summing up.

“Duty of a new kind—legacy duty!” returned John. “On that point we must at best, I fear, agree to differ,” he added, seriously. This was a quite different affair from George’s business, one on which he was thoroughly prepared to justify his own line of conduct in the past. That there might be, or seem to be, a doubt as to what course was wisest or kindest at present was annoying; but was the less, beyond all comparison, of two evils.

"And he positively said nothing of the contract after all!" he concluded, as if yet half afraid of having mistaken news almost too good to be true.

"Not a word!" replied Mary. "The talk he heard about Mr. Tottenham on the way home this morning seemed to have put everything else out of his mind."

"Thank Providence!" John exclaimed to himself. "Then he may talk himself tired about Uncle Tott. I can't help him. But you don't ask me what I did about it, Mary, dear!" he said aloud.

"You told me you would do nothing to-day," returned Mary.

"Well, second thoughts are best—at least I trust this was. Something—that I'll tell you of by and-by—happened after you left me; and set me to reconsider matters over again. And the upshot of all was that I decided on writing at once to the honorary secretary."

"To refuse," Mary said, looking at once surprised and disappointed.

"No, dear; but to feel my way towards keeping a chance of accepting, if possible. I said in the best way I could put it—that I find I require a fortnight to ascertain if under existing circumstances I can undertake to begin and get on with their work as quickly as they have a right to expect; and that if, at the end of that time, I see that I cannot do that I shall then beg leave to very respectfully and gratefully decline. Well?"

"I think that was very well," replied Mary. "And if the committee do not prefer being met in such a way to the chance of having a job grasped at and then neglected to suit other jobs——"

"They don't deserve to have the great Mr. Richardson," concluded John. "But theirs is not a job likely to be neglected." Then going on to tell what brought about the change in his intentions and taking his visit to Johnson's office first, he said: "Johnson, I expect, may be at home by that time at farthest. And though, of course, I mean to ask him to accommodate me on account of George, I shall engage to repay him—if I live—as though George was altogether out of question. There is just a chance he may do it in that way, all things considered. There is just a chance, too, that George himself by then may in one way or other be enabled to come to the rescue. And at all events there's something satisfactory in laying down a clear cut course to follow out. We'll know in a few days most likely if the committee agree to my proposal. And I propose now between ourselves that we think no more of the whole business until then."

This resolution, put and carried with equal cheerfulness, was all the more easily kept that the next moment found husband and wife with nearly equal interest, deep in the sorrows and struggles of little Mrs. Moss.

"And now, Mary, dear," John said, "my duty for this evening will take me back to her. Poor Tom, I'm sure, would do more

than that for you, if he and I were in each other's places. What do you say to coming with me, and bringing the poor little widow and her children back with us to tea? It would make your heart ache—it almost made mine—to see the dismal place they are mewed up in. What a contrast it must be to Indian scenes and Indian luxury; for I'm sure poor Tom, who never saved a sixpence, spared nothing on his wife and children."

"Very well," Mary said, as she obediently went to put her bonnet on; "and suppose we bring George and Anna?"

"The very thing!" exclaimed John; "all the awkwardness of making friends will be over by the time they have the little Mosses in their own quarters."

"What a brilliantly pretty creature I remember Fanny Willett!—not but that, pale as she is now, poor little soul, she is very pretty still," John said, as they were on the way to North Charlotte-street. "I'm not sure that, once on a time, I might not have fallen in love with her myself, but that Tom Moss was beforehand with me. He was always the first of us, old chums, to take a leap; and he did not belie his courage when it came to the leap in the dark."

"Now," Mary said, "you make me doubly anxious to meet this little beauty of yours."

"Don't expect *too* much, though, or you will be disappointed very likely. You know I see her with something of 'the light of other days' around her, and through poor Tom's eyes and my own."

Here the elder pair were interrupted by the younger; coming forward, one at each side, Anna's voice and George's eyes bespeaking attention undivided by anything of less pressing import than the "grand plan" started, and, short as the time was for getting clean hands and hat and bonnet on, matured by convocation in the nursery.

"Well, Solicitor-General," John said, as his one little girl put her hand in his; "what now?"

"When we get to the corner, where mamma and you can see us all the way to the door, may we run on to Uncle George's?"

"If mamma will promise not to be frightened," John said, with an indulgent smile.

"But —," continued the artful little pleader, fastening her hold on him.

"That is not all, I suppose?" John said.

"May we ask Georgy and Dick and Polly, too? Aren't they twice as near cousins to us as the Mosses?"

"Not to go on with us now to Mrs. Moss's at all, you know, mamma," put in George with an air of understanding the proprieties of the occasion, "but to be ready when we're coming back."

"And the Mosses might just run into the hall and see the hobby horse," added Anna.

"But poor Mrs. Moss is in great trouble, and we cannot have any noise this evening," John said.

"And the little girls have just lost their good papa," added Mary.

"I suppose they won't care for—for anything, so!" conjectured Anna, despondingly. Then looking at her own papa, her eyes seemed dilating with the effort to measure loss so great.

"They may not be very merry this evening, perhaps, Anna," John said, reassuringly; "but they are very young ——"

"And children haven't sense enough to be sorry long," George added, with a gravity that moved the elders to a covert smile. "Tommy Heacock forgot all about his grandmamma in two days, don't you remember? though she was always giving him tops and balls and—and everything."

"And Georgy said he'd never care to play with him any more. And nurse said he was a nasty, unnatural child!" added Anna, piling Ossa on Pelion over Tommy Heacock's heart and her own prospect of amusement with the Mosses.

"I am sure the little Mosses are nice children; and we must think twice about the day it would be right to have a regular party for them. Perhaps the latter end of next week, a quiet party to begin with may not be too much."

"You may settle that amongst yourselves," said Mary; "consult Georgy to-morrow, if you like."

This was hailed as the happiest of suggestions; and the children walked to North Charlotte-street in staid contentment: better pleased—so precious is the privilege of free will—with this free leave to postpone a pleasure than they could have been made by an order to enjoy it to-morrow.

NEW BOOKS.

- I. *The St. Bartholomew Massacre, 24th August, 1572.* Paper presented to the Historical Society of St. Kieran's College. By the Right Rev. PATRICK F. MORAN, Bishop of Ossory. (Dublin: Brown and Nolan, Nassau-street.)

THE Bishop of Ossory has condensed into forty-eight pages a very full, lucid, and masterly statement of the real nature and causes of the famous Massacre of St. Bartholomew and of the chief questions connected with it. It is shown to have been planned solely as a matter of State policy. No bishop or priest or other representative of Catholic feelings and Catholic interests was allowed any part in the Council of Catherine de Medici. The number of the victims over all France cannot have exceeded fifteen hundred. The excited populace which the wicked plot let loose looked on the crime as mere reprisals for the atrocities committed against

Catholics, not only in England but in France itself, where these restless, rebellious sectaries during seven successive reigns desolated the kingdom. Very explicit and exact references are annexed to all the statements in this *brochure*, which, brief as it is, treats very satisfactorily the chief questions connected with the subject, showing (for instance) from authentic documents that the congratulations of the Holy See were offered according to the official intelligence which had reached Rome concerning the detection and punishment of the contrivers of a terrible conspiracy to murder the king and the royal family and to seize on the government.

The able and, manifestly, very un-Catholic writer of an article on "Catherine de Medici and her Times," in a recent number of the *Temple Bar Magazine* (June, 1875) takes a view of the circumstances curiously similar to the one put forward a little earlier in the lecture of the Catholic Bishop. He calls the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve "a massacre of defence undertaken by Catherine, Guise, and Anjou to preserve themselves from merited destruction." Had the Huguenots (he says) been victorious, they would have next fought for intolerance, for supremacy, for the extinction of every creed but their own, through a persecution as bitter and cruel as that under which they had themselves suffered, and the more unreasonable and atrocious on account of the difference between Catholic and Protestant doctrine about faith and salvation.

II. *Prince and Saviour*. The Story of Jesus simply told for the Young. By ROSA MULHOLLAND, Author of the "Little Flower Seekers," "Puck and Blossom," &c. (Dublin: Mc'Glashan and Gill.)

THE premature words of welcome with which we greeted this little book in our last number had to content themselves with a corner of a page which next November the binder, inexorable as Atropos, will shear away from our volume for 1875. As we wish the readers of our bound volume, in months or years to come, to be made aware of the existence of "Prince and Saviour," we will add another welcome in this safer spot, exchanging the prophet's wand for the pen of the historian; for our prediction has been fulfilled in the brief interval since publication. The little pairs of eyes whose glistening we foretold have already glistened over this pretty prize to a considerable extent. During the reading of "Prince and Saviour" they afforded no foundation whatever for that ingenious comparison used lately by one of our own poets, where she spoke of the stars twinkling "like children's eyes when sleep comes on." People, young and old, have been known to fall asleep over a pious book. This little book is very pious, but no one will fall asleep over it. It is too short and too picturesque for that. That last epithet refers rather to the pictures in words. As for the other pictures, they are very good in their modest way;

but we were under a misapprehension when in our previous notice we attributed them to German artists. The true Irish artist, who here tells the story of Jesus so simply and beautifully for young and old, will, we trust, apply often her rare power of word-painting to the illustration of similar subjects.

III. *A Wreath of Wild Flowers*. By M. and F. R. (Dublin: W. Powell, 10, Essex Bridge. 1875.)

If these be wild flowers, they are wreathed together very artistically. The copy which lies before us is so dainty in all its externals that we must confess to certain misgivings about home and foreign manufacture, which were set at rest when we observed the brand of a well-known bookbinder of Eustace-street. This elegance of exterior is one of many claims which this volume might urge to the honour of being chosen as a convent prize. All that we can gather as to its authorship from title-page and preface is, that the poems are by two Loretto Nuns, sisters by birth and by religious ties, one of whom is already singing the new song sung by those who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. The dedication (dated from Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham, May, 1875) runs thus:—"To Mary, Queen of Loretto, I dedicate this Wreath of praise and prayer, as a tribute of love from the living and the dead." No indication is given as to what we owe to the living and what to the dead. For instance, do we offer incense to the rising sun or to the sun that has set, if we name as two of the most graceful of these poems "Giuseppe" and "The Little Match Girl?" We do not pretend to have balanced the claims of their rivals very carefully; for, after all, this is not a "Wreath" but a garden filled with every variety of flowers—white roses and lilies and hawthorns and shamrocks meet our eye as we glance down the table of contents, till it is arrested by the name "Evicted," which recalls to memory some very pathetic lines in our own pages* on the same sad and terrible subject. This poem is, we think, the truest poetry in all this bright and charming volume.

IV. *A Letter to the Rev. Samuel Davidson, D.D., LL.D., in answer to his Essay against the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel*. By KENTISH BACHE. Second Edition. (London: John Hodges. 1875.)

THIS is a very terse, spirited, and (in its own way) learned pamphlet, written in a good Christian spirit. The refutation of the "liberal criticisms" of Dr. Davidson is solid and satisfactory, and affords another proof of the arrogant tone with which the copyists of sceptical German scholarship make assertions that fail to bear the test of a little examination of the authorities. We pity those whose duty it may be to deal in such worrying, repulsive, but often necessary controversies.

* IRISH MONTHLY, vol. ii., p. 217.

- V. *An Exposition of the Epistles of St. Paul, and of the Catholic Epistles.* By the Right Rev. JOHN M'EVILLY, D.D., Bishop of Galway. Third Edition. Enlarged. (Dublin: W. B. Kelly. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

THESE two large and elegant volumes contain an introduction to each Epistle, an analysis of each chapter, a paraphrase of the sacred text, and finally a well condensed commentary consisting of critical and explanatory notes with moral reflections. How thoroughly this excellent plan is executed the character of the Author would tell us, without any examination of the work or without adverting to the fact that this is the third edition which a not very extensive public have called for. The mechanical arrangement of matter in each page, and the general get-up of the volumes help to render the study of their contents more easy and agreeable. The Catholic community will rejoice at the announcement made by the Bishop of Galway that he has now ready for the Press an Exposition of the Gospels, which his lordship intends for the use not only of the clergy but also of the intelligent laity. We hope that this still more interesting and more useful work will appear after as brief a delay as possible.

- VI. *The Angel of the Altar: or, the Love of the Most Adorable and Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.* By the Rev. T. H. KINANE, C.C. (Dublin: M'Glashan & Gill.)

THE Irish priest whose "Dove of the Tabernacle" has run through seventeen editions in a few years, has just given the devout Catholic public a companion-volume on the Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, characterised by the same simplicity and heartiness of style, and the same fulness and solidity of matter. Before being published, it was submitted to the Bishops of Ireland, whose letters of cordial approval fill a score of the first pages and render criticism altogether unnecessary. "The Angel of the Altar" will certainly nourish the piety of our devout and faithful people. It is a welcome addition to our native ascetic literature.

- VII. *The Child.* By Monseigneur DUPANLOUP, Bishop of Orleans. Authorised Translation by KATE ANDERSON. New Edition. (Dublin: M'Glashan & Gill.)

THE second edition of the English translation of this invaluable work on education and the training of the young appears at an auspicious moment, while the Irish people are preparing to give an enthusiastic welcome to the eloquent and illustrious Author, who, in thus honoring the memory of O'Connell, adds another to many generous proofs of his sympathy and love for our race and country. The name of Dupanloup will be dearer to us henceforth, and will of itself attract many readers to this excellent work.

THE CHANCES OF WAR.

BY A. WHITELOCK.

CHAPTER VIII.

SHAWN-NA-COPPAL'S ESCAPE.

"But I will tarry, the fool will stay,
 And let the wise man fly,
 The knave turns fool that runs away,
 The fool no knave, perdy."
King Lear.

THE shades of evening began again to descend on the shores of Lough Ree, and the wind, chiller and harsher than on the preceding day, to moan and sob around the walls of Duneevin Castle. In the great hall the fire had almost burned itself out, a pile of embers flickered fitfully on the hearth, alternately lighting and clouding the faces of Mary Dillon and her sister, who sat before it.

The sisters had been conversing in the usual fashion—Kathleen asking a number of strange questions, and Mary endeavouring as best she could to furnish satisfactory answers. They had talked much of their visitors of the preceding night, and had formed many guesses as to where they then were, and how they were then employed—guesses which were no nearer the truth than such surmises usually are.

"Well, I hope Captain M'Dermott has, at least, passed the ford," said Kathleen, after a pause; "it would certainly be disagreeable to have to plunge into the water on a chill evening like this."

"O surely he has passed it long ago," returned her sister. "Yes, the wind is quite cold this evening. It begins to feel chilly even here."

She rang a bell which stood on the table. The summons was answered by an aged servant. Mary desired him to put some fresh logs on the fire. While engaged in his task, the man addressed his mistress with the freedom which is the usual privilege of old retainers.

"A narrow escape poor Shawn-na-Coppal had from the soldiers, lady."

"Shawn-na-Coppal?" asked Miss Dillon. "From what soldiers?"

"From those devilish troopers of Coote," returned the old man, passionately; "may my seven curses light upon them!"

"How?" asked his mistress, in alarm. "Have they attacked our lands?"

"No, no. They have now other things to think of, I believe, besides burning the country. Shawn escaped from Roscommon castle itself, though a kind gentleman there gave orders that he was to be shot if he tried to run away."

"But what induced him to go to Roscommon castle?" asked the lady.

"He went to guide Mr. Plunkett, who left us so early this morning."

"O'Farrell!" said the lady, in a voice which betrayed an emotion beyond control, "is Shawn here at present?"

"He is at this moment in the kitchen, lady. I was listening to his story when the bell rang."

"Send him to me at once. Away! The fire blazes well enough already."

In a few minutes Shawn entered the room. Forward to impudence with most of those with whom he came in contact, he was bashful and timid in the presence of Mary or Kathleen Dillon. They were probably the only persons who had tried upon him the effect of gentle words and kind actions, and were consequently the only persons who had succeeded in subduing his rough nature. With Kathleen he was a special favourite. When she went into the garden on sunny days, she was most frequently attended by Shawn. She talked to him, in her own childlike way, a language to which he loved to listen; for Shawn, though shrewd and sagacious on many points, deserved perhaps, upon the whole, his character of "simple." He, in his turn, loved the weak child with an intense though somewhat fantastic affection. He had heard of angels, and, devout after his fashion, was fond of praying to them. His reverence for the angels and his veneration for his young mistress were, in his mind, not always distinguishable feelings. He had almost come to believe that one of his favourite spirits had descended to dwell on earth under the form of the frail child. His devotion was unwearied. He brought her the first flowers of spring from the sunny nooks in the woods, and thought his most toilsome researches amply repaid by the smile with which his offerings were received. The slightest wish of his idol was sacred to him, and nothing would deter him from gratifying it. In his wild moods, the mention of her name was sufficient to calm him; and in his fits of obstinacy, which were neither very few nor very mild, the threat of reporting his misconduct to her forced him to immediate compliance.

He entered the room with timid mien and constrained gait. The elder sister rose from her seat and met him almost as soon as he had crossed the threshold.

"You have been at Roscommon castle, Shawn?" she asked.

"Yes, may the angels preserve us, I have," replied Shawn, crossing himself devoutly.

"Did the gentleman you attended remain at the castle?"

"He did, my lady; and if he remains there till I show him the way out, he is likely to stop long. It is not his fault that I escaped with my life. I understood his Sassenach gibberish well enough."

"They tried to keep you, I believe?"

"Yes, but I was too deep for them," said Shawn, with a chuckle at his own cleverness. "Lord, how I could have laughed at the ugly pikeman at the gate who told me to 'go forth in peace,' when I said Mr. Plunkett had sent me for the doctor. But I had little mind to laugh when I saw the soldiers ride out."

"The soldiers! Whither did they ride?"

"I was a good way off when they left the castle, and I thought they were following me. I ran for the bog and hid among the heather. But I might have spared myself the trouble. They went off towards Slieve-Bawn. I waited till they were nearly out of sight, and then I came home as quick as I could."

"Have you had time to rest since your return?" asked the lady.

"O yes, I am quite fresh now," answered Shawn, who saw he was about to be entrusted with some new message.

"If you are able, you must go to Ath-liag-finn to-night."

"I'm ready, lady," replied the willing messenger.

"You saw the troop of soldiers who passed last night on the shore?"

"Yes."

"I wish to know if they have crossed the ford."

"I will tell you to-morrow morning."

"And if they have not, you will try to find out what has become of Captain MacDermott," said the lady, blushing.

"I will bring back the news to you, if I had to ask it of Coote's devils themselves," returned Shawn, with determination.

"Nay, you must not expose yourself to danger. It would pain me very much if any ill befel you. You are clever, Shawn, and can do what I ask without risking your life. Go as quickly as you can, and do not mention to any one on what business I have sent you."

She rang the bell on the table, and when the old servant appeared, she bade him provide refreshment for Shawn, and have him conveyed as quickly as possible to the shore. Shawn promised to be prudent and discreet, and followed the attendant from the room.

Late that night Mary Dillon lay awake, listening to the sighing of the winds around the walls of her island home, fancying that she could hear the voices of battle—the shout, the groan, the trumpet-call, and sabre-clash—carried along on the blast from a distant battle-field. The events of the last two days had given her matter for much pleasing and much painful thought. It is probable that neither these events nor the reflections they occasioned did much to increase Mr. Lucas Plunkett's chance of becoming master of the broad lands which were to be the dowry of the heiress of Duneevin.

CHAPTER IX.

A PIOUS UNDERTAKING FOILED.

"Sweet river! on thy silver tide
 The glaring bale-fires blaze no more,
 No longer steel-clad warriors ride
 Along thy wild and willowed shore."
Scott.

At the northern extremity of Lough Ree the waters of the Shannon, at this period, made their way into the lake across a shallow ford, known to the natives as Athliag—the ford of the stones. Sometimes it was called Athliag-finn—the ford of the white stones—to distinguish it from a passage across the Suck resembling it in character and in name. The Celtic word is traceable in the Anglicised *Ballyleague*—the name borne by a straggling village which stands on the Roscommon side of the river fronting the comparatively modern town of Lanesborough. At the present day a visitor to this locality would be at a loss to understand how our ancestors could be justified in giving to the place the peculiar name which has clung to it. A deep and rapid current now sweeps under the arches of a handsome bridge, and the older inhabitants of the place will assure you that barges of fair tonnage have trafficked on the stream. You will be the more inclined to believe this latter statement, when you examine the ranges of ruined stores along the nicely-built quays, and satisfy yourself that the gaunt timbers, rotting in the deep basin at the end of the row of dismal ruins, are the ribs of goodly-sized vessels which must once have trafficked on the river in front. The channel is now deep and the current strong, but the huge piles of stones, thrown up on the shore below the bridge, show that modern engineering has changed the character of the place, and that the time is not so remote when Athliag deserved the name bestowed upon it.

Two hundred years ago drainage companies had not begun to exist, and so the waters of the Shannon struggled into the lake by the uneasy track which they had hollowed out for themselves in the course of ages. Over the rough stones they rolled and tumbled and brawled and bubbled, dashing themselves wildly against the stubborn rocks, and then rising up in foaming anger at the shock they received, rushing into dark hiding places between the stones, starting out again with a gurgling laugh, and then hurrying away down into the quiet lake to rest after their excitement. On the whole, the waters seemed to be making merry on that bright May day long ago, to which the incidents of our story carry us back. So thought the old ferryman, whose cabin stood near the ford, and so probably thought the inhabitants of the other half dozen of cabins which lined the road leading to the river. We allow ourselves to surmise that thoughts such as this, light and joyous as

became such a day, filled their minds. But such dreamings, if indulged in there and then, were destined to be rudely disturbed. Shortly after mid-day a wild shout of terror broke in upon the stillness that hung over the little village. The startled peasants rushed to the doorways of their miserable houses in time to catch the ominous cry, "The Sassenachs are coming." The dread announcement produced instant confusion and dismay. Wails of anguish mingled with fierce curses and imprecations were heard on all sides. The wretched inhabitants rushed from their houses, and fled in consternation towards the bogs which lie higher up along the river. Their scanty household possessions were abandoned; they carried with them in their haste only the members of their families whom infancy or old age rendered helpless. The last of the frightened crowd had hardly quitted the village when the clatter of hoofs and the ring of armour announced the approach of the dreaded horsemen.

"Come forth, come forth, ye sons of Belial!" shouted the leader of the troop, reining in his steed in front of the tenantless cabins.

There was no response from within.

"What! hesitate ye, unclean reptiles, to come forth from your lairs at our bidding? By G——, ye shall smart for your contumacy!"

The officer in his zeal had been surprised into an expression of impatience which the pious troopers could not doubt was an oath. They pricked their ears at the ungodly sound, and gazed at one another with looks of blank dismay.

"Nay, marvel not, men, brethren," cried the commander, observing the astonished looks of his followers, "for as the Lord bid Semei the son of Gera curse David when he went up to Bahurim, so hath He this day ordained that I should invoke His wrath upon the contemners of His covenant. But let not the good work stand still. Do thou Corporal Lovegrace and thou Nehemiah Fear-the-Lord, enter in and drive them forth unto us at the point of the sword, even as the angel of the Lord did cast out the Hevite and the Jebusite before the face of his servant Joshua."

The soldiers to whom this angel's mission was entrusted, dismounted and proceeded to examine the interior of the wretched huts. They were all empty; not one of the indwellers had remained to return the pious greetings or accept the tokens of Christian charity which usually accompanied the visits of the religious troopers.

"Verily they are fled before us, and I find none of them within," said the saintly corporal, when he had concluded his search.

"Yea, they have been scattered before our face, and are gone up unto the high places," added his companion, with a devout chuckle.

"If they be still in the way, we will supply a lamp unto their feet," said the officer in command, in the same strain of pious facetiousness. "Corporal, take a coal from the hearth and stick it in the thatch of yonder cabin."

In a few moments the cluster of huts was in a blaze. The flames rose pale and sickly in the bright sunlight; a huge column of smoke went up into the sky, and then bending over like some overgrown giant, stretched its fantastic folds far across the lake over the green woods of Rathcline. The peasants from their hiding-places watched the destruction of their poor homesteads, and cursed the merciless enemy who thus wantonly destroyed them. The soldiers of the covenant, accustomed to such scenes, sat quietly in their saddles, watching the progress of the fire. All at once their attention was called in another direction by the sharp notes of a bugle. Turning in the direction whence the sound had come, they perceived that a small party of horse had halted on the hill above them, and that the horseman whose bugle had sounded the parley which disturbed their religious pastime, had already quitted the ranks and was galloping towards them.

"Behold," said the leader of the Parliamentarians to the horseman by his side, "the Lord hath this day delivered them into our hands. Judgment is come upon him, and we will cut off the horn of Moab. Happy art thou in that thou shalt have a share in the blessed work."

The gentleman addressed appeared unable to appreciate to its full extent the blessing vouchsafed him; he muttered some unintelligible reply, and watched with painful interest the approach of the envoy.

"I have come," said the latter, when he gained the spot where the officer stood, "by order of Captain Heber M'Dermott, commander of yon troop of horse, which marches on the service of the Supreme Council of Confederate Catholics, to ask if he is to regard as friendly or hostile the force which occupies the road."

"Truculent rebel!" returned the Parliamentarian officer, disdainfully, "bear to him who sent you this answer. The force which holds this passage is of them who hold not any converse, nor make any pact, with the ungodly and profane. They are of them who have sworn to extirpate profanity and sin, and who will here this day faithfully keep their oath, and will smite with the edge of their swords the followers of the scarlet woman who maketh war upon the saints. Thou hast thy answer—go."

A murmur of satisfaction ran through the grim ranks of his followers. The Confederate messenger rode back to his comrades. The soldiers of the Parliament watched him as he neared the hill-top. When he had reached it, there was a short pause, during which he conversed with the officer by whom he had been sent. A minute later he again advanced in front of the little troop, dis-

charged his pistol in the direction of the Parliamentarians, and then galloped after his companions, who speedily disappeared beyond the crest of the hill.

With a loud shout the party thus defied started in pursuit. When they reached the top of the hill they could perceive that the Confederates had gained the valley on the further side, but that they had quitted the road which led down the slope, and were now moving in a line at right angles to it. The commander of the pursuing troop at once changed his course, and began to descend the hill in a direction nearly parallel with that taken by the fugitives. It did not escape him that a disagreeable-looking morass lay between him and his intended victims. The pursued and the pursuers held on their course for some time on opposite sides of the marshy ground which occupied the centre of the valley. At last the Confederate horsemen gained an eminence about midway up the valley, and here they halted and turned towards their pursuers, who at once imitated their example.

"Good faith!" muttered Major Storey to the gentleman at his side, "the leader of yon rebel band wanteth not wit and cunning, nor do I see by what means we may accomplish his overthrow. If the marsh be too deep, we must needs be of cunning device to overreach him. But let us try if we may find a passage over the soft ground before us; if so be it, we will speedily engage with him."

At a word from their commander a small party formed in front of the Parliamentarian troop.

The object of this movement was evidently understood by the Confederates. The commands of their leader were issued in a suppressed tone, but the slight wind which blew across the valley allowed their enemies to catch the sounds—"Load with bullet and ram home." Their acquaintance with the "*Souldier's Accidence*" enabled them to understand from this that preparations were being made to receive them warmly.

With a loud huzza, the half dozen of horsemen detached from the Parliamentarian troop, dashed across the level space which lay in front of them. Both friends and foes watched their advance with intense interest. Their progress was for a time as easy as it was rapid; but as they neared the centre of the valley it became evident that the ground beneath was growing more and more difficult. The horses sank deep in the soft soil, and showers of mud flew up from beneath their hoofs as they struggled forward. Suddenly the horse of the foremost trooper sank to the saddle girths in the morass and precipitated his rider into a muddy pool in front. This accident threw the advancing party into confusion. There was no time given them to recover from it. They heard the clatter of hoofs and the clanking of armour on the rising ground above them, and the morass in which they were floundering shook as the sound approached. "Recover pistols—Present—Give fire!"

shouted a voice on the further brink; and a shower of bullets rained on the embarrassed troopers. One of the party rolled heavily from his saddle, the remainder struggled back to their comrades—horse and man bleeding and mud-stained.

"Take a longer run and you may leap it yet," shouted one of the Irish cuirassiers, derisively, to his discomfited opponents, as both parties rode back to their former positions.

"Peace, peace, O'Duigenan!" said the officer near whom the scoffer rode: "he laughs best who laughs last."

"We shall live to laugh at it all yet," returned the soldier, lightly. "But no!" he exclaimed, excitedly. "By the Lord, we are undone. Yonder comes a reinforcement to those hell-hounds we have whipped."

He directed his leader's attention to the ford which was visible from the elevation they occupied. As Captain MacDermott raised his eyes, they were dazzled by the light reflected from a dense array of lances, which, glancing unsteadily in the sunshine, moved across the ford. The Confederate captain scanned with anxious eye the yet indistinct lines of the advancing horsemen.

"Not so, by Heaven!" he cried, at length, with a burst of exultation. "Those are the Irish colours at the lance heads, and the cornet's flag has the crest of Gormanstown. The foray of this day will cost these cursed Scots dearly. They do not see their danger, and they shall not see it till it bursts upon them and crushes them. O'Duigenan, sound the retreat, it will warn our friends and deceive our enemies. Forward, men, forward!" and the officer led his men down the side of the hillock and along the edge of the marsh by the path which they had come a short time before. The Parliamentarians were at a loss to understand the object of a movement which seemed to place their enemies within their reach. They moved along the opposite side of the morass, the hill behind them preventing them from seeing the danger which threatened them. They could account for the strange tactics of the Irish only by supposing that their late success had inspired them with a spirit of foolish daring, and Major Storey devoutly thanked the Lord for having taken away the light of counsel from the minds of the unrighteous, and delivered them blindfolded into his hand.

Already the hostile troops were nearing the extremity of the morass, and were preparing for the fray which appeared to be at hand, when from the hill above them a trumpet sounded loud and shrill the "charge," and with levelled lances and wild cries of hate and triumph a new body of foemen bore down on the bewildered Parliamentarians.

"As the Lord liveth, our feet are caught in a snare! Fly! Fly! the host of the Philistines is upon us!" cried the Parliamentarian major, in dismay.

The order was obeyed with marvellous alacrity; the ranks were

broken, and they fled in wild disorder. As they passed the extremity of the marsh, they were thrown into still greater confusion by a charge from the little troop which a moment before they had thought within their grasp. Right through the disordered lines dashed the Irish troopers, and rider and steed went down before them. The Irish captain who rode at the head of his men came into fierce collision with one of the most eager of the flying horsemen ; horse and man reeled beneath the shock. A vindictive curse burst from the disconcerted fugitive, but a sabre cut from his opponent arrested the blasphemy upon his lips. The sword of the Irishman fell with a force against which the helmet of his enemy was not proof—crashed through the tempered iron, and inflicted an ugly wound on the head it covered. The arm which had dealt this formidable blow was raised to strike again, when a sallow face stained with blood was raised to his, and MacDermott recognised in the Parliamentary trooper his fellow-guest of the preceding evening.

“Base coward!” he exclaimed, in a transport of passion, “your life shall pay the forfeit of this day’s treachery,” and he raised himself in his stirrups preparatory to executing his threat. But the blow did not fall. “Hear me,” he said, mastering his anger, and lowering his sword point, “for the sake of her whom I have heard you call cousin I spare your worthless life. Fly, and if you escape the death you have deserved, forget not that you owe your good fortune to your relationship with Mary Dillon. Begone.”

The crest-fallen Plunkett followed in wild haste the crowd of fugitives. MacDermott halted his troop, not choosing to take any further part in the chase which had begun. Past the spot where he stood swept the Munster lancers, with slackened reins, and eyes steadily fixed on the foe in front. But it was clear there was no chance of their coming up with the flying Parliamentarians. Their horses had travelled far that day, and were no match for the fresher animals they were pursuing. The tired beasts were urged to their utmost speed, the spurs of their eager riders were tearing their sides, but it was still evident they were being out-distanced. MacDermott saw the fruitless chase would soon be abandoned, and he waited where he stood the return of the pursuers.

“We have to thank you for our deliverance from an awkward difficulty,” he said, saluting the officer in command, as the lancers rode back after having given up the pursuit.

“It gives me much satisfaction to have been able to render this service,” returned the officer, courteously. “We have had a wide detour to make ; it is a pleasure to know that it has not been useless. As Coote is falling back, we were sent to observe the Leinster side of the river. The smoke of yon burning huts attracted our attention, and told us but too plainly that those northern fiends were at work. We were fortunate enough to arrive in time to be of service. But, pardon me, may I inquire under what commander you serve ? You are not, I am assured, one of

General Preston's officers. I am, I presume, correct in supposing you to command for my Lord Clanrickarde."

"I have not the honour to be attached to the service of either General Preston or Lord Clanrickarde," returned MacDermott. "I have been despatched from the forces now occupying Limerick, and I bear to The O'Neill communications from his Grace the Nuncio."

At the mention of the names of O'Neill and the Nuncio, the Munster soldier's brow darkened, and he continued the conversation in a colder and more distant tone. The officers of General Preston's army had little sympathy with the supporters of the Nuncio and the northern general. But the frank and manly bearing of MacDermott soon overcame the prejudice which his professed attachment to Rinuccini and the general of the "old Irish" had excited.

"We bivouac on the field we have won," said the commander of the Munster lancers; "we were up long before the sun to-day. If your business be not very urgent, we would crave your company during our halt."

The invitation was cordially accepted; and in the valley which was lately the scene of strife, the conquerors prepared to repose after the conflict.

Evening came down upon the shores of the Shannon. The huge shadow of Slieve Bawn lengthened on the moors, and the wild cry of the snipe and plover broke in upon the stillness. And then the evening darkened into night. The river breezes sighed dismally through the trees on the river's banks; the waters gurgling over the stones of the ford replied in soft accents to the sound, and the voices of both were caught up on the wings of the passing night-wind and carried away to startle the deer in his lair in the woods of Rathcline, and the wild fowl on its nest in the bogs beyond. Bivouac fires blazed along the valley, and sentinels paced the ridges of the hills on either side. A vigilant watch was kept, as it was feared that the discomfited Parliamentarians might return reinforced to renew the conflict. But they came not; and the tired soldiers rested undisturbed through the hours of the night.

Morning dawned, and the two detachments of horse prepared to continue their march. MacDermott had just concluded his preparations for the day's journey, when an officer of the lancers, followed by two men conducting a prisoner, presented himself before him.

"Captain MacDermott," said the officer, "this knave was discovered early this morning prowling about our quarters. He gives but an indifferent account of himself. We had speedily treated him to a spy's welcome, had he not mentioned your name and desired to speak with you."

"I fear I can do but little to set his character in a better light,"

replied MacDermott. "I do not recollect ever having seen him before. You have asked to speak with me," he continued, addressing the prisoner. "What is it you wish to say?"

"Will you bid these fellows let me go?" demanded the prisoner, sulkily.

"Truly, a considerate request," said MacDermott, with a smile. "But why should I interfere to save you?"

"You have helped to get me into trouble; you might do something to get me out of it," returned the prisoner, in the same surly tone.

"I helped to get you into trouble!" cried the officer, in astonishment. "By my faith, lad, either thou must be an arrant fool, or thou must suppose me to be one. But, hear me, if thou hast been sent hither to play the spy, thy safest course is to tell whence thou hast come and who has sent thee."

"I was warned not to say who sent me," replied the lad, doggedly.

"It is thy only chance of escape," urged the officer.

"I can hardly be blamed for telling now," muttered the prisoner, in a sort of audible soliloquy. "Well then, I come from Duneevin. I have been sent by Lady Mary to find out if you had crossed the ford;" and Shawn-na-Coppal related in his own fashion his interview with Mary Dillon on the preceding evening.

MacDermott listened to his narrative with breathless interest. When he had finished, he briefly explained to the officer that the suspected spy was a messenger sent by a friend with an important communication. On a leaf torn from his pocket-book he hastily wrote an acknowledgment of Miss Dillon's solicitude for his safety. This he committed to Shawn for "Lady Mary," slipped a gold piece into his hand for himself, and putting himself at the head of his troop quitted the bivouac.

THE PLEASANT PLACES OF THE LONG AGO.

BY ELLEN FITZSIMON.*

HALFWAY up the hillside, where the breeze blows free,
And the little merry kids ever leaping be;
Where around the gray rocks moss and wild thyme grow—
Those were pleasant places in the long ago.

*The recent Centenary lends a touching appropriateness to these unpublished lines by the daughter of our great O'Connell.—ED. I. M.

Where in storms the ocean breaks in sheets of foam,
Near the dear old mansion,* of my race the home—
Where in calm the wavelets ripple soft and low :
Those were pleasant places in the long ago.

In the solemn stillness of that ruined pile,
Where the lost ones slumber in the Abbey isle ;
Where among deep caverns doth the salt spray flow—
Those were pleasant places in the long ago.

Where high on the brown moor, looking o'er the sea,
Staigue's old ghost-like hill-fort lone and dark we see,
Where its crossing streamlets there united flow—
Those were pleasant places in the long ago.

'Mid the heathy cummers by that lonely lake,
Whose deep crystal waters wild winds seldom break ;
Where making tenfold echoes the horns of hunters blow—
Those were pleasant places in the long ago.

Where the arbutus blossoms by Loch Lene's fair tide,
And across its waters many a bark doth glide ;
Where amid the woodlands waterfalls do flow—
Those were pleasant places in the long ago.

Where Lismore's old castle in its stately pride
Rises, 'mid its turrets on Blackwater's side ;
Where its clustering orchards bright fruit and foliage show—
Those were pleasant places in the long ago.

Where the waters meeting at Ovoca flow,
A poet's song repeating ever as they go ;
Where that valley winding fresh beauties still doth show—
Those were pleasant places in the long ago.

Aye, those were pleasant places, there life calm did flow,
Where the loved and lost ones once were used to go ;
Where we saw their faces, heard their accents low—
Oh ! those were pleasant places in the long ago.

Yet though with lessened pleasure we walk this earth below,
For us there is a treasure which faith and hope bestow ;
While God's love and His graces within our bosoms glow—
All, all are pleasant places e'en in this world of woe.

* Darrynane Abbey. The remarkable fort of Staigue is near it.

THE TERCENTENARY OF S. TERESA AT BRUGES.

(OUR FOREIGN POST-BAG.)

IF we had had any thought of leaving Bruges after four or five days' sojourn within its picturesque old ramparts, the notion would have been dispelled by the announcement that a grand procession, such as had not been seen for a hundred years, would take place in the city on the 24th of August in honor of S. Teresa. You know how well these things are managed in Catholic countries, and with what happy art devout feeling and splendid pageantry are often on such occasions associated. The *spectacle* would, I suppose, have been in itself sufficient inducement for us to remain; but we were also only too glad of an opportunity to see one of the greatest and one of the dearest saints in the calendar thus publicly honored. The fête was intended to celebrate the jubilee *trois fois séculaire* of the reform of the Carmelite Order; and from the heartiness with which the good people of Bruges set about commemorating the event you would suppose that S. Teresa was an old inhabitant, and had not long ago departed from amongst them.

The solemn opening took place on Tuesday evening the 19th, when the *Veni Creator* was chanted in the church of the Carmes Déchaussés; and every day since special devotions and sermons in French and Flemish have attracted the pious citizens in crowds to the Rue des Baudets. To-morrow being the eighth day, the jubilee will be formally brought to a close by the singing of *Te Deum* after the "Salut," in thanksgiving for the blessings received during the octave. But next morning the good Fathers, as if loth to terminate the happy festival, and anxious to obtain still greater graces for the pious people, will sing High Mass for the intentions of all those who shall have contributed to enhance the splendour of the celebration. A programme was kindly sent to us specifying the services for each day, indicating the order of the procession and the route by which it should pass, and inviting the inhabitants along the line to decorate the front of their houses. *Toute à la plus grande gloire de Dieu, et en l'honneur de la Sainte et Séraphique Mère Térèse.*

Everything has been so arranged as to add considerable historic interest to the scenic effect and religious solemnity of the procession. Here is the order as set forth in the programme. First appear the banners of the confraternities of the city; master of the ceremonies, cross bearer, acolytes; a number of angels accompanying a child representing S. John Baptist, to whom the Church of the Carmes Déchaussés has been dedicated in memory

of its principal founder, John Baptist van Aultre ; a band of musicians following.

Then come a group of historical personages, illustrating the reform of the Order as effected by S. Teresa, namely: S. Francis Borgia of the Society of Jesus, a wise counsellor who greatly comforted the saint, whom he went to visit on one occasion, as you may remember; S. Louis Bertrand of the Order of Preachers, likewise a helpful friend in difficulties; S. Peter of Alcantara, founder of the reform of the Franciscan Order (you recollect S. Teresa's description of Father Peter—so mortified that he looked like a bundle of roots, but with all his sanctity most agreeable and pleasant to converse with, having so very clear an understanding); Don Alvarez de Mendoza, bishop of Avila, with whose encouragement and in whose episcopal city the first convent of the Reform was established; Philip II., then reigning in Spain, and always favourably regarding the saint's work. These personages are, as they walk, flanked by the children of the different schools of Bruges.

Following these appear the three first Fathers of the Reform, among them, of course, S. Teresa's "little Seneca," S. John of the Cross; some Carmelites representing the first daughters of S. Teresa; angels carrying the emblems of the seraphic mother—the arrow-pierced heart and the cap of a doctor in theology: S. Teresa *en costume de docteur*—(what would the saint have said to this? Once she said: "We poor women are not fit persons to give advice, yet sometimes we hit the mark as well as a man");—the flambeaux of the confraternities carried on each side.

The Roman Court succeeds, consisting of six cardinals; Pope Pius IV., who confirmed the erection of the convent of S. Joseph at Avila; three domestic prelates of the Sovereign Pontiff; and more flambeaux.

Then we have the Archduke Albert and the Archduchess Isabella, who were governors of the Low Countries when, at their solicitation, Pope Paul V. authorised the establishment of the Carmes Deschaussés in Flanders, and sent six of the Religious to Brussels with a brief for the Archduke, August 20, 1610; a group representing the magistrates of Bruges, who, in answer to letters from the Infanta Isabella, August 1, 1630, authorised the establishment of the Order in the city, and gave the Fathers all the assistance they required; the city banner; children carrying the armorial bearings of the members of the Council of the city of Bruges; the Burgomaster of the Council, preceded by a standard-bearer; children with the arms of the échevins; Burgomaster of the échevins with *his* standard bearer; some Carmelite Fathers representing the first religious of the convent of Bruges; another band of musicians.

Next are descried borne aloft the statues of S. John Baptist, S. John of the Cross, S. Joseph, S. Teresa, the Blessed Virgin,

and the relics of S. Julian the Martyr; while immediately follow nearly a hundred young girls walking, now two abreast now three abreast, strewing flowers on the way, carrying bouquets, branches of lilies and banners with the initials of Teresa of Jesus, and the Blessed Virgin Mary; this part of the cortege being supported by the brotherhoods of the city, the Capuchin Fathers, and the Carmes Dechaussés.

Finally the long procession closes with the members of the secular clergy, the staff of lantern-bearers, the choir, and the priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament, preceded and surrounded by cross-bearer, acolytes, chanters and thurifers.

The little pamphlet of twelve pages containing this programme is, in itself, very interesting with its notes and references. To the citizens of Bruges it must be valuable as well as interesting, on account of the information regarding local and family history which it supplies. The names are given of the Burgomasters, counsellors, and échevins of Bruges at the time of the establishment of the Order in the city; as well as those of the first Fathers of the Carmes Dechaussés who were natives of Bruges or other parts of the Low Countries.

The Carmelites and the municipality have been, I find, particularly good friends from the very foundation of the convent. Shortly after the Fathers had taken possession of the house in the Rue des Baudets, a pestilence having broken out, they volunteered to attend the plague-stricken people and assist them in every possible way. Many of the friars fell victims to their zeal and charity in that season of calamity. The magistracy by an official act expressed their gratitude for the signal services rendered on that occasion by the Carmes Dechaussés. Ever since, it appears, the municipality have lost no opportunity of testifying a grateful regard for the Order.

On Friday the market-place had begun to make preparations for the procession. A flag-staff was set up at each corner of the square, and an altar erected in front of the Belfry, just under the statue of the Blessed Virgin, which, as of old, occupies a niche beneath the balcony whence in former days used to be proclaimed the laws and ordinances, treaties of peace, and other regulations affecting the interests of the commune.

In the evening we went out to see what was being done along the line of route, and found some of the streets planted like a boulevard with fir trees brought in from the woods of the campine. In Ghent some years ago I had seen fresh branches and tops of pine trees tied to the doorposts in streets through which a procession took its way: and very pretty the effect was when the inhabitants of the houses hung out draperies, and placed lighted candles, vases of flowers, statuettes and pictures on the balconies and window-sills. But this was not deemed sufficient for the fête in Bruges. The paving stones were removed and the hardy trees

firmly planted in a line in advance of the houses. It just looked as if the natives of the forest had come on a deputation and taken up their position, before their country cousins, the inhabitants of distant villages, had had time to arrive. Some of the streets were already hung from beginning to end with festooned draperies of blue and white.

Sunday was fortunately a beautiful day; everything wore a fresh and brilliant air; and what with the festive appearance of the streets, and the influx of the country folk so nicely dressed, and so gay and yet so orderly in their demeanour, the gray old city looked as if it had grown young again. Only the market-place retained its characteristic expression in spite of the floating standards; and the Belfry looked more majestic than ever with the altar in its shadow.

About five o'clock we left the hotel to meet the procession coming from the Rue S. George across the canal into the Rue Flamande; and presently heard the music—an alternate burst of solemn chant and joyous instrumental notes; and saw the procession slowly advancing in a long line of light and colour: with waving banners, silver lanterns, little armies of white robed children, companies of bearded Capuchins and sandaled Carmelites, and vested priests guarding the veiled majesty of the Saviour of the world.

But we did not tarry long, nor join the ranks of the devout people who in admirable order kept the way between the processional line and the houses. Our place, we thought, was in the Panier d'Or; and turning into a by-street we reached the hotel, and were at our window before the first company of banner-bearers defiled into the square.

By this time the inhabitants of the Grande Place had hung out various coloured draperies, laid scarlet cloths dependent from the window-sills, and brought forward their lighted candles. I do not know how it was that we had not bestowed a thought on the decoration of our conspicuous windows. But B——, who has always her wits about her, in the twinkling of an eye had a pair of candles lighted; and “faute de mieux,” she said, “let us hang out my Roman scarfs!” And out they were hung accordingly, and a white shawl with them, on iron rods projecting from the window case.

It would be impossible to imagine anything more picturesque and mediæval, or more solemn withal, than the scene when the procession defiled into the square and slowly formed into line in front of the altar beneath the Belfry. I never saw censers swung so high and with so graceful a curve except in France. Fancy four and twenty thuribles swinging in the air, and how the silver flashed in the sunlight, and the white wreaths rose against the blue! The priests chanted, and the bands played triumphantly in their turn; while the great bell tolled magnificently over all.

When Benediction had been given, the people rose from their knees, and the long line passed out by the Rue de la Monnaie, leaving to meditative silence the Place, in which the odour of the incense lingered.

To-day the square has resumed its everyday garb ; the Belfry is at its ordinary employment—counting the hours and quarter hours ; and *we* are preparing to set out for Ghent.

In about ten days' time, if we are not lost in the pine woods or buried in the sands of the campine, you may expect to hear from me again : after we have seen the lunatic village of Gheel and the fortress-monastery of Tongerlo.

S. A.

MADAME DE SAISSEVAL.

BY CECILIA CADDELL,

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE SNOWDROP," "BLIND AGNES," &c.

PART IV. (*conclusion*).

MADAME DE SAISSEVAL had no sooner taken her place at the head of the orphanage than her heart seemed actually to expand and to grow into deeper and larger love than ever, for the little creatures thus given to her care. Not one of them was forgotten—not one too small or too babyish, too idle or too stupid, to be passed over by her. On the contrary, the very defects of a child seemed a reason for greater attention on her part ; and while she gloried openly in the good, she never failed to have a word of excuse, or tenderness, or encouragement for the less promising of her flock.

To the elder girls she was a most wise counsellor and unfailing friend—to the little ones at once a playmate, a mother, and a nurse—to the sick all and everything that the tenderest of parents could have been to her own child—they were, in fact, the very children of her predilection, and enjoyed the largest portion of her time that it was possible for her to give them. The infirmary was visited three or four times a day, and after the wants and wishes of each little patient had been carefully inquired into, and if possible complied with, she—that grave and venerable woman, with the sad recollections of the past yet weighing on her heart, and the ever-recurring loss of children and of friends still piercing it anew—would sit for hours by the bedside of a sick child, playing with it at any little game it fancied, teaching it its baby lessons, whispering, at fitting moments, sweet thoughts of Jesus and Mary to

its ear, and thus helping it to weave its own little crown of patient suffering against the day when it should be called upon to wear it among the innocents in heaven.

Her natural love for children, which was always very great, seemed to ripen into the supernatural the moment there was question of these little ones of whom God, even while depriving her of her own, had appointed her the mother. Her love went indeed to a point at which many a fond mother would be tempted to stop short, for it was her delight to assemble them, every now and then, all together in her room, and, sick or well, neither their noisy merriment nor their numbers could weary or disturb her.

Nor did her solicitude cease with their departure from the orphanage, for the education begun in the school was continued long after they had gone out into the world to work and struggle for their own subsistence. Her maternal eye followed them wherever they went, and she established the good plan of inviting them to return on certain days to the orphanage, when after prayers and a short instruction, they sat down to a dainty little feast, followed by a visit, each one in particular, to Madame de Saisseval's own room, where they gladly confided to her their hopes, their fears, their troubles, and even their very faults. By this means she contrived to exercise a lifelong interest over each of her former flock, and doubtless her advice and encouragement enabled many a frail and faltering spirit to tide safely over the dangers inseparable from that critical moment, when the poor orphan passes perforce from the restraints of school life into the comparative liberty of service in the world.

The wisdom and prudence displayed in these and other arrangements soon found an answer in the admiration of all who were devoted to good works, and it came in the end to pass, that no one who had a particular charity in view ever dreamed of commencing it without first seeking counsel of Madame de Saisseval. By this means the orphanage became, as we have already mentioned, the head and centre of innumerable other works, which although they were not contemplated at its first foundation, have proved, for the most part, quite as durable, and remain as it does, in full force to the present hour.

But the orphanage remained ever Madame de Saisseval's chief attraction, its only rival being the visitation of the sick poor either at their own homes or in the hospital. Possibly she was influenced in this preference by her love for the sacred humanity of our divine Lord; for, among her orphan children, she may well have felt that she was serving Him in the crib; while in her attendance upon the sick and dying she was waiting upon Him, as it were, at the very foot of the cross.

In 1840 the ladies who belonged to the association for visiting hospitals begged of her to allow their monthly meetings to take place at her house; their president gracefully observing "that she

hoped they would thus learn from her the precious art of doing charity in such a manner as to render it at once both durable and efficient." Hitherto this society had been mismanaged and almost a failure from lack of proper supervision; but under Madame de Saisseval's wise direction it grew and prospered, until almost every rich and noble family in Paris could boast of having one or more of their number enrolled upon the list of members.

Two other works of charity were successively established in a house near that which Madame de Saisseval occupied herself, and therefore in close proximity to the orphanage. The first of these charities bore the name of the "Ouvroir de St. Joseph," and consisted of ladies who met every Friday to work for the poor; the second, styled the "Asylum of the Sacred Heart of Mary," was a kind of convalescent home for young girls just discharged from the hospital. Most of these poor creatures had come up from the provinces in search of situations; but the change in their way of living, added to the unwonted excitement of a city, frequently produced such serious maladies as forced them into hospitals, from which they were sent out, as a matter of course, the moment they were in a condition to leave. Still weak from recent illness and penniless from the impossibility in which that very malady had placed them of earning their own bread, they thus found themselves helpless and friendless in the streets of Paris; exposed by their ignorance, and even by their very innocence, to all the dangers with which Paris swarms.

Madame de Saisseval knew of this abuse, and to remedy the evil she made it her business to seek out these young invalids and to place them in her convalescent home, where they were well fed and well cared for until they had completely recovered their strength. She then placed them in the service of persons she could trust, and by this means she rescued hundreds not merely from poverty, but from all the sins and sorrows which poverty too often entails upon its victims.

One other good work, which owes its origin entirely to Aline, we must mention here, because some of the most important institutions set on foot afterwards by her mother owe much of their immediate success to the funds which it produced.

Aline tells us herself, in a little memorandum made at the moment, the means by which she was enabled, very unexpectedly at first, to establish it; but the idea had been a long time in her mind, and she only waited "God's moment"—the moment in which He should place funds at her disposal for the purpose—in order to commence it.

During the captivity of the Pope and Cardinals at Fontainebleau, a friend of hers, she tells us, the Abbé le Gris-Duval, happened to mention before her the extreme poverty to which the august prisoners were reduced. Her heart was instantly on fire to relieve them; and while pondering on the ways and means of doing so,

she suddenly remembered a certain expensive dressing-case, the gift of her brother-in-law on the day of his marriage, which was still in her possession. It was probably the only object of luxury her profuse charities had left her, and it was instantly offered to M. Duval for the benefit of his Holiness. If sold, it would have realised at most a paltry sum of twenty or thirty guineas; therefore they decided, between them, upon disposing of it by lottery.

The intention of the donor once known, there was little difficulty in finding purchasers for tickets; and the sum thus realised was so much larger than had been expected, that M. le Gris-Duval gave back four hundred francs to Aline for the commencement of that other work, which he knew she had particularly at heart.

Her idea was to form an association of ladies who would agree to employ themselves occasionally on all sorts of fine work and embroidery, to be sold at the end of the year for the benefit of such charitable associations as most needed assistance. Mesdames les Duchesses d'Angouleme and de Berri immediately inscribed their names upon her list; and the work of these royal ladies being bought up naturally at fancy prices, the yield of the first year's sale amounted to the almost incredible sum of 40,000 francs. A large portion of this money was applied at once to the greatest and by far the most important of the many good works which owed their origin to Madame de Saisseval—the foundation of seminaries for the education of the clergy.

The Revolution, which had thinned the ranks of the priesthood almost to inefficiency, had swept away also almost all the institutions intended for their training; and while the State, as it existed afterwards, willingly contributed funds for the education of seculars, it would allow nothing whatever for that of the clergy. Under circumstances such as these, vocations became few in number and well nigh hopeless of success, even where they really existed; and thus for lack of a proper succession of pastors religion seemed in imminent danger of dying out altogether in France.

Madame de Saisseval saw the danger and felt it keenly. To discover an evil and to seek to remedy it were almost one and the same thing to such a soul as hers; and she pondered long and anxiously upon this one, making it, as she ever did in hours of doubt, the subject of all her most fervent prayers.

The answer came at last—came as an answer had come to her once before, while her soul was in actual contact with her divine Lord in the sacrament of His love.

Almost immediately after communion, and while still occupied in making her thanksgiving, the idea of the grief which the wide and fearful wound thus menacing His holy spouse the Church would inflict on that Sacred Heart, even then beating so tenderly on her own, suddenly presented itself to her soul, and filled it to its uttermost depths with such woe and sorrow as she had never felt before, even in the worst and most grievous trials of her life.

The finger of God Himself had touched her. Her love soared at once to the sublime, and, all on fire with that supernatural zeal, which scorning to calculate ways and means, hopes all from God, because it is so ready to dare all for Him, she then and there responded to the appeal of her divine Lord, using unconsciously the very words of His Blessed Mother—"Behold the handmaid of the Lord: let it be done according to Thy word."

Not another moment of hesitation followed. Madame de Saisseval instantly took measures for the raising of the enormous sum required for such an enterprise, and the subscription which she commenced in Paris, and which soon spread rapidly through the provinces, was everywhere successful. It was a work indeed which appealed to every Catholic heart in France, and the highest ladies of the court, the most eminent dignitaries of the Church, gloried in giving it their aid.

The Archbishops of Toulouse and Lyons were successively its directors; the Abbé le Gris-Duval laid down rules for the instruction of those engaged in promoting it, and the Archbishop of Paris consented to act as president of their councils. The contributions sent in by the capital alone amounted in the very first year to 80,000 francs, and those from the provinces being in proportion, the work was at once set on foot and prospered beyond all expectation.

The institution of the "Little Seminaries," as they were called, was no sooner thoroughly established than it was supplemented and improved by another work of the same description, of which, since the first thought originated with her, Madame Aline may well be considered as the author.

It was an idea worthy of a delicate and fervent mind, jealous above all things else, of God's honor and glory, and anxious in consequence that He should be served at the altar by the best and noblest out of His own creation. It was not enough for her that the priest should be good; she would have him perfect; and therefore she longed to see the highest intellects, the most ardent souls, the purest and most spotless in mind and heart enlisted in His service, privileged to handle Him in the sacrament of His love, and to drink with clean lips of the chalice of salvation.

For this purpose she wished to search the provinces of France for children giving the clearest indications of these high qualities in order to have them educated afterwards for the priesthood. Monseigneur d'Astros, Archbishop of Toulouse, approved the plan; M. l'Abbé de Bonald became its director; and the Jesuits, ever foremost in the cause of religion, agreed to educate all children sent to them by the association for the bare cost of their maintenance; thus rendering it possible to double the number confided to their care. Under such auspices, aided by Madame de Saisseval's wonderful powers of organisation, this good work, which took the title of the "Sacred Heart of Jesus," and dates from the year 1820.

succeeded perfectly ; and among her admirable clergy France has been able to reckon since, many a pure soul and many a lofty intellect which, but for the gratuitous education thus afforded, would have been precluded by poverty from the honor of the priesthood.

Year after year passed away, and year after year Madame de Saisseval continuing her work of love, was incessantly occupied, either in making new foundations or consolidating old ones.

But while she was working thus for God, God in return was working for her also—working in a way He never works, excepting for those saintly and heroic souls, to whose strength of love and of endurance He knows that He can safely trust. Long ago already, in her days of exile, He had tried her sorely ; but if at that time He took from her some of her beloved ones, He yet left her others, who clung to her and to whom she clung, with all the strength and tenacity of which only natures, intense and vigorous as hers, are capable. But even of that love, beautiful and womanly as it was, He would now at last deprive her, in order that her heart, cut loose from all earthly ties might rise in its desolation and centre itself on Him.

Naturally her aged mother was the first to go, then one of her married daughters, and then Aline, the joy and pride of her motherly heart, and the companion and co-operatrix of all her charities.

Aline herself, in evident anticipation of approaching death, wrote a very touching letter to her mother ; and when that poor mother pondered over its contents, she must have been strangely puzzled whether to weep over the loss of such a child, or to rejoice at the happiness with which death had crowned her. “Neither wishing for life nor fearing death, her chief desire,” so Aline wrote, “was to continue useful in this world even while enjoying the happiness of heaven,” and for this purpose, after explaining that her own family was so rich it needed nothing, she bequeathed all she possessed to various works of charity, concluding her letter by saying with naïve simplicity, “that if she had, as she suspected, overstepped the bounds of her own fortune in these testamentary dispositions, she trusted to her mother’s love to making good the deficiency, either out of her own private purse or by the sale, after her death, of Aline’s own personal effects.”

Madame de Leusse, Aline’s youngest sister, soon followed her to heaven ; and thus the mother was at last left alone—alone, with God for her only joy, and the good works that He inspired for her only consolation.

Sweetly and silently, and without a murmur or a word even of complaint, she accepted of the solitude of the heart thus imposed upon her ; and burying her sorrows resolutely in her own soul, she applied herself more vigorously than ever to accomplish God’s designs in her regard, by increasing every day she lived in zeal for His honor and glory and for the salvation of His creatures. Not a

charity, not a pious association in Paris or the provinces, that did not apply to her for counsel and assistance; and in the midst of the ever-increasing multitude of good works of which she became in this way the centre and the soul, she preserved her tranquillity—and sufficed for all.

No opposition could discourage or deter—no difficulties or delays weary or perplex her—every obstacle grew light the moment her hand had touched it, and over and above her own especial good works, her life was at last well nigh divided between the immense correspondence entailed upon her by her labours in the cause of charity, and by long and difficult journeys undertaken for the same end.

The death of her two married daughters doubled and trebled her wealth; for, as they both died childless, their property and estates, according to the French law, returned to her again as their nearest relation.

But to double her wealth was simply to double her powers of giving, for she was far too much in love with poverty to keep for herself anything that could be made useful to others. The estates of both her children were devoted at once to pious institutions and out of her own property in Auvergne she merely reserved a small house at Mantes, and just such an income as enabled her to live in decent poverty herself, and to give something over and above to the poverty of others.

Madame de Saisseval had been blest all her life with strong good health; but age at last began to tell upon her, and after a severe malady, in the year 1846, she broke down completely. Her days from that time were spent in almost constant suffering, but suffering which never entirely superseded labour; for, even from her sick room, she continued not only to regulate the affairs of the charitable institutions she had already founded, but to aid, in a considerable degree, in the formation of new ones.

So late as the year 1847, just twelve months after the illness which had so completely destroyed her health, Monseigneur Affré, then Archbishop of Paris, and afterwards its martyr, being anxious to found a school for theology on the site of the ancient habitation of the Carmelites, which he had bought for that purpose, sent a mutual friend, a priest, to Madame de Saisseval to ask her advice, both as to the project itself, and as to the best means of putting it into execution. This deference to her judgment, coming from her saintly and venerable archbishop, was a serious shock to her humility; and she used often afterwards to describe, smilingly, her surprise at finding “that ‘eighty-four’ could be made to blush as easily as ‘eighteen.’” But she was too well accustomed to such appeals to be either frightened or embarrassed by them, and, after a moment’s thought, she replied with all her wonted clearness, and with the modest assurance, authorised both by her experience and her age: “Pray, tell Monseigneur,” she said, “that since he cannot doubt

God's approbation of such a work, he need not trouble himself about money. It is the very smallest of obstacles in all such cases, and where the rest is certain, it will never prove a hindrance." Then, having, in a few clear words explained the mode in which the business should be undertaken, she placed a sum of money in her visitor's hand, saying, gracefully: "She hoped Monseigneur would condescend to accept her as the first of his contributors, as well as one of the most anxious and willing to aid him in the good work."

Two years more were spent in this suffering state, and then she rallied sufficiently to be able to visit a family residing at Montalin, where she once more enjoyed the society of her niece, Madame de Lastic, to whom she was tenderly attached.

It was a cold and wintry autumn, but Madame de Saisseval had never yet accepted either her age or the inclemency of the weather as an excuse for relaxing the severity of her mode of life. She could hardly be persuaded, even then, to allow a fire in her room; and every morning, at the early hour usual in France, she walked, her feet protected by the wooden shoes common to the country, through muddy and uneven roads to church.

During one of these difficult expeditions she met with an accident, which caused her fearful suffering at the time, and at last produced such an alarming change in her general health that she was obliged to return to Paris, where, for upwards of two months, she was condemned to remain a prisoner in her own chamber.

But suffering, almost dying as she was, her heart was still as vigilant as ever over the interests of her orphans. With her own failing hand she wrote to the priest who was to preach the customary annual sermon for their benefit, and after entreating him to exert himself to the utmost on the occasion, she added a touching expression of grief at being compelled by her eighty-five years of age to absent herself, for the first time in her life, from the appeal made yearly on behalf of these poor children of her adoption, and ended by an humble hope, that the pain she felt at her enforced inactivity might add something to the generosity of the hearts whom he was about to address in their favour.

Certainly, if hearts could be touched, this letter alone might well have done it, and no doubt it added much to the eloquence of the preacher, and consequently to his success. The collection which followed his sermon amounted to 8,200 francs; and after writing another letter full of happiness and gratitude to the zealous preacher, she left Paris on the 17th of March for her home at Mantes.

But during the short journey thither, she was seized by a sudden fit of suffocation, which, although it passed off almost immediately at the time, was destined afterwards to return again and again, and to prove in the end the actual cause of her death.

A second, and yet more alarming attack, on the 19th of March, compelled them to carry her into the open air, and there, notwith-

standing the darkness of night and the cold spring weather, she was obliged to remain, half sitting, half reclining, on a garden bench until five o'clock in the morning, when the symptoms gradually subsiding, they managed once more to replace her in her bed.

For three weeks longer these attacks continued, each one being more violent than the last, until on one occasion she felt herself so ill, that she demanded of her own accord the administration of the last Sacraments. This great duty performed with all the earnestness and devotion which she ever carried with her to the sacraments, she called her faithful companion to her side, and charged her with loving messages to each of her friends (not one of them being forgotten) who had been her aiders and companions in all her charities. Her servants were then assembled at her desire, and being summoned one by one to her bed-side, she expressed to each apart her sorrow for any regret or trouble she had caused them in her lifetime.

Nor were her beloved orphans forgotten in that solemn hour, which she and every one about her supposed to be her last. Seizing upon a momentary absence of the companion whose duty it was to attend upon her, she wrote a touching little letter to the Duchess de Montmorency, recommending her adopted children to her future care, and having given the billet calmly to the person whom she had chosen for the commission, she specified very distinctly that it was not to be delivered until after her death.

But the sacrament of the sick which she had just received, verified in her case, as it so often does in others, the promise of the apostle, that it should bring health to the body as well as healing to the soul. From the hour in which she had been anointed she began gradually to recover, and after a comparatively successful convalescence she was able to return to her usual habits, that is to say, to a life divided between charity and prayer.

May came with its flowers and its prayers and its sweet benedictions in honor of its Heavenly Queen, and found Madame de Saisseval still improving in health and strength. But it was the month in which she had given herself entirely to God, no wonder, therefore, if He chose it, as the month in which He would give Himself in return entirely to her.

She was ready. Her work was done—her crown prepared. She needed no note of warning, and He gave her none. Yet a few days longer He suffered her to linger lovingly among altars, brilliant with lights and flowers in honor of Mary—to listen to the canticles which sung her praises, and to share in those loving benedictions which seemed to bind the days of her favourite month in a chain of continual prayer—and then He called her.

On the 12th of May she made the Stations of the Cross in her own little chapel, and joined afterwards in the exercises of the month of Mary. At nine o'clock in the evening, after night prayers,

she retired to rest, and soon fell into a most peaceful slumber. Towards the middle of the night, however, she was again seized with a fit of suffocation, and cried out to her assistants, but with all their zeal and hurry they came too late! God had been there before them, and she was in His paternal arms almost ere they knew that she was dead!

Next day they laid her in the tomb where her mother and her beloved Aline reposed already. Her funeral was devout and impressive, but divested, as undoubtedly she herself would have wished it, of all worldly pomp and show. Yet, if it lacked the splendour of this earth, it was made brilliant, at least in the sight of heaven, by the numberless bands of orphans who came from the home she had given them in Paris to attend the ceremony of her interment, and who stood, long after all was over, beside her open grave, weeping for their mother—the mother of all and each in that crowd of little ones, and to many of them the only mother they had ever known.

In considering the life of Madame de Saisseval, she strikes me as belonging in an especial manner to that class of saints whom we are fain to call "Hidden," because they are souls whom God has called to the perfection of the saints, but whose virtues He has not chosen to illustrate by miracle. Her works and character were known, indeed, to all; but the more delicate and sublime virtues of her soul were carefully hidden beneath the veil of that common life, plain, simple, and laborious, which she had adopted from the beginning. And as in life, so also in her death. There was nothing uncommon or strange about it. She prepared for it calmly when it approached, when it receded she waited with equal tranquillity its return; and when, at last, it laid its icy hand in earnest on her, she passed, without the utterance of a single word, without the sympathy of a single friend, into the very presence of that God, who, because she had chosen Him for her only joy on earth, was ready then to become her exceeding great reward, through the unnumbered days and hours of eternity.

C. M. C.

A KIND WORD.

BY ALICE ESMONDE.

WHERE the earth is rich in beauty,
 In the fair Egyptian clime,
 Went Macarius forth on duty
 With a brother at noontime.
 And the fervid sun was burning,
 And he passed, on mercy bent,
 To Christ's little ones still turning,
 And on holy things intent.

While his prayers thus softly telling,
 With a tender, gentle mien—
 Seemed it that his mind was dwelling
 On some sad and far-off scene.
 Nor e'er heeded that the brother
 Had gone quicker by the road ;
 So his thoughts were on Another,
 Toiling 'neath the Cross's load.

And he saw his Saviour falling—
 Wounded, bleeding on the ground—
 And he heard rough voices calling,
 As they strike Him gathered round.
 And the saint was weeping faster—
 Ah ! he often shed those tears,
 For the sweet and gentle Master,
 He had served through all the years.

Marked he then His deep compassion,
 In that hour for human woe—
 All the toil, and pain, and passion,
 Which man suffers here below.
 For the souls in dark temptation,
 Still most precious to His Heart,
 And whose fearful desolation
 He had chosen for His part.

For the burthened and the weary,
 And the poor who were His own—
 And whose friendless lot and dreary
 He Himself so well had known ;
 For the hearts that death should sever,
 And the ties in bleeding rent ;
 For the hands that toil for ever
 And the lives in labour spent.

And the saint with great love burning,
 Just a moment paused and prayed,
 To his bleeding Master turning—
 All his soul with pity swayed ;
 Asking more of tender feelings,
 Greater heart to feel for all,
 For all pain in sad revealings,
 And all bitter tears that fall.

While the noonday sun was broiling,
 And he went along the road,
 Came a heathen priest, swift toiling—
 Running with a heavy load.
 "May the sweet Lord give you blessing,
 He who for your ransom bled ;"
 "You are kind in thus addressing,"
 Laying down the load, he said.

"Nay, poor man," and tender smiling
 Lit the gentle, pallid face,
 "I but spoke that thus beguiling
 You might rest a little space."
 Oh ! the holy power of kindness,
 That can move the human heart,
 Bring such light to souls in blindness,
 And such saving grace impart !

He had met the other brother,
 Who, a man of spirit stern,
 Could a harsh word seldom smother,
 Or a gracious manner learn ;
 And Macarius chided often—
 That same morning made request
 Of the Saviour meek to soften,
 And to teach as He knew best.

And the monk, with fervour fired,
 Passed the heathen on the road,
 Much distressed, and hot and tired, —
 Bending with his heavy load.
 Rough his words of salutation,
 Till the heathen, angered more,
 With a furious exclamation,
 Turned and left him bruised and sore.

St. Macarius had done kindly,
 And a sudden grace and sweet
 Touched the heathen's heart, and blindly,
 Humbly, knelt he at his feet.
 Changed and gentle, earnest pleading
 Of the one true God to know,
 And with eager interceding
 Begging with the saint to go.

ROUNDS OF VISITS.

BY A DISCURSIVE CONTRIBUTOR.

CARLYLE'S denunciatory epithets and Mrs. Jameson's sweeter eloquence first revealed to me the mystery of iniquity and suffering hid away in the "Workhouse Bastilles ;" while about the same time chance association with a band of earnest men and women who were straining every nerve to effect a reform in poor law administration, afforded me an opportunity of acquiring some-

thing like a general knowledge of the system of legal charity which in the Union mansions has found a local habitation and a name. Not, however, until circumstances had made me personally familiar with the world of misery imprisoned within the walls, did I fully realise the character of the institution—understand how it is that these habitations may become, and too often do become, “training schools of vice” for the young; a house of bondage for the mature in years; a last home of unspeakable desolation for the aged.

When I endeavour from vivid recollections to gain an idea of the subject, so clear and simple as to be conveyed in a phrase, I find myself completely baffled. For if, on the one hand, I have seen death-in-life destroying hope and murdering joy in those abodes, I have on the other hand seen life-in-death brooding there with tender pity under the wings of the Angel of Deliverance. The feet of those who followed safe though rugged paths before they entered the workhouse gates, have been often, alas! caught within them in the snares of the wicked; but then, have I not met wayworn creatures whose course through life had been anything but heavenward in its direction, until, wandering into the dreariest road of all, they found salvation waiting for them inside those gloomy walls? If, as I believe, hundreds have gone through their apprenticeship to evil in the motley company of the adult wards, there has been, as I well know, many a sufferer in the sick wards who has crowned a life of faithful patience with a saint-like death; many an erring soul, that, overtaken at length by the providence of God, has been laid low on the pauper’s bed only to find the mercy which to the contrite of heart is so unutterable a joy. Thus, as I run over in memory the years in which I came most into contact with the workhouse population, the impression I am conscious of would be very hard to describe, for in it are mingled mourning and thanksgiving—the horror and the glory of the opium eater’s dream.

My introduction to workhouse life was in this wise. A lady, a good Samaritan, if ever there was one, knowing that much good was done in England by the Workhouse Visiting Society then lately established, resolved to attempt something of the same kind in Ireland. She had influence enough to obtain the sanction of the board of guardians of a poor law union, and with a few friends began the visitation of a large metropolitan workhouse. These ladies confined their visits to the members of their own creed; and as in that house there existed a religious classification of the inmates, it was easy to do so. In passing to the Protestant wards, however, the lady I refer to was constantly struck by the forsaken condition of the Catholics, and wished to see them enjoying the benefits her own people gratefully received. She endeavoured to enlist the sympathy of some Catholic ladies of her acquaintance, succeeded in doing so, and the new auxiliaries were enrolled with the worthy pioneers.

The Catholic members of the society had been for a considerable time at work before I began to follow their footsteps, and in a bewildered sort of way to apprehend the condition of things in this last asylum of the unfortunate. My friends had often given me very amusing accounts of scenes they witnessed in the workhouse; but oftener had described events of sadder import. Several of the remarkable characters of the establishment I already knew by name and reputation. At first I used to keep rather close to my fellow visitors. I did not like to find myself alone in a yard full of women, many of them, perhaps, of the refractory class; nor did I like to hear the doors with a prison-like sound shut behind me; nor did I feel comfortable when left companionless in the sick wards. Besides, I observed the visitors with attention, striving to get at the secret, so to speak, of their influence with the people. They all appeared to possess power of some sort. One lady could do almost anything she liked with the young and unruly, and seemed to light up and gladden the wards as she passed through them; another had the most persuasive way with grievous if not hardened sinners. I thought they must have possessed some special gift, and I wondered where they found the words that produced so happy an effect on the wretched.

In course of time I discovered that eloquence was by no means necessary. An easy, cheerful manner was evidently an advantage; self-possession, too, was desirable; common sense there, as everywhere else, was a treasure. With these and good will, and the grace of God, I concluded that one could go through the workhouse, as well as through the world, without being a useless member of society. Moreover, the people shut up in these institutions feel so much their separation from the general community that when those who are free leave the sunshine for an hour to visit the scene of desolation, they are received with the utmost gratitude. A few kind words, no matter how commonplace, and a patient ear, may do wonders under such circumstances. At any rate, before long I found myself quite at home in the workhouse, and had no objection to wander alone through the dreary yards, dismal day rooms, and interminable sick wards.*

The workhouse through which the visitors were now permitted

* Happily the Workhouses are no longer the impregnable strongholds they used to be; some of them are open, under necessary restrictions of course, to charitable visitors, and others would no doubt be opened if application were made to the guardians. Nor is the visitation of hospitals so unusual a work as formerly. In London there is, among associations of this kind, an admirably organised society for visiting the Catholic inmates of such institutions; and in Dublin a somewhat similar work was begun a couple of years ago. The members of the Dublin association visit three of the large hospitals in or near the city, and one of the workhouses. It is presumed that admission would gladly be granted by the governors of some of the other hospitals; and, according as the staff of visitors increases, application to that effect will be made. The members meet once a month at 12, Upper Fitzwilliam-street.—ED. I. M.

to roam at will, was a town in itself, with a population ranging between two and three thousand souls. Within the enclosure were its hospital proper, its wards for the bedridden and infirm, its lunatic department; its laundry, bakery, workrooms, schools; and its chapel, which continued for some years to serve in turn for Catholic worship and Protestant service, but was finally given up to the majority when a separate edifice had been constructed for the use of the minority.

The House, for in such Parliamentary phrase was the establishment invariably designated by the inmates, was in those days overrun by a number of girls from eighteen to five-and-twenty years of age, who had been brought up in the schools, were disinclined to industrial pursuits of any kind, and indeed were totally unprepared to make their way in the world. They relieved the monotony of workhouse life by escapades of hardly credible eccentricity, frightened the officers by their audacity and violence, and were in fact the terror and torment of the parent institution. I am not now going to speak of the experience the visitors acquired in their dealings with this particular class. Since the publication of Mrs. Nassau Senior's admirable Report* so much attention has been devoted by the periodical and daily press to the subject of workhouse-reared children, that it is unnecessary at this moment to insist on the folly of the system, or to give an example of its deplorable results. Let us, then, confine our wanderings for the present to one division of the sick wards.

It was some time before I learned to tread my way through these wards, which occupied two stories of a large building, and were divided into about fifteen apartments, several of them having twenty or thirty beds in each. These were called the female infirm wards, and were quite distinct from the hospitals proper, from the Protestant sick wards, and from other tenements set apart for the sick within the workhouse enclosure. By right there should have been a visitor for every one or two of the wards, but our numbers were too few to admit of this arrangement. For my own part, I cannot say I regretted not being tied down by undoubtedly judicious regulations. I rather liked wandering about, having a word with old acquaintances in the different divisions, and looking out for patients who had lately come in, and who were generally to be recognised by the tears in their eyes. Sometimes I had to make a journey through the wards seeking for some poor creature who had disappeared from the outside world, and whose whereabouts a friend, or a former mistress perhaps, had wished to ascertain. This would often prove a long if not an altogether fruitless search; for the poor have so great a horror of the workhouse that they often leave their own name behind, and assume a

* "Report on the Education of Girls in Pauper Schools," by Mrs. Nassau Senior. Appendix to the Third Annual Report of the Local Government Board, 1873-74.

fictitious one wherewith to present themselves before the guardians or their representatives. "I should not like to die under my own name in the workhouse," was the answer given by a woman, for whom a visitor had for a long time vainly inquired through a succession of wards.

While it is generally true to say that the people in the body of the house, that is to say, the able-bodied inmates, are there through their own fault: from being intemperate, idle, ill-conditioned in one way or another; it is equally true to say, that in the sick wards many of the most respectable of the poor are to be found—servants no longer able to earn their bread, and decent creatures who prefer to sink at once into the forgotten crowd of the workhouse rather than prolong their term of existence in the greater world by beggary, or by dependence on struggling, overburdened relatives. It was remarked that the lowest of all in the social scale were generally the most inclined to complain, while the decenter people expressed greater thankfulness for what they received, and evinced a truer resignation. Now and then the visitors might chance to meet among the patients persons who had once held a position far higher than that of the domestic servant; but these inmates were almost certain to be not guiltless of their own misfortune.

Between one ward and another there was not much difference observable. If the wardmaid—always one of the able-bodied inmates, and receiving no remuneration except a better dietary, happened to be sober and kindly, there was peace in her dominion; if she were piously disposed, the rosary would be recited in the evening, and bad language would be discouraged. The sufferers frequently showed great kindness to one another—to the dying in particular. I often saw poor creatures in the last extremity carefully attended by one or two neighbours of the same or adjoining ward. A visitor once came upon a scene of this kind when, however, the zealous assistants had begun the prayers for the dying sooner than the patient thought necessary. "I'm not dying yet," she cried; "when I am I'll tell you." And she was true to her word, for when death really came she called to her friends, bidding them, "go on now, and be in earnest about it!" and was heard in the midst of the invocations gasping out, "Holy Virgin, now is your time!"

Certainly the way these people expressed their desires and embodied their prayers was often singularly striking. A dying soldier, to whom the visitors used to bring news of a young relative they had taken under their care, besought the Almighty *that the ladies might pray for him*. "Biddy, will you do something for me when you go to heaven?" said a visitor to a woman who was preparing to leave the world. "Indeed and I will, ma'am," was the prompt reply; "and I never broke a promise yet."

Various was the fortune of the visitors; sometimes they would have to witness deplorable scenes and bear heavy disappointments,

and would turn their steps homewards, saying, it was a bad day, and the workhouse had been truly described as a hell upon earth; sometimes, on the other hand, they would have reason to rejoice, and would depart from the gate with hearts overflowing with gratitude. Once we had a run of good days—red-letter days in our calendar.

I had gone up to the House one of the very last days of the month of November to speak to the chaplain on the part of a rather unruly inmate; and having obtained the favour sought for, was about to leave without proceeding farther than the chapel, when I remembered that a visitor had spoken to me about a woman who had been very ill the previous day in one of the wards, and I thought it better to go and see how she was. One of the nurses, who was passing through the yard with her heavy keys in her hand, opened the doors for me, and I went straight to the ward. The poor woman was dying; some prayers were said beside her bed; and then, without looking to the right or the left, I got up to go. I had my hand on the latch of the door, when I heard an anxious call. I looked round and saw an emaciated creature sitting up in her bed and beckoning me to come to her. Her expression was so wild and haggard, that I glanced at the wardmaid to know what this meant; and she, understanding what was in my mind, said, "It is all right, ma'am: she wants you to speak to her." The poor girl was exceedingly ill, and had been admitted at a late hour the previous day. She had asked did any nuns come there, and was answered that nuns did not visit, but that some ladies did. When she saw that one of the latter had actually come, but was about to leave without even looking at her, she was greatly distressed, and cried out in the excited way that attracted my attention.

As soon as the visitor came to her she was satisfied, lay down quietly, and spoke as if it was a relief to her to unburden her mind to a fellow-creature. She was a dreadful sinner, she said; had been at confession once or twice when she was a child: but had never received Holy Communion in her life. All her anxiety now was to be reconciled to God. Oh! if she were only after it—and then—no matter what happened, welcome be the will of God! She was twenty-five years of age, and her name was Mary—that was easily remembered—Mary S—. Yes, that *was* her real name; she would not change her name for coming to a place like that, only for going to prison. Would she like some one to come and speak to her another day? Of course she would; she wished some one would come to her every day.

The next day but one I was in the House again, went at once to Mary S—, and sat a good while beside her bed. The beasts of the field were not more ignorant of religion than herself, she said. But this was not the fact; she could repeat the usual prayers, and knew in substance some parts of the Catechism.

I had often remarked a touching way the poor have of going over on their death-bed the blessings they received during life, and recounting the faults they did *not* commit. The review appears to awaken the spirit of thanksgiving in their soul, and to dispose them to meet their God with assured hope and a grateful heart. Poor Mary, when she realised the nearness of her departure, began to do the same thing. She remembered that she had never entered a Protestant church nor taken any of the "bribes they offer to the like of her;" that she never used to be disrespectful to people older than herself; that she never went to bed, "drunk or sober," without blessing herself and saying a prayer of some sort; and that she often gave a halfpenny to a hungry creature to pray for the conversion of a sinner—and that was herself!

Yet it did not appear that she had seriously thought of changing her life, though she used to be thankful that she was not struck dead in her sins. "When I used to wake up in the morning and see my clothes all torn, and I in such a state, I used to say, "Glory be to God that He did not take me and I drunk." Lately she had been a teetotalter, having gone at different times to Father—and taken the pledge. The last time she took the pledge she did not go to the priest: she knelt down on a picture of the Blessed Virgin in her own little room, *and took it herself*. Sometimes she had wished to be good, and to be able to go to Communion, especially when she was in prison and saw others going to the altar. But she was never there long enough, never for more than two months at a time. This was the first time she found herself in a workhouse; it was the mercy of God that brought her there; and she would never leave it alive; she would stay, even if it were the will of God she should recover.

On the next occasion I took care to bring a large book, with the assistance of which I hoped to begin the long course of instruction and preparation which poor Mary and I supposed would have to be gone through before the sacraments were received. But no sooner had I entered the ward when I perceived that some great change had taken place. Mary looked quite different—calmer, paler, younger, almost handsome. She had been to confession, and had received Holy Communion and Extreme Unction, all on the previous morning. When I asked her how she had felt that day, she answered that she felt like a Christian, *what she never was before*, and was so happy that she slept the whole day after. She had lost her hair in the meantime, too. The wardmaid, finding her feverish, proposed to cut it off. One of the visitors who happened to be present at the moment, seeing the hair so nice and silky, said it was a pity to take it off; but on a moment's reflection added, that perhaps it was better to be without it. The patient made not the least objection: "What do I want with it now?" she said.

I now thought that too much attention could not be given to

poor Mary, and I asked the other visitors to say a word to her whenever they passed through the ward. However, it so turned out that after a little while all the visitors but two were sure to find her not awake. These sufficed, and on the days they did not come she was content to be alone. One lady, it appeared, had asked Mary to pray for her, and this she evidently thought no one with right sense would have done:—the idea of saying such a thing to the like of her, who didn't know how to pray for herself! Another talked too much and tired her: "She says more in two minutes than you do in an hour," she remarked to one of her particular friends; "she jades me." Whenever there was a chance of these friends she kept her face turned to the door, and was sure to be awake. "You like us the best," they said to her one day, charitably helping her to an excuse, "because we were the first." "Yes," she replied, "the first and the last." But these friends, though they lived at a distance of some miles from the house contrived never to be more than two, or at the most, three days without seeing her. Sometimes one went and sometimes the other. Often they arrived together; and then they would sit down and talk to one another in such a way as to interest without tiring the sufferer. From the outside world there was not a single relative or former companion to come to see her or to inquire about her. One "visiting day," when the other poor people had their relatives coming to them, Mary's friends remarked to her that she had no "visitors" but themselves. "No," she replied, "none but yourselves, and Almighty God."

Her own people belonged to a distant part of the country. When she mentioned her native place, I remembered it well—a rural district, remarkable for its noble ruins, its round tower, and its graveyard with beautiful sculptured crosses. Her father farmed forty acres of land. Her mother died when she was quite a child, and there was no one to look after her. By and by came a stepmother, and the little girl was kept going, minding the children and the cows. She ran away from home one day—one woful day—when she was about fifteen years of age, and soon fell into bad company. She had been in many parts of Ireland, but never in England, for she had a dread of crossing the sea. In the end she fell ill, and all her little things went, and at last she might go herself. She was admitted into a hospital, where they kept her for some time; and then, perhaps because recovery was hopeless, they discharged her. She crept along for the length of two or three streets until, faint from weakness, she had to sit down on the flagway. Two ladies who were passing by, stopped, looked at her, and gave her sixpence. There was a struggle in her mind whether she would go into a public-house, or get a cab to take her to the workhouse. Her good angel, doubtless, helped her to a right decision, and she went to where we found her.

Although it did not appear that her family had ever cared to

inquire about her, and it was quite certain that she had disgraced herself and them, we still thought it might be well to let her father know where she was. Mary thought so, too, and fancied he might "bring her home to bury her," as he was always fond of gathering his people about him, or in other words, of having them buried in the old churchyard. We therefore wrote to ask a clergyman in the neighbourhood to forward a note to the farmer, if he were still alive. But there was no response of any kind. And indeed Mary did not seem to take the matter much to heart.

At first she had said there was no one in the world who would care to know where she was, or to hear what great mercy God had shown to her. But afterwards she remembered there was a decent man, whose name she did not know, who used to pass the places he lived in, and take notice of her and speak kindly to her. He wanted her to go with him to C—— street chapel, that he might give her up to Father ——; and he told her that he and his wife always said a *Pater* and *Ave* for her at their night prayers. And again, she recollected that in the little shop where she used to buy her tea and sugar the man behind the counter used to give her the best of advice. The last time she went to make her purchases she told him she was going into hospital, and that he would never see her again; and he spoke to her about seeing a priest the first thing when she got there. He did not know her name; he used to call her "little Mary."

Meanwhile the disease made rapid progress, and the changes that attend consumption were painfully noticeable—the death-like pallor one day, the hectic flush another. The suffering was great certainly, but the heart was at peace, and Mary was well content—she was better off than better people, she thought. Good order was kept in the ward, and she did not suffer from her surroundings more than was inevitable. When the ladies were not there, there would be a good deal of chatter, but no bad words. Once only, when the wardmaid, a well-disposed woman, was away, the others began to talk in a manner that Mary fancied was meant as a reflection on *her*. But she drew the crucifix to her: what was it all to her? she cared for nothing now but the Almighty God. The windows on one side of the ward overlooked the yard, a large square, the resort all through the day of the general population of the body of the House. The noise and tumult, the rioting and the cursing, would reach the ears of the patients; and Mary used to say that, bad as she had been herself, she never went on like *that*.

When asked how she got through the long, lonesome nights, she replied that she took a pinch of snuff now and again: it was great company to her, and so was the moon. She had another resource, for she used to think over what her visitors had said to her during the day. Finding her memory so retentive, they took care to provide her with subjects for meditation. Some parts of the New Testament narrative particularly impressed her; such, for

instance, as the story of Mary in the house of the Pharisee, and the whole beautiful history of the birth of the Saviour in Bethlehem. In one of the talks by the bedside she had heard it said that people who have been friends on earth will in all probability recognise one another in heaven, if they are so happy as to get there. This fastened on her imagination; and when her visitors sometime afterwards told her that she must be sure to pray for them when she saw the face of God, she took up the idea quickly, and said she surely would, and that she would be waiting at the gates of heaven to let them in.

Christmas came at length, bringing seasonable thoughts to her as well as to other Christians. Her thoughts were the offering of a grateful heart. It was a constant source of wonder to her that God had shown her such mercy. "I was often told," she said, "that I'd die a happy death; and now it is coming true. I am well content with His holy will; and I only pray that He will not take me until I am ready to meet Him. This is the loneliest Christmas I ever put in: but the happiest; with the love and fear of God and His grace about me—what I never had before."

One day she asked were we not going to "put her in the scapulars;" adding, with a quiet smile: "I have done everything you bid me, and now it is my turn to tell *you* what you are to do." The scapulars were accordingly brought on the next occasion to hang near the head of the bed until it should be convenient to the priest to invest her.

The last time we saw poor Mary alive was on Saturday within the octave of the Epiphany. The first of her friends that arrived on the following Monday found the bed empty, and heard from the people in the ward that the patient sufferer had died at six o'clock on Sunday morning, having called for something to eat about an hour before, when the night nurse went round. She had "gone off like a lamb; and looked lovely, just like wax, when she was dead, with the large crucifix at one side overhead, and the candle at the other, and the little cross on her breast." But the lady wouldn't go to the dead-house, the people supposed.

But the lady did go to the dead-house, to say a last prayer over the poor girl whose happiest Christmas had been spent on a pauper's death-bed. The wardmaster, who unlocked the door of the room, lighted by a jet of gas, in which stood a little table covered with papers and registries, and the trestles on which the dead were decently laid awaiting burial, remarking the delicate features and marked outline of the girl's face, observed that there seemed to be something superior about her.

The visitor fancied what Mary would say if she could hear the remark; and turned her steps homeward, thinking very much of a child tending cows in the pastures, and of a watcher by the gates of heaven.

THE MISSING NOTES.

BY JOSEPHINE M. MACAULAY.

MY brother Tom is my hero. He is worth making a hero of; better worth than many of those I read about in my novels, lying always on my sofa in Tom's house—for I am a cripple—and perhaps the highest and most conclusive evidence I can give you of his value is, that I am, and always have been, a happy cripple. He is not a strictly handsome hero. His fair hair looks as if it had been darkened by the warm sun; and he has quiet eyes, not large or liquid, but very dark blue and very serious. His figure is slight and lithe, but muscular enough to be very strong when his brother's weakness has need of it. He rattles away in his pleasant voice when he thinks I am brooding over my old sorrow of being a burden to him, just as he used of old when he was working hard to pay the eight hundred pounds of debt which were the only legacy my father left him.

Tom was cashier then in the bank close by which we live. In our childish days we used to play in the wide garden behind the bank house with our dear little companion, Alice Haywood, who lived two or three doors off. This house was at one time given to the cashier rent-free. One came, however, whose wife took to trimming morning dresses with real lace at a guinea a yard, and who had himself taken to give superb dinners and suppers. Quiet bankers in the city, who partook of these entertainments, returned home, remarking that Mrs. Wildethorpe, the cashier's wife, must be a wonderful housewife to be able to manage all this. But a day of reckoning came, when the books were found to be some thousands to the wrong side; and after that no cashier was allowed to live in the bank-house. The only person who lived there in our day was Mr. Oldham, the correspondent—of whom anon.

So the deserted garden was left to us and our romping. There was an old, dry well at the end, with a Gothic archway leading into it, shaded by overhanging trees. By creeping down a few mouldy steps one had at once a splendid hiding-place, or better still, a wicked ogre's castle. On an unlucky day for me, I was the ogre, darting out on two weary wayfarers who had lost their way in the neighbouring forest—a fine, upright, young ogre I was then—but in my haste, I slipped on the moss-grown steps and went crashing down the irregular flight, sinking insensible amongst the mud and stones at the bottom. My leg was broken in the fall, and my back severely injured.

Alice Haywood was a very wild little girl; and she had a step-mother who objected strongly to little muddy boots tramping over the nice holland stair-covers, and a brown hat in a tattered condition,

lying on a drawing-room chair, when a visitor called. She was not particularly fond of her little step-daughter, and did not try to tame her. Many a time the poor child would come flying into our house, the offending hat hanging on her back, and her curly hair all tumbled about her soiled face, to have a good cry on my mother's breast. The little girl's moods affected us boys very much, as if we had been two trusty young barometers and she a very variable atmosphere. When Alice stormed on the subject of her stepmother's unkindness, we caught the angry glow on our sympathetic faces. When Alice rained tears on my mother's bosom, our countenances fell to zero. When Alice brightened up and sat down to tea with a fresh-washed face and shining curls, we rose to "set—fair" at once, and plied the bread and butter with manly vigour. Thus my mother grew to love her as if she had been her own child; while to us she became more than the dearest sister—our idol, our darling. Her father, a weak sort of man, who alternately petted and neglected her, died about the time of my accident; and the two events quieted her a good deal. She became tidier both about the house and in her dress. And the romping days were over; for Tom and she cared little for games that set them thinking of a poor little sufferer upstairs, and brought the tears welling up into her kind, brown eyes. Her stepmother had little fault to find with her now; for the Alice who came stealing in of an evening to learn her lessons with Tom at the foot of my sofa, grew tidier and quieter as the months wore on. Tidier and sweeter every way she grew, until I think she must have been pretty near perfection that time, about five years ago, when a certain event occurred which I am going to tell you.

She was a young lady of nineteen or twenty then, and the age of school-books and pinafores had passed away; but she would come tripping in of an evening when my mother was busy, and Tom was out, and I lying lonely on my sofa; and would sit there chatting and working, as simple as ever—such a merry, busy Alice. Her stepmother had come to love her in her slow sort of way, for Alice worked hard to eke out their little income, and tended her so gently; and it was when, her dinner over and her one cup of tea sipped, she sat dozing in her chair and wanted for nothing more, that a dear, well-known foot would sound in the upstairs parlour where I lay, and a soft, cool hand fall on my forehead; and that would tell me that Alice was come in for the evening.

Most people knew how we all looked forward to the day when, those dreadful debts all paid away, poor Tom would make her indeed all our own. Mrs. Haywood knew it amongst the rest, and in her cross moods was wont to mutter about "beggarly bank clerks." Of course she wanted her pretty stepdaughter to make a rich match: but as she had no objection to bring against our plan except the long engagement, and Alice did not mind that, she gave a kind of consent. Nevertheless, I always felt she would be right glad if

anything came between them ; and she never liked us, or had anything to do with us, or we with her. I need not attempt to describe Alice.' I do not believe in written description for bringing a face before the mind's eye. It is the expression of your friend's face that your mind carries and your heart loves. It is the varying of light and shade ; the changes from sunny pleasure to darkening vexation, the many touches of character that lie in the curve of eye and lip that have clothed that face with its dearest charm of loved familiarity. And I know that, were I to write for ever, I could not make you see our Alice as I saw her that sunny May evening, sitting by the open window with her dear head bent a little, and her brown eyes on her work. I cannot show you her sweet mouth, with its many changes, that I watch as the stream of chat breaks away between her white teeth. I cannot make you see the folds of her pretty muslin dress sweeping the carpet near me. I cannot show you how pleasant a picture she makes with the brown woodwork, the white window curtains, and the graceful, creeping leaves for a frame, and the bright evening sky, and one vase of her own matchless arranging, for a background. It is a pleasant window that, opening on a little balcony, with a flight of iron steps leading down to the garden.

"What do you think of Mr. Oldham, John," asked Alice, looking up from her work.

The correspondent had been with us the evening before, and Alice and I were given to discussing men and manners in these confabulations.

"He is very clever," I answered, "and very good-looking."

"Yes, I suppose so," she said, dubiously ; "but, John—don't laugh, please—I do not care for him, and I wish Tom was not so much thrown with him."

"Prejudices, Alice," I said, with the air of a mentor ; "especially prejudices formed at first sight, are matters which the youthful mind should carefully avoid. What fault have you to find with this most prepossessing young gentleman, whose looks throw Tom Craven far in the shade, and whose talents are equal to opening a lady's workbox, particularly an old-fashioned and curious one, with a quill, when she in her carelessness had mislaid the key?"

"O John !" she cried, with a quick flush, "how can you compare them even in fun ? It was just when he was performing his wily feat of opening my box that I was struck with the expression of truth in Tom's blue eyes, beside the crafty, intense look in his black ones. No, no : a trick like that would not suit Tom's style of physiognomy."

The speech was so characteristic of Alice, and at the same time so true, that I laughed with great zest, and she caught the infection ; so that we were both in the height of our enjoyment when Tom came up the steps from the garden and stepped in, asking what the fun was. When he heard what it was, he ejacu-

lated a pleasant little "Oh!" and then sat down on the end of my sofa, picked up Alice's reel, and began winding and unwinding it while he detailed a very choice piece of news.

"I have had a letter from my publisher to-night," he said, "inclosing a cheque for fifty pounds. My book, it appears, is going to take after all. That with the £350 I already have, makes up the last instalment due to the creditors. And I am free. That's good news—isn't it, Alice?"

"Aye, Tom, dear: grand news," she said, looking up at him with all her soul in her brown eyes. "Oh! and here is Mrs. Craven and our tea."

Then the grand news was retailed to mother, and they sat down to tea, having propped me up to have mine, and we were all very merry.

"Though you were all so strong against poor Oldham," said Tom, helping himself to a slice of bread and butter, "he is a first-rate fellow. He seemed right glad to hear I had the money for father's debt at last. I told him I should pay it to-morrow morning. By the way, someone told me lately that Oldham would be off to some friends of his in America if he had the money; but he said nothing of it to me. Perhaps he was not so communicative as I, or perhaps I talked too fast for him to get in a word. Faith, I could have told it to the lamp-posts as I came along, I was so brimful of it. It was not so bad for four years, after all."

"Why did you tell him, Tom?" asked Alice, with a slight shade of vexation in her tone; "what was it to him?"

"Nothing," cried Tom; "but why do you ask? Did you mind my telling him?"

She assured him she had no reason for what she said beyond the prejudice against which I had so kindly warned her. And then Mr. Oldham's name was dropped. That was a very happy evening, but many a bright evening has a dark morrow.

There are some people whose very bearing seems to remind you of regular hours, of rising in the balmy, early mornings, and of long stretches of dewy fields and moors accomplished before breakfast, whom you could more readily imagine performing the most wonderful matutinal feats of pedestrianship than lolling over a mid-day breakfast, whilst the summer sun poured down hot and glorious on the world outside, marking the meridian of another weary day in the poor man's life of toil. My brother Tom was one of these; and on the morning following the evening I have just spoken of, he was up even earlier than usual, so that he might have his walk and call on my father's creditor before going to business.

He always called at the bank on his way home to breakfast, to take from the safe the money required for the day's business, which the old porter carried in a box to the cashier's desk. Among the notes on this particular morning were three rolls of a hundred

pounds each. He placed all neatly in the desk, locked it, exchanged a "Good morning" with the porter, and went home to breakfast merrily.

"It is almost a pity that I have not been lodging that money in a bank all this time," said Tom, as we sat at the meal, alluding to the topic of our day. "It seems a stupid thing to have kept it all in the house, as an old Connemara woman rolls her sovereigns in a stocking. But I thought it hardly worth while doing so, when I was to pay it away so soon."

"It was not very long certainly," said my mother, proudly. "And are you going to pay it this morning?" she asked.

"Yes," was the brisk answer, accompanied by running to and fro to gather little matters together. And then he seized his hat, and, as our faithful old servant Margaret described it, "tattered" down the stairs and was gone.

It was still early as, his little business transacted on the way, Tom walked into the bank. He found there only Mr. Gordon the manager, who greeted him cheerily as he came in.

"Here is one of the many advantages accruing from the qualities of early birds like you, Craven," he said. "You are the very man I wanted, and thanks to your punctual habits, we can have a few minutes over our books before the rest come in."

Tom remarking that he was fortunate in coming even earlier than usual this morning, proceeded to bring out his books, and in so doing had occasion to go at once to his desk. He unlocked it, feeling the lock for the first time, a little stiff, raised the lid—but the next instant started violently, almost letting it fall. The three rolls of notes were gone, and the little piles of gold tossed about. Some one had been to the desk since he left it.

In a moment the full gravity of his situation burst on him with that horrible graphic clearness in which things paint themselves on some minds with the first glance at danger. The debt which he had paid that very morning, the well-known fact of his long engagement, his very love for Alice—must all give damning evidence against him. Even the fact of its being discovered on the very morning when he was called upon to go over his books would weigh against him.

It is a miserable thing to be dashed from the very sunshine of happiness to the darkness of sorrow and disgrace—to look into the dazzling face of success and turn round to meet the fixed glare of ruin. All this flew like lightning through my brother's mind as he stood, one hand supporting the heavy lid and his eyes fixed on the rifled desk and the bright scattered gold; till his kind old friend, the manager, came and touched him on the shoulder, asking him playfully if he was in a trance. But when he caught a glimpse of his young friend's rigid face, he started back with a quick cry of: "My God! what's the matter, boy?"

"Ruin is the matter," was the answer.

Then he told it all, boldly but hopelessly. It was no tale to be ashamed of, and yet it was to end in ruin. Where was the sorriest loop-hole through which he might escape? Who could have done it? Had he been asked the hour before he would have sworn that no one could open that intricate lock unless with his own key, which he kept so safely. And could his enemy have chosen a better day for the attack than this one? Yet who knew (except his own) of his intention of paying the debt that morning? In a moment the answer came to his mind—but he drew it back before it found utterance. He would accuse no one yet; but the evening walk with Oldham and the odious quill-trick had suddenly arisen and thrown a miserable light on the matter.

The manager had heard him to the end with his eyes fixed on the honest face he had loved and trusted so long. He did not notice the sudden halt and the dark look that followed the despairing account of the ignorance of everyone about the payment of the debt; for he was wondering if he could ever trust anyone or anything in the world in the case of Tom Craven turning out to be utterly worthless. But the next instant he was angry with himself for such a thought, looking at such a face; and as some of the other gentlemen came into business, he turned round to meet them, determined to fight his young friend's unequal battle with the world.

After bank hours a private inquiry was made into the matter. Things were dead against Tom. His story sounded lame and improbable; and even were it true, how was the truth to be vindicated? How was the thief to be discovered? One slender clue he had, and one alone—the notes were all fresh from the paster's, and amongst them was one on the Commercial Bank of the city. No one had been seen in the office except himself. No one had any business to the office but him. The porter was called, but could throw no light on the subject. He had not seen anyone in the office but Mr. Craven. That gentleman had placed the money carefully in the desk, locked it, tried it to see that it was secure, and gone off saying, "Good morning," in his usual pleasant way. The only person who could offer evidence calculated to weigh in the least degree against anyone but Tom, was a woman who acted as a sort of caretaker in the bank-house and waited on Oldham. When she was called, she declared that, as she was bringing up the milk for Mr. Oldham's breakfast, she suddenly encountered that gentleman in the passage outside, and that she could almost have sworn he had come out of the office. Mr. Oldham, with some heat and great appearance of injured innocence, represented that it was unfair to throw an aspersion on a gentleman's character on such evidence as this, or to condemn him when brought by chance, and only for a moment, into the proximity of a treasure so secure. This would probably have been admitted and the question dropped, had not young O'Neil, a staunch admirer of Tom's, looked up

from his corner, where he sat, softly tracing his name on the blotting paper, and said: "The only thing that gives the matter any material weight is Mr. Oldham's well-known trick of opening locks with quills."

This remark gave affairs quite a new turn. Tom looked gratefully towards his young champion; Oldham with a contemptuous curl of his well-cut lip. The directors looked grave, and in a moment the whole staff was split into two little parties—one for Tom, the other for Oldham. The inclination seemed to be to hush the matter up. A search would be made in the most private manner for the missing notes. Tom was to keep his post for the present—Oldham his; but the latter was temporarily to give up his residence in the bank-house. And so matters stood when Tom came home that day, looking ten years older than when he started bright with happiness in the morning.

When our dinner was over, which was generally about four o'clock, to suit my brother's hours, he rose and said shortly that he was going out. My mother looked at him sadly, for the rain was coming down heavily; and she knew that he was growing restless, because Alice Haywood had not come in at once, on her return from the tuitions which generally occupied her time until about half-past two in the afternoon. He had left a line at her door to come to us as soon as possible, as we were in trouble. We had heard that the news of the robbery had in certain cliques got out already, and that Mrs. Haywood's remarks were unfavorable in the extreme to my brother.

He came back after a while drenched and tired looking. He glanced round the room, and then came and sat down at the end of my sofa, with clasped hands. No pleasant winding up of Alice's reel to-night. It was with difficulty that my mother coaxed him to go and change his wet clothes. Six o'clock came and seven. Alice had never been so late before. At every knock, at every step, Tom listened intently—but no Alice. As we sat at the tea-table he looked up suddenly and said:

"Mother!"

"Well, dear."

"Mother, could little Alice think I did this?"

She looked up from the tea-cups, with sorrowful reproach in her eyes and in her voice. "Ah, Tom!" she said, "it is time you knew Alice better than this."

He sighed deeply. "Perhaps it is, mother; only when did we sit down to tea without Alice before. Poor Alice! poor, patient little Alice!"

When, indeed! The place looked blank and lonely. I turned my head towards the closed window. The rain was falling thickly, running down the glass, pattering on the balcony, and seeming to sing in its dancing rhythm: "She was here last night when the sun shone—where is she now that the rain falls?" The vase of

her arranging stood on the little table still, and it somehow looked to me as if it, too, knew what the rain said, and was ashamed of Alice, and had nothing to say in her defence. Had she come home? If we even could know that much! But we could not send to Mrs. Haywood to inquire. It was a sad, sad evening,

Next day, things went on at the bank just as usual, at least in public. In private the clerks were divided into two parties—one for Tom, the other for Oldham. The day passed, and Tom came home to dinner; and again came the question: "Has Alice been here?"

"No."

I turned wearily to my window again. What was this? Was I turning traitor to my darling sister? What was this? Was our golden, precious Alice going to turn out a miserable, worthless Alice after all? Ah! the old barometrical feeling. Would not all that was golden in the world turn out wretched and worthless if that were the case? Tom went out after dinner for a dreary, spiritless stroll, and came in, looking none the better of it. He glanced hurriedly round the room, then heaved a deep sigh, sat down by the table, and laid his forehead down upon his folded arms. There was deep silence in the room. My mother sat in a far window, working. I lay on my sofa, looking listlessly out still, listening to the tick of the little clock on the mantelpiece, and feeling that dullness of heart and weary confusion of mind that we best describe as "not knowing what to think?"

It was seven o'clock. My courage had been sinking since six. Her own hour had passed—and no Alice! And I was feeling very sad, indeed, when suddenly I thought I heard a light footstep on the stairs. The door was ajar, and as I turned I saw Alice come in. The others did not hear her, and she looked over at me, laying her finger on her lip with a sad, little smile. Then she went up to the table and laid her hand on my brother's shoulder.

"Tom!"

He started from his mournful position. He gazed up into her face with eager, joyful eyes; everything seemed forgotten save that she was there—trusting in him. Then he held out his hand, and said: "You don't believe it of me, then, Alice?"

She laid one hand quietly on both of his, and the other on his shoulder, looking straight down into his eager eyes. "Tom, is this all your trust in me after so many years?"

Such deep, tender reproach in the simple words, and our Alice is golden Alice down to the very core. Now all the beautiful things in the world may go on being beautiful and precious and true again; and so, in our small way, may Tom and I, poor maltreated barometers that we are. My opinion of Alice is that, if all the world turned out against Tom and spoke ill of him, she would quietly turn her back on it and its opinions and give him her trusty little hand as she did just now. She might

feel sorry that the good people in it did not know her treasure as she did, but only for his sake, not her own.

Tom breathed a fervent "Thank God" from the depths of his honest heart. Alice passed over to the window where my mother sat, and stooping kissed her softly on the forehead. Then she told us how she had been a long way from home on the previous day; how, as it rained so badly in the evening, and as she had a slight sore throat, the kind lady of the house had insisted on her remaining the night and sending a messenger to her stepmother; how she, not dreaming of trouble at home, had stayed to give the children lessons which would save going back soon again; and had not returned until within the last twenty minutes or so, when she had been told the sad news.

O wicked rain! that detained her in one end of the town and told lies of her to me in the other. O false brother, who lay and listened to the lies! how can you dare to look her in her true face as she sits at the end of your sofa, believing you to be the loyal, loving brother you pretend to be? That evening was far brighter than the last, both inside and out. The rain, with its lying insinuations, had been put to rout, and the flower-vase had a bright background of sky again. But the cloud, the heavy, inky cloud, had not passed away yet.

May passed, and June passed, but there was no trace of the money. The saving and planning in our house was more rigid than ever under the weight of a new and more urgent debt. Matters in the bank went on as usual. The missing note had not come in to the Commercial Bank. Oldham and his partisans were merry in his new lodgings. July passed and August came. Then the news began to spread about that Oldham would be off to America ere long. He had spoken of this before the robbery, but not since. Now it seemed that the aspersion cast on his honorable character by my brother was becoming more than he could bear. On the 17th of August he hoped to entertain his friends at supper, and on the following week he would sail. Through all these months my dear brother had been growing more and more pale and haggard-looking. I fear the barometer was sadly out of order in those days, for no matter how bright Alice might look of an evening, the cloud hung heavily on his brow with little brightening. I almost think that Alice herself turned barometer then, for the cloud was reflected darkly on her sweet face as she bid me "good-night," though she struggled hard against it. The sight of Tom's face, pale and weary, was wont to haunt her after she left us, and Alice had sleepless nights those times.

The evening of the 16th of August I remember particularly. Alice had come in as usual. We were not such a merry little party by half as we used to be of old. Tom used to be so full of fun, and now he was so changed and so grave. He was especially so on this evening to which I refer, and the shade on Alice's face

was darker than ever as she bent over my sofa with her gentle "Good night." It lingered there when she went to rest. It sat enthroned in her brown eyes, and would not let the eyelids close above them. It lowered above her restless form, driving dewy sleep far from her. There was no use in turning the cool side of her pillow and closing her eyes firmly. Tom's care-worn face was as plain to them closed as open; and all night she lay awake thinking. She was startled from one of those deep reveries, which on an occasion like this, sometimes cheat us into the belief that we are falling asleep, by the sound of a cock crowing. She looked about and saw that the things in the room were growing quite plain, and she took the fortunate idea into her head that she would dress and watch the sunrise, instead of keeping up this futile attempt at sleep. Alice's room was like the upstairs parlour in our house, and had also a little balcony with a flight of iron steps. The Haywoods' house was some few doors farther from the bank than ours, and though the gables and back-buildings of the bank-house hid the old garden from the intervening houses, they gave way before that obtrusive little balcony outside Alice's window; and by stepping out on it, one could have a view of the end of the garden where the covered well stood—a very round-the-corner sort of view, certainly, but it had been useful to us children long ago.

Alice leaned against the balustrade and went on with the thoughts which had been keeping her awake all night. The old well was looming darkly in the deserted garden—so indistinct that less practised eyes than hers would hardly have recognised it as such at all. It sent her thoughts back to old times and the fun we used to have then; when suddenly it struck her that there was something moving in the archway. The shade was very deep there under the overhanging trees, and it was a little time before she could assure herself that there was indeed something, and that it looked very like a man creeping stealthily along. Her curiosity was excited, and setting her foot firmly into a part of the balustrade, she raised herself up, so that she might see over the low buildings into the middle of the garden. As she did so, the figure emerged from the shadow into the clearer light, and she recognised it as—Oldham. She tightened her grasp convulsively on the rail, and watched him with straining eyes. He carried *something* clasped closely in both hands. He crept along by the wall and disappeared through a little wicket leading into a lane beside the bank.

A little after six Alice came in to relate to us what she had seen. She met Tom going out for his morning ramble, and then flew up to my mother's room. Our delight was hardly greater than that of the good manager, Mr. Gordon, when he heard the account.

Oldham had resigned his situation on the previous evening, and would not come to the office that day. About eleven o'clock a

messenger came over from the Commercial Bank with the much-watched-for note. It was exactly as Tom described it; and though it had been lost for three good months, the paste was still damp upon it. This was accounted for, when, on the old well being searched, the other two rolls were found buried there. A search was also made in Oldham's lodgings, where a portion of the third roll was found; he having heard of the alarm, and disappeared with all haste. So Tom got back his good name, and only lost a part of the one roll, some forty pounds or so, and the loose gold.

The debt is all paid away long ago. I hear Alice's gay laugh out in the garden with Tom; and I, grown almost strong under her loving care, hasten to cast aside my pen and join them.

THE LARK'S MATINS.

ONE summer morn in olden time
 A saintly man was singing Prime;
 His casement open wide he flung
 To breathe fresh odours as he sung:
Jam lucis orto sidere.

He thought of the eternal day
 Whose blessed Sun shall shine for aye:

*Linguam refrenans temperet
 Ne litis horror insonet.*

He thought of all this earthly strife,
 And longed for that calm peaceful life,
 Where all is harmony—when hark!
 Upon his ear a soaring lark
 Sent down a flood of living song,
 That held his soul entranced long.
 Clear through the air the wild notes rang,
 And thus unto his soul it sang:—

“The grey dawn breaks, and the earth awakes
 From her slumber all tranquil and sweet.
 Oh! the balm-laden air is so calm everywhere
 I can hear my heart's light beat.

"I rise! I rise! I seek the skies!
Where I'll sing to the sun all day;
For so sweet 'tis to rove in the blue fields above,
That on earth I cannot stay,

"The dewdrop I fling from my airy wing,
And it lies like a silver bead
On the daisy's breast, which to mine I pressed,
When I slept in the flowery mead.

"As upwards I soar, my song I pour
To the fountain of golden light;
Far westward I see, the black shadows flee,
And away rolls the hideous night.

"Up, up, I go! all things below
Grow less as I soar away;
The stars hide with fear, and the moon so clear
'Gins to pale in the face of day.

"Oh, many a heart from earth would part,
And soar with me to the skies;
There for ever to sing the praise of their King,
In the fields of Paradise."

He watched the bird with aching eyes
Till it had mingled with the skies,
Till ev'n its song, that erst so clear
Had soothed his soul and charmed his ear—
Though for a while it seemed to stay—
Had died in echoes far away:
"Oh! may my soul," the good priest said,
"Thus singing soar when I am dead."

A. A.

LECTURES BY A CERTAIN PROFESSOR.

X. ABOUT CHARACTER.

THE study of even the simplest human character presents, to anyone who brings to the study of it a sense of even artistic conscientiousness, a very complex problem. The very first difficulty that presents itself arises from the obvious fact that at no given period that may be selected for examination is it a permanently-formed whole. Not only has it grown to be what it is, but it is in process of growing to what it is to be—and not the most gnarled oak is liable to greater eccentricities of development. It is encased in a mould of circumstance that fits it for the present, or seems to fit it, as the bark fits the tree; but all the time the inner life is acting on the outer mould, and is reacted upon by it in turn; and in this correlation of spiritual forces the axiom by no means holds that action and reaction are equal and in opposite directions. Nor is it easy to estimate the separate effect of these forces. Easy enough to see a given act or a series of actions; easy, in many cases to trace a certain family likeness in each individual of the series; easy, perhaps, to make a rough estimate of the predominant quality that gives the prevailing flavour to the fruit of outward action; but not easy, nay, the most difficult of all things, to form an entirely just judgment of what falls under your observation. Even if you have all other materials for judgment, there is one that eludes your subtlest tests, and it is the one of all others that ought to enter into any judgment that deserves the name. You know not, you cannot know, except with more or less conjectural probability, a man's motives.

Yet these are difficulties that do not seem even to occur to most of those who, whether in novel, or history, or real life, constitute themselves examiners of character. They are, as a general rule, by far too systematic. A system is, in general, a machine for saving labour, but in nine cases out of ten the labour it saves is labour that is indispensable. There is a rotundness and a completeness about a system that have an irresistible fascination for minds that imagine themselves philosophic, but are only impatient of trouble. A formula is easy to find, and easy to work. Once make up your mind that a man has a certain predominant passion, and you have but to use that as a key to unlock the mysteries of his life. But the misfortune is that life-mysteries are usually hidden under more than one lock. There are, undoubtedly, people who have a predominant passion; but there are others who seem to have several—to have a sort of gamut of passions from which the hand of circumstance evokes the most various music. And again,

there are some whose lives are pale and commonplace, whose hearts are hermetically sealed, like the rock in the Arabian tale, cry how the world may its—"Open wheat," "Open barley"—till at last fate shouts out, "open sesame," and the shut heart bursts wide open.

Even if a man have a predominant passion, it is certain that it is not the mainspring of all his acts, perhaps not the mainspring of all his characteristic acts.

Most human characters are like globes—every point on the surface has its antipodes.

The inconsistencies of character lie upon the surface so far as observation of character is concerned; but when it comes to the reading of character, I am inclined to think that they lie rather at the root. Just as in taking the dimensions of a rectangle you measure the two sides that lie at right angles; so by taking the two sides of an inconsistency you can measure character. This is almost certainly the case when one side of the inconsistency lies in the realm of theory, and the other in the domain of practice.

People sometimes say of a man, "*Nil æquale homini fuit illi.*" Never a man so unlike himself at one time and at another. Yet examine closely and you will probably find that the seeming unlikeness proceeds from some one deep-seated principle that makes him fundamentally the most consistent of men. Let me give an instance. You meet a man who dislikes work, who takes things easy, whom you would be inclined to call lazy; and yet, on occasion, you find him doing what he has to do with the restless energy of a steam engine. "Inconsistent," you say. Not so; but he is a miracle of indolence, and he is so indolent that when he has anything to do it is necessary to his comfort to get done with it as quickly as possible in order that he may get back to the beatitude of having nothing to do. Hence, indolent people, if they be thoroughly indolent, are rarely procrastinators. Procrastination would cost them too much. This, however, is to be understood, provided, that along with the indolence, they have two other things—a strong sense of duty, and a vivid imagination. The former is necessary to overcome their constitutional reluctance to act at all; the latter to enable them to realise the future discomfort consequent upon present inaction.

There are people of this sort who, under a strong sense of duty, or under pressure of circumstances, contrive to spend a very busy lifetime. On the surface they are the last people in the world whom you would call indolent; but beneath the surface they are sick of it all. They often long to have done with the world, and wish "'twere night and all well." They long for the time when, after life's fitful fever, they may sleep in some quiet corner of the churchyard. Their notion of heaven is as of a place of rest, like the poor German woman of all work who dreamt of heaven as of a place where she might sit for ever in a clean cap, and with folded

hands, singing quiet psalm tunes to herself. But here occurs to me what I take it would be an excellent solvent-of character.

Ask a man what is his notion of heaven, and if he could himself ascertain what it was, and if he were candid enough to tell you, you would have very little more to learn about him. To one it would be a place of rest, to one, a field for unresting energy—to one, of endless variety, to one, of unchanging happiness, the essence of which would be that it was unchanging. I wonder will the real Heaven be in any degree adapted to particular idiosyncracies. Will minds give some little of their own colouring to the white light that will shine for ever? Will special roots of earthly experience grow up and blossom into particular flowers? The last thing I should expect to meet in heaven would be a dead level of intellect and taste. I admire the notion of some of the theologians that each individual angel is a distinct species in himself.

A very good test of character may be found in a man's views with regard to variety and monotony. Some love change for change sake. In the midst of even the happiest present they fling themselves into the future. Others cling to the present, and to the people and things around them, and so let them grow into their hearts that any change must bring with it a tearing up of roots and that consequent displacement of soil that seems to them to disfigure life. Some would fain have a new and glittering suit for each separate day of life's pageant. Others make to themselves a sombre-seeming but well-fitting garb of everyday habit, and wear it till it grows to them as the shell grows to a mollusk, and defends them almost from fate itself. Indeed they are human mollusks, and have need of their shell to protect their boneless frame from contact with the rude world. It has been said that if a coal of fire be placed upon the back of a tortoise the poor creature will creep out of its shell. This, I believe, is not the case. But in the case of such human mollusks as I have spoken of, there are coals that make them creep out of their shell of long-formed habit. And very cold and miserable they look, and exquisitely sensitive, and it is well if some jagged pieces of the shell do not remain clinging to the raw flesh. I have seen them—*moi qui vous parle*.

Yet another key to unlock some of the inner chambers of character seems to be found in the way men bear misfortunes. Some bear them badly, by which I do not mean precisely that they feel them acutely; for some who feel them acutely bear them well. But some bear them badly in that they nurse them and brood over them.

If you have ever seen that saddest of sad sights, a mother nursing her dead child, you will have a vivid illustration of what I mean. She knows the child is dead, but she will not admit so much—yet. She clings to the dead clay and will not let it go. Her eyes, that feel not yet the comfort of tears, will not look to the

dreary present. They persist in going back upon the past—when the little eyes lay open and smiling with the light of life, when the little restless fingers closed over her own and stroked her face, when the delicate bloom lay fresh and fair upon the dimpled cheek. Now—the waxen fingers are stiff and straight, not to be moved by the glitter of the gayest bauble. The eyes are closed, or worse still, lie staring wide open, as if they were the gates whence the little life went out. The “cold hand” has brushed away the bloom, and stolen the baby smile, and smoothed out the dimples. Poor mother, still she *will not* believe. Miracles never cease. The impossible of all ages may be the reality of to-day. There is life in her heart for two—perhaps a spark may leap into the dead child. Or what if she wept? Drooping flowers have revived when the rain fell. She will not see that her crushed flower has been cut away from the root, and that it can never bloom again on this side of the grave.

Just so some people nurse their dead past that has been killed by some misfortune. They go back, and keep going back continually to what they conceive to have been a “turning point,” and keep saying to themselves, “if at such a time I had only done so and so.” They never forgive themselves for their mistakes, and that is the worst mistake of all. It is commonly thought that men most easily condone to themselves their own faults, but it is not always so, and some men who have been “their own worst enemies” find it almost impossible to forgive themselves.

Others—whether better men or worse I shall not decide, but whether better or worse, certainly of stronger mental fibre—easily reconcile themselves to the inevitable, simply on the ground that it is inevitable. Their motto is—

“For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy or there's none;
If there is one, try and find it;
If there is not, never mind it.”

In truth, the gravest misfortune that can befall a man in this life will be much alleviated by the reflection that the mere passing of time will take away all or nearly all its bitterness. In a week you will feel it less, in a month still less, in a year scarcely at all, in ten years either you will have forgotten it altogether or it will be one of those things, bitter enough in the happening, which by a curious anomaly, it will be a pleasure to remember. “*Olim hæc meminisse juvabit*” is profoundly true of the bitterest misfortunes. While you feel them they may seem intolerable—but when you come to tell about them after some time, they are tolerable enough.

“Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem,”

says Æneas—but one feels that it was a piece of hypocritical senti-

ment in that most milk-and-water of epic heroes. He called his sorrow "unutterable," but he contrives to utter it in very smooth hexameters; and does anyone believe that when the pious Æneas got an open to beguile poor Dido with the tale of his sorrows, the chief part of their bitterness was not over?

The fact is, the most ordinary experience teaches how time dulls the keenest emotions. This, I say, is a lesson that experience can teach everyone, but it is a lesson that not everyone is willing to learn. Most people are under the delusion that the learning of such a lesson would be, in some sort, a treason to the past. They love to cling to the notion that their present feeling, especially if it be very deep, and very lively, will be everlasting. They cannot bear to think that the hot tears will be all dried up, and the passionate sorrow cooled, and the dead friend be merely a dim memory, and that the day may come when they could stand tearless beside the grave and criticize the epitaph. But such things happen. It may seem cynical to recognise even their possibility, but they are possible, nay probable, nay even likely, nay in most cases, almost absolutely certain. It is best to recognise the effect of time upon mere emotion, and to learn to link our friendships and our loves with something in their objects that time cannot destroy.

People, I suspect, are slow to acknowledge all this. They fain would cling to present feeling, and construct an imaginary future on the shifting basis of a passing emotion. But nature is kinder to them than they wish. Time and nature will console them in their own despite. Not more surely will moss accumulate and ivy creep over old grey walls, than a covering of graceful and protecting sentiment will spread itself over the ruins of a human past.

Have you ever stood beside a fresh grave that hid away a heart you loved? Then, and for a time, as is the wont of graves, it looks dreary and desolate. It is quite in keeping with your present feeling. The spade has beaten the grass flat, the sods lie uneven, fresh, damp clay is trodden into the place, and all growth seems to have left the spot for ever. But it is not so. The kindly charities of nature and of time clothe even graves with verdure. Soon the grass is green again, and sometimes chance, or a kind hand plants a flower that flourishes. Even so is it with the graves of all dead hopes. Wait in faith for the flowers that shall surely come, and that shall be all the fairer because they grow upon a grave.

The clinging to the belief in the perpetuity of present emotions is one of those illusions which people are unwilling to have dispelled. Youth clings to its ideals, and shouts out a "credo" that the experience of all manhood will proceed to contradict; and will go on to build an edifice of mistake upon a foundation of error, and is not in the least obliged to anyone who tries to make it wise before its time. Youth is so high-spirited it will not beg, nor will

it borrow, it will buy, even, if need be, with tears and blood, its own experience. It hates to be wise. Says Goethe, "Every man commonly defends himself as long as possible from casting out the idols he worships in his soul; from acknowledging a master error, or admitting any truth that brings him to despair." Nevertheless, truth is best. The pure white light is a better medium for seeing than any gorgeous, many-coloured mist.

So I preach, but when it comes to practice, that is quite another thing. A physician can write his prescription with exemplary coolness, even though the hieroglyphics represent the nastiest drugs in the pharmacopœia. But then, you see, he has not to take it himself. When he falls sick, he sends for another physician and gets his dose. I confess it is the saddest thing in life this clearing away of the illusions that hang like golden mists about the sunrise of the noblest lives. But it is a thing than which nothing better indicates and registers progressive growth of character. One by one, as the white day broadens, the clouds that glorified the dawn fade out and lose their lustre. One by one the cherished illusions vanish, and leave only the memory of a glory for which nothing that comes after is quite a substitute. Ah, the dear time when the heart was young, and when not the shadow of doubt or of misgiving dimmed the magic mirror in which youth saw life and the world, and the men and women that are in it.

When I think of it I could almost cry out, "Cherish your illusions as long as you can, for life will scarcely ever bring you any reality so graceful as they were." But I am just now the physician, and I feel called upon to examine and prescribe for some cases of illusion that have been waiting in the antechamber of my mind whilst I have been in the inner laboratory concocting the previous portions of this lecture. First case (*place aux dames*): A young lady under the impression that "first love," with its unutterable spooniness, is going to last for ever, and to stand every shock that time and experience will administer. Second case: A young man with a turn not so uncommon for sentimentality of a milk-and-water (but more water than milk) character; and this complicated by an unfortunate capability of stringing rhymes together. The young fool seriously believes in his heart of hearts that Shakspeare himself never wrote such verses (which by the way, is true enough—in a sense), and that he is going to take his place amongst the very few immortals whom fate has selected from the countless millions who have lived and died and been forgotten. A bad case. Again a third patient: an ill-treated, hardly-used wife, who persists in fondly hoping that her brute of a husband will one day, as by miracle cast the slough of his brutality, and appear in the shining splendour of the before-marriage courtship;—the worst case of all. And now what shall I prescribe? First—general prescription for all these cases—time, more or less, according to the patient's constitution: experience, *quant. suff.* This of itself will be amply

sufficient for the first case. No danger of the young lady; she will get over it. For the second case is needed beside a special remedy. It is this: good hard work, *real* work, mental or physical, the latter always more effective because more unmistakeable in the application. Should this fail or be slow in operation, select according to his own taste his ablest poem, and enclose it to a first-rate periodical that finds that it pays to pay its contributors. Wait for the result, and if that fails to cure him he is incurable.

For the third case—ah! my hand falters. What prescription can effect a thorough cure—save this—let the sufferer be laid (in God's good time) in fresh earth and left there in peace. This is all I can prescribe. I may be just now a physician, but I am a man, and I have no heart to dispel, even if I could, which I doubt, the silver mist that may serve to hide the hard outlines of many a sorrow from "faded eyes that long have wept."

Now having dismissed these importunate patients, I return to my proper subject. When human characters first began to be, we find recorded about them a very significant fact. "Male and female He created them;" and appropriating the quotation, I add, "and male and female they have remained ever since." By this apparently trite remark I do not mean merely that the human race has always consisted of two classes, men and women; but I mean, moreover, that there is sex in mind as well as in body; that there are, and have always been, characters masculine and characters feminine; and that the distinction between them is so much deeper than distinction of physical sex, that there are very masculine minds disguised by the appendage of petticoats, and feminine minds that utter themselves to the world through the barriers of a moustache.

Amongst masculine minds I reckon those that are to a large degree under the dominion of principle. Feminine minds, on the other hand, are largely swayed by feeling. There are people of both sexes who have an intense love of justice, and a keen sense of right, and a very passion for logic in their lives; people who are impelled as by a necessity of their nature to interfere in setting right even things that don't seem to concern them; who are not satisfied with executing their own part in any plan of action, but also consume themselves with solicitude about the execution of the parts that fall to the lot of their colleagues. These are eminently minds masculine. Very good people they are, but I doubt if they are pleasant people to live with, and I am sure they will never attain to any large degree of popularity, except, perhaps, amongst those who have the advantage of contemplating their undoubted virtues from a sufficient distance.

On the other hand, there are people who have the comfortable faculty of taking things easy; who, so far from interfering in other people's business, are scarcely solicitous about their own; who are little troubled by any aberration of the social system, provided it

falls short of disturbing their own personal comfort. They are usually genial, pleasant-spoken people, full of animal spirits, with a ready smile and a kind word, and a charming toleration for their own shortcomings, and indeed for those of others that lie outside the plane of their personal convenience. Very pleasant people to meet in society—not, I suspect, quite so pleasant at home. Even normal geniality suffers a reaction, and the reaction usually takes place in the privacy of domestic retirement. Indeed easy-going though they seem, I have observed that no people are more strongly of their own opinion, or better like to have their own way. Can it be that those pleasant-mannered, easy-natured people are selfish?

Selfish people are those whom nine persons out of every ten would be prompt to class under the category of "good-natured." To be thoroughly and enjoyably selfish it is necessary to be on easy terms with oneself, to have a fair share of animal spirits and good humour, and, above all, to have an ineradicable conviction that the world and the people in it were made for one's own personal convenience. Watch your good-natured man. Under a superficial carelessness there is an ever present care to have everything just as he wants it. Under an apparent indifference about alternative plans there works an inexorable determination to pursue one and not the other. He rarely has any strong sense of duty to make him disagreeable. I say to make him disagreeable, for, as the world is at present constituted, I defy any man who has a strong sense of duty not to make himself occasionally disagreeable. The good-natured man exacts from others no unnecessary sacrifices, and in his view no sacrifice is ever necessary except where there is question of his own will or his own interest. As long as these are not involved, he is for letting all the world do as it pleases, and all the world conspires to bestow on him the title of the most good-natured of men.

Never, as it seems to me, have the two classes of human character been placed in sharper contrast than in those exquisitely balanced phrases in which Sallust paints the characters of Cæsar and of Cato.

Each class has its uses—each its merits. As the old woman said, "it takes a mort of men to make a world." As for me, I would deem myself sufficiently happy if I had Cæsar for an everyday acquaintance, and Cato for a friend in need.

NEW BOOKS.

Books for Little Children.—From the French of Monsignor DE SEGUR. (Dublin: Charles Eason, Middle Abbey-street).

EACH of these six little books has a title of its own. *Advice on Piety, Advice on Prayer, Advice on Confession*, are the three translated by Miss Clara Mulholland; while Miss Josephine Macaulay translates *The Child Jesus, Counsels on Temptation and Sin*, and *Counsels on Holy Communion*. They are very clearly and neatly printed. Many would find it convenient to have the little series bound in two volumes, according perhaps to the arrangement suggested above.

The writer of these books for children is the holy blind priest of Paris, who has devoted himself with such zeal and such success to the apostleship of the young. His experience gives him great power in this all-important ministry. His little books all show his familiar acquaintance with childish hearts.

To turn good, genuine, lively French, specially suited for French children, into equally good, genuine, lively English, specially suited for Irish, English, Scotch, American, and Australian children, is as difficult a literary feat as anything of the kind. This difficult feat has been achieved by the two Irish ladies, to whom the youthful generation is indebted for this half-dozen of very cheap and very pretty little books. The first of those epithets may be justified by stating that, though consisting of about a hundred pages, each book costs threepence, or twenty shillings a hundred for distribution. This practical item is mentioned because we hope that many readers of this page will be glad to help in making these good books reach the souls for whom they are intended. As some books of somewhat similar design, excellent in many respects, err nevertheless in dwelling on matters which, however useful for some children, might be hurtful to others, it is well to add that the books now under notice are faultless in this respect also.

A few samples may be given of the skill with which spiritual lessons are brought home to the young reader. Our few samples will probably become fewer in the printer's hands. In impressing on the child that his prayers must be fervent, the case is put plainly thus—

“Fervour is like hot water, boiling water, without which you cannot boil eggs. Put an egg into lukewarm water, it will never be cooked, and you could not eat it. Our actions are like eggs that must be cooked; fervour is the heat which makes the water boil. It is the fire of the Heart of Jesus, which penetrates our prayers and sanctifies all our actions.”

Then, in the same page, the usual sound doctrine about sensible devotion is couched in this wise:—

“These consolations are like jam to luncheon; jam is very agreeable, and helps us to eat our bread with a better appetite, but really it is the bread that nourishes us and not the jam. When you have this grace of fervour, thank God who does not spoil you, as your good kind grandmamma does. When you do not feel this fervour, keep yourself quiet, and pray as well as you can. A Christian should be brave enough to eat his bread dry, without feeling the want of sweet things.”

Next come some lively comparisons of the various ways of praying with the various ways of flying among birds. It is capitally done, but it takes up a couple of pages. Elsewhere we are told that “mental prayer is altogether interior—it remains in the heart like a little bird in its nest.” In the very complete paragraph about ejaculatory prayers—“they are like so many little puffs of wind that keep up the fire of love in our poor hearts.” Morning prayer is very suggestively called the baptism of the day, evening prayer its extreme unction; and this thought is very beautifully developed.

The excellent little treatise on Temptation and Sin ends with a few very graceful original hymns—A Child’s Morning Prayer, Night Prayer, and Act of Contrition. “The Child Jesus” is, perhaps, the most charming of the series, and, like the others, one forgets in reading it that it is a translation.

Evidence given in the case of O’Keeffe v. M’Donald at the Wicklow Summer Assizes, 1875. By the Rev. W. J. WALSH, D.D., Professor of Theology, St. Patrick’s College, Maynooth; with an Introduction and Notes. (Dublin: M’Glashan and Gill).

THIS complete report of Dr. Walsh’s evidence in “the latest, if not the last stage of the Callan litigation,” is due to a suggestion coming from a “source that left compliance a matter not of free choice but of duty.” The evidence itself, aided by the introduction which precedes and the notes which accompany it, forms a very intelligible and interesting, and certainly very able résumé of the chief points of the case, of which it is to be hoped we shall hear nothing more.

A Guide to Dublin: its History, Antiquities, and Objects of Public Interest. By T. D. SULLIVAN. (Dublin: A. M. Sullivan, 90, Middle Abbey-street.)

VISITORS to Dublin, and still more, the dwellers in our city, will do wisely if they ask this excellently-planned and excellently-executed Shilling Guide-book to show them what is worth seeing in the beautiful metropolis of Ireland. An immense mass of interesting information is communicated in a clear and agreeable style, and is made more accessible by a careful index. No doubt the number of the editions required of this useful little book will more than keep pace with the number of its years.

MEMORARE.

GENTLE Lady! who has ever
 Sought in vain thy friendly aid?
 Soul distressed or tempted never
 At thy shrine unheeded prayed.
 No, O Mother! mortal ne'er
 Bowed before thee, aid imploring,
 But thy hand was raised outpouring
 Grace, in answer to his prayer.

Who has mourned an earthly sorrow,
 Bitter though his grief might be,
 But has felt his spirit borrow
 Strength from converse held with thee?
 None, O Mother! mortal ne'er
 Bowed before thee, aid imploring,
 But thy hand was raised outpouring
 Grace in answer to his prayer.

Who, when urged by evil passion,
 Turned, thy loving help to sue,
 But has known what thy compassion
 In the soul's distress can do?
 None, O Mother! mortal ne'er
 Bowed before thee, aid imploring,
 But thy hand was raised outpouring
 Grace, in answer to his prayer.

See before thy altar kneeling
 Those whose griefs may pity claim,
 Hear the prayer which heavenward stealing
 Calls upon a mother's name.
 Hear us, Mother! mortal ne'er
 Bowed before thee, aid imploring,
 But thy hand was raised outpouring
 Grace, in answer to his prayer.

T. F.

THE CHANCES OF WAR.

BY A. WHITELOCK.

CHAPTER X.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

"'Twas fate, they'll say, a wayward fate,
 Your web of discord wove;
 For, while your rivals joined in hate,
 You never joined in love."—*Moore*.

IN a narrow street, close by St. Mary's cathedral, in that portion of the city of Limerick known as the "English Town," stands a large house rapidly falling into decay. The high walls are seamed with many dangerous rents; the glass has, in many places, fallen from the rotting window frames, and the patched and plastered roof affords but a sorry protection against the rain to the families which inhabit the attics. We feel that this description will not enable a visitor to Limerick to distinguish the particular house to which we allude from many of its neighbours. Should curiosity prompt any traveller to identify it, the local *ciceroni* will point it out on being asked for the house in which General Ireton died. It is hard to believe that the locality in which this crumbling tenement stands was once the fashionable quarter of the city; that in these narrow streets, redolent with the foulest odours, and draped with the tattered produce of the laundries of the present inhabitants, the ladies and gallants of a former age made display of their graceful deportment and rich attire; that within those tottering walls beauty, wit, and fashion were once paraded, admired, and envied; and that in the apartments now haunted by the most abject poverty, plans were matured and resolutions adopted which influenced the course of the history of the nation.

Yet, so it is. The city itself gradually lost its pre-eminence among the towns of Ireland, and, almost in the same proportion, this once fashionable quarter lost its local importance. The scanty tide of local prosperity receded from it, and flowed in another direction, and it became what it is to-day. In the midst of the atmosphere of poverty and ruin which now pervades the place, a philosopher might aptly meditate on the vicissitudes of earthly fortune. It would be difficult to find a spot into which so many striking monuments of the mutability of human things are crowded.

In a small apartment of the house we have described, sat, on the evening of the third day after the events detailed in our last chapter, two ecclesiastics engaged in a conversation which had evidently a deep interest for both. The one was arrayed in the costume of a prelate of the Roman Church. His slight figure was

enveloped in a long purple robe, a purple mantle covered his shoulders, and a small cap or berretino of the same colour rested on his head. His face, pale and emaciated, bore the tokens of recent illness; and his dark eyes, shining with a strange lustre, lighted up and made more striking its death-like paleness. The evening air was soft and balmy; only at intervals was the river breeze strong enough to carry into the apartment the monotonous drone of the waters which rolled over the rocks below the castle of King John; yet from time to time the prelate shuddered, and drew his mantle tighter about his shoulders, as if protecting himself against the cold blast of a winter's eve.

His companion we have encountered elsewhere. He was the same who had warned MacDermott of his danger, and had given his name as Le Père O'Hartigan.

"Yes, I have suffered much, Padre mio," said the prelate, after a pause. "The attacks of the fever have been more frequent and more violent of late. My nature will not reconcile itself with the fogs and rain of this cloudy island. But it is not bodily pain that weighs me down. There are griefs of mind against which it is more difficult to bear up than against fever and ague. It is hard to see our best plans thwarted by those for whose benefit they have been formed; to see the cause to which we have devoted life and fortune deliberately ruined by those for whom all is sacrificed."

"It is, indeed, a hard trial," rejoined his companion; "when it comes, we can only console ourselves by remembering that we make our sacrifices for ends higher than the mere benefit of our fellow-men. But it is premature to seek such consolation. The cause for which your Grace has laboured is not yet lost."

"No, thank Heaven! not yet," returned the prelate, with energy; "and should O'Neill be successful now, our party will be wonderfully strengthened. Perhaps, too, our worthy Council will then understand that they had better lead their soldiers to battle themselves than try to bribe his Excellence of Ormonde into doing it."

"Whatever be the result," replied the priest, "they will, at least, understand that the money given him for his promised expedition to Ulster was badly spent."

"Dolts and traitors!" exclaimed the bishop, angrily; "I have no patience with their folly. I can hardly believe them so blind as not to see that they are being outwitted by this wily heretic. He has cheated them out of this money for the Ulster expedition, and he now finds pretexts to delay the publishing of those niggardly concessions they have begged from him. But, despite his dishonesty and duplicity, they still confide in him and would give him the command of all our forces if he would deign to accept it. They are ready to sacrifice to his favour even the interests of their Faith. I have protested against the peace which gives no security

for the liberty of the Church ; but my protests have been unheeded. I have implored them to be self-reliant, and pointed out to them that by independent action they can obtain everything they desire, but they will not be free unless the Marquis consents to be their deliverer. But it may be," he continued, changing his tone to one of ironical contempt, "that they seek the Marquis's aid through a consciousness of their own incapacity. I doubt if the destinies of a nation have ever been directed by such a set of blunderers. They will not provide pay for their soldiers until the starving troops begin to plunder the districts they are sent to defend. You have yourself seen our most important fortress, Duncannon, defenceless as a peasant's farmyard until I sent money to restore it. You know the disgraces of our arms before Bunratty. And now, pressed by the Scotch in Ulster and Connaught, threatened by powerful traitors in Munster, in danger of seeing Dublin occupied by a Parliamentary garrison, we must, forsooth, wait patiently until Ormonde shall decide whether he will sell himself to the rebels of England, or take upon him the command of our armies, and the direction of our affairs. Truly he must be a rare diplomatist, this august Marquis, to have secured such submissive followers among the foes he hates and despises."

"Eccellenza," replied his companion, "the secret of his power is not far to seek. But it seems to me that his influence in our political councils should cease to surprise us, when we perceive that he has his faithful supporters even in the ranks of the clergy."

"Yes, he has succeeded in alienating from us some of the clergy," answered the prelate, thoughtfully. "It is a grave misfortune of the Irish Church that its pastors must make choice between the favour of the government and the love of the people. They are not all proof against the offer of court favour, and the allurements of court flattery ; and religion suffers when they are gained by the one or the other."

"Yet it is a proud boast of the Irish Church that so few of her pastors yield to these temptations," added the priest.

"I will not deny them the merit you claim for them," returned the bishop. "The mass of the clergy has resisted all temptation. A few there are among the prelates connected by blood with the government faction, and these blindly support the party which has all their sympathy. Hereditary prejudice separates them from us ; we may regret their defection, yet we must not judge them too harshly. But there are those amongst our opponents to whom such leniency cannot be shown. There are those who have been raised from obscurity by the patronage of the Church, and who have been unfaithful to their benefactress. Before their elevation they were strangers to courtly manners and courtly intrigues, and they have been vanquished by them. They worshipped worldly rank when they were at a distance from it, and they do so still, even though they are raised above it. They have carried with

them into their high position a plebeian veneration for aristocratic views, and they have shown a plebeian weakness in resisting the blandishments of aristocratic intrigue. However, the number of those who deserve this censure is small, and it shall be my care that it do not increase. I am aware that, at this moment, the Council are endeavouring to obtain the See of Cork and the Coadjutorship of Dublin for two of the intimate friends of Ormonde.* But I will thwart their plans. The day may come when clergy and episcopate must choose between the representative of Rome and the vassals of Dublin Castle; it were well that none should hesitate in their choice."

"Your Grace has no reason to fear for the fidelity of the clergy to Rome," replied his companion; "but there is perhaps cause to apprehend that the anti-national tendencies of a few of our body may alienate from us the hearts of our people."

"Not so," rejoined the prelate, firmly. "I have studied the character of your countrymen, and I believe their attachment to the Faith will stand even this trial. True, they sometimes complain loudly when the people's interests are sacrificed by men who are courted only because they are objects of the people's veneration; but in priest or prelate they are able to distinguish the political character which they condemn from the spiritual character which they revere. They lavish the best affections of their warm hearts on the priest who supports them in their struggle with domestic misery or political oppression; but they can give their reverence without their love to the man who is by right their pastor, though not by sympathy their friend. In any case, the great body of the clergy are ardent supporters of the popular cause, and there is no reason to fear that the people will lose confidence in all because of the defection of a few. No, no. Catholic people and Catholic pastors will still be united; and relying upon that union," he continued, lowering his voice, "we will defeat the schemes of the friends of Ormonde. Let us but have a triumphant army in the field to support us, and we will tear to fragments the infamous peace which barter the liberty of the Church for a miserable pittance of civil liberty. They shall not sell the birthright of the nation for a mess of pottage, if I can prevent it."

As he finished the pale face of the speaker glowed with animation, and his eyes sparkled with more than their usual brilliancy. In the countenance of his companion nothing indicated that in him the ardour of the prelate had evoked any kindred feeling. He paused for a moment, and then replied in a calm and measured tone:

"The step which your Grace proposes to take will have serious consequences. Our strength has hitherto consisted in the union of the Irish with the Catholic gentry of the Pale. Neither party is

* Dr. O'Callaghan and Dr. Tyrrell. (See the Nuncio's letters to Rome, and in particular his letter to Cardinal Pamphili, June 1, 1646.)

strong enough to resist the power of King or Parliament if left alone. Should your Grace reject the peace which the friends of Ormonde have concluded, you will dissolve the union, and the enemies of religion will have gained a triumph."

"Do you propose that I should abate the just demands of the Church, or sacrifice her privileges to the exigencies of party?" asked the prelate.

"Do not accuse me of any intention to betray the interests of the Church," replied O'Hartigan. "I have given proofs of my devotion which must shield me from such a charge," he continued, with a glance at his threadbare and discoloured garments. "I do not ask you to surrender any portion of her liberties, but I would ask you to consider if it were not well to receive back by instalments the liberty she has lost, to accept the insufficient guarantees for her freedom offered by this peace, and thus preserve an alliance which will enable us ultimately to gain all we require."

"You have been taught to put too much faith in compromise," answered the prelate, coldly: "but there is no room for it here. The Ormondist faction will never be our ally. They do not seek the liberty of the country or of the Church—they want but peace and security for themselves. The offer of the Marquis's protection will tempt them from us at any moment."

"I have no word to offer in their defence," replied O'Hartigan. "Their hearty co-operation we can never expect, but their professed enmity we cannot afford to provoke."

"Better their professed enmity than their pretended friendship. I have weighed well the nature of the step I am taking, and I am persuaded that it is more than advisable, that it is necessary. Allied with the government-faction, religion or nationality will never triumph in Ireland. Between it and us there can be no reconciliation; the sooner we overthrow it the better. Let me but see it crushed, and half the work I have marked out for myself is done. It then only remains to destroy that other faction whose machinations within the Church are almost as dangerous to the Faith as those of the Ormondists without it."

"I am unable to guess your Grace's meaning," replied the priest.

"You cannot fail to have observed," proceeded the prelate, "that many abuses have crept into the Church in this country which it is high time to rectify. Ecclesiastical discipline has been relaxed, and the usages of the model Church of Rome have been departed from. Many of the *frati* arrogate to themselves liberties and rights which do not belong to them, and their secular brethren begin to claim privileges which they must be taught are not theirs.*

* For the statements and views ascribed to the Nuncio, the reader is referred to his Report to the Pope, dated March 7, 1646, and again August 11 of the same year.

The time has come when we must insist on a stricter conformity with Roman usages and a readier obedience to Roman decrees."

"I must implore your Grace to reconsider this resolution," replied his companion, in evident distress. "It is dangerous to excite discord in the Council, but it is absolute ruin to create disaffection in the Church. To their local usages and privileges the clergy cling with a tenacity which is unaccountable to the world outside, and of which, perhaps, you have not yet seen an example. Do not, I beseech you, put their obedience to this test. They will deeply resent any attempt to interfere with what they consider their rights; and a struggle between you and them, at this moment, would be fatal. You are the champion of liberty in the eyes of the people; do not become an autocrat in the eyes of the clergy. If you do," he added, with sudden energy, "Nuncio of Rome, foe of England, and well-meaning friend of Ireland though you be, they will desert you when you need their assistance; your mission will fail; and this persecuted Church and this wretched country will be involved in hopeless ruin."

"The spirit of prophecy seems largely to have descended on your reverence," said the Nuncio, sarcastically. "You show much more wit in foreseeing the issue of my plans than in divining their import."

"I have spoken with sincerity, and, I trust, without disrespect," answered O'Hartigan, with quiet firmness. "Honour obliges me always to be sincere, and duty obliges me now to be earnest; but I trust I can be both without incurring your Grace's displeasure."

"Nay, nay, Padre mio, I meant not to hurt you," replied the prelate, in a conciliating tone. "But these fears are exaggerated. I have foreseen the risks you speak of, but I am prepared for them. The venture is somewhat perilous, no doubt, but I will essay it. One consideration only makes me hesitate at the outset."

"It is?"

"My distrust of O'Neill. Frankly, I like not his extreme caution and reserve. I cannot read his mind, and I always suspect danger where I cannot see my way."

"He is true as steel to his faith and his country," replied the priest, with confidence.

"Of that I make no doubt," answered the Nuncio; "but his manner of showing his devotion to both may not precisely accord with my plans. Now I would fain have some better guarantee for his steady support than this attachment to creed and country."

"I cannot suggest a more reliable, and I am at a loss to conceive how you can procure any other," replied his companion.

"Mayhap I can aid your ingenuity," returned the prelate, with a meaning smile. "You have much to do with the soldiers under his command, and have already gained considerable influence among them. It would not be difficult for you to inspire them with the conviction that their allegiance is primarily due to me,

who am their paymaster. The officers I have sent to the north, and more particularly Captain M'Dermott, will aid you in this. In attaching to ourselves the army, we ensure the fidelity of the general. If you would still further prove your zeal, you will observe closely the movements of O'Neill and his partizans, and keep us constantly advised of the same."

"These excessive precautions are needless, and your Grace's suspicions are unjust," replied O'Hartigan. "I repeat it; O'Neill will support every measure favourable to Ireland and to religion."

It was clear that the priest either heartily disapproved of the Nuncio's plans, or was displeased with the part assigned him in the execution of them. The prelate was too politic further to press his unwilling companion.

"Well, be it as you will," he answered; "I will trust in this matter to your prudence rather than to my own prejudices. Set out again for the north as speedily as you may. Bear my packet to O'Neill. Assure him that your report has given me entire satisfaction, and that I shall continue to support him against all his rivals. And now I will not detain you longer. The preparations for your journey require your presence elsewhere."

"I have none to make; I shall be on the road before dawn."

"Farewell, then, Padre mio," said the prelate, rising and extending his hand; "we meet again when you come with tidings of victory."

"May our next meeting be happy as your Grace opines," replied the priest. Bending his knee, he touched with his lips the jewel which glistened on the finger of the Nuncio, and quitted the room. In the gloom of the narrow passage without he paused for a moment, when the door of the apartment had closed behind him, then murmured sadly as he moved away: "Discord in the Council, dissension in the army, disunion in the Church; it is already the beginning of the end."

CHAPTER XI.

THE CAMP.

"Ein edler Mensch zieht edle Menschen an
Und weiss sie festzuhalten."
Goethe's "Torquato Tasso."

We return again to the troop of horse which we quitted at the ford of Athliag-finn. We overtake it as it nears the end of its long march, amid the beautiful scenery which adorns the banks of the Annalee. Gracefully undulating hills covered with rich verdure and crowned with dark woods rose behind one another in a succession which the eye could not exhaust. Valleys of exceeding richness and beauty opened out between the hills, disclosing to

the eye ever-varying vistas of meadow and woodland scenery. The fragrance of many flowers perfumed the air, and the song of birds and the hum of insects made the music of the enchanting landscape. Here and there the "bawnes" of the "planters" rose among the trees on the hill-tops. These were mostly quadrangular enclosures built of stone, with strong flanking towers at the angles. They formed the outward defences of the planter's house, and could defy the unskilful attacks of the natives. But they were no defence against the operations of an organised army, or even against the fury of a widespread, popular outbreak. When the rising in Ulster extended to Cavan, the terrified planters made no attempt at resistance; they abandoned their newly-acquired possessions, and sought the protection of the native chiefs against the spirit of vengeance which was abroad. This protection was chivalrously accorded them, and they were conducted in safety to the English settlements near the coast.

Over the luxuriant pastures which stretched on all sides of the troopers wandered large herds of cattle guarded by troops of *creaghts*. The appearance of these wild herdsmen greatly interested MacDermott. Their costume consisted of a single tunic or smock-frock which extended to the knees and was secured round the waist by a girdle. Their feet were bare, their heads unprotected by any covering other than the shaggy, unkempt hair which hung in confusion about their temples.

The condition to which the northern Irish had been reduced by successive wars rendered it impossible for them to adopt, to any extent, the improved system of agriculture which had already spread through a great part of the country. Their wealth consisted, for the most part, in large herds of cattle which they fed upon the mountains when the lowland pastures were well defended, and drove with them when they descended into the valleys for plunder or for war.

The troop of horsemen attracted much attention among the *creaghts* in charge of the cattle; and, though the national colours were displayed at the head of the little column, many a glance of ill-concealed distrust and suspicion was directed towards it as it passed. But the cold looks with which they were received told lightly on the heedless troopers, and lively jests were made, and gay laughter went round among them at the expense of the wild-looking Ulstermen.

"If the soldiers up here wear the same cut of dress as the civilians, it must be easy to supply trows for a regiment," remarked O'Duigenan to the trooper by his side.

"Silence, fool!" ordered his commander, who overheard the remark, "if you would not have the clubs of these Ulstermen play upon your empty pate. They love not to be the butt of idle jests, and can punish the makers of them."

These admonitions were cut short by the challenge of the

guard at one of the outposts. MacDermott halted his troop, and despatched a message to The O'Neill informing him of his arrival. An orderly of the general soon after arrived to conduct him to the camp. As he passed out of the narrow valley in which his advance had been arrested, a strange sight burst upon him. On the slope of the hill before him regiments of foot and troops of horse were performing their exercises with an industry characteristic of the forces of The O'Neill. From the loftiest turret of a castellated building on the summit of the hill floated the banner of the "Red Hand," the war standard of the chiefs of Tir-owen. The same ensign was conspicuous at the head of many of the companies of foot and horse, bearing witness to the numbers which the powerful house of O'Neill could still bring into the field. Side by side with the "Red Hand" the banners of other Irish chiefs rose above the pike heads and muskets of the infantry, and fluttered among the lances of the cavalry.

The costume of the soldiers could hardly be styled a uniform. Individual taste, and individual resources had had much to do with determining the quality and even the quantity of their dress. In many instances the foot soldiers were not much better attired than the creaghts from whose ranks they had been taken. Some of the companies could boast but few head-pieces, and back and breast-piece were, in many cases, replaced by the folds of a coarse blanket or heavy tunic. But all were supplied with the more essential articles of the soldier's equipment—with pike, and musket, and bandolier; and all handled their weapons so dexterously that the experienced eye was easily led to overlook the defects in their apparel. MacDermott watched with satisfaction the marching and counter-marching, the doubling to the front, the falling off by files, and the other intricate movements which constituted the exercises of the infantry. As he rode up the slope, his attention was particularly attracted by a company of tall, muscular, half-clad pikemen who, at the order, "Charge your pike," were leaning forward in the approved attitude, their brawny limbs fixed as if of iron, and their formidable weapons protruding far in front of their ranks.

"Good sooth, these be likely soldiers," he remarked to his conductor. "Methinks yon pikeheads could find the inside of the fairest corslet that ever left Spanish workshop."

"If it covered an English breast," replied his guide, significantly. "They come from Innishowen, and I make no doubt that when opportunity offers they will pay back the debt they owe the Sassenach. It is a pity that the avengers are so few. They are but the remnant of their race. The officer who commands the company is not an O'Dogherty; a neighbouring chief now leads all that is left of the clan. What Mountjoy began, Chichester and the Scots have finished; there are few left to take vengeance for the deeds done on the shores of Lough Swilly. But in this the

O'Doghertys have hardly fared worse than we all. The O'Reillys, on whose lands you have been riding all the morning, have brought all their forces into the field, and they have been compressed into the two companies in front of you. MacKennas, MacMahons, and Maguires, who formerly sent out gallant bands when the 'Red Hand' was unfurled, are poorly represented in our muster now. But I weary you, and perhaps discourage you with these gloomy reminiscences called up by your remark on the unfortunate O'Doghertys."

"No, no," returned MacDermott, eagerly; "such remembrances do but nerve us for the work of vengeance, in which we shall all bear a part."

As they continued their way towards the general's quarters, MacDermott was made acquainted with the names and with a portion of the family history of many of the companies scattered over the exercise ground. Hardly one of the septs of Ulster was unrepresented there; Connaught, too, had its representatives, and even some of the powerful houses of Leinster had sent their retainers to swell the forces of O'Neill. By the efforts of that general and his officers these incongruous elements had been formed into effective regiments, and trained with care to the use of pike and musket, of pistol, lance, and sabre. It is, we believe, the experience of modern drill-masters that the Irish are apt recruits. They were no less deserving of this character long ago, when they were trained to fight the battles of their own country, than now, when they learn the art of war only to fight the battles of strangers. It was not more than seven weeks since O'Neill had quitted his winter quarters, and already his army was prepared to take the field. The Ulster general was a rigid disciplinarian, and sought to supply by careful training the many disadvantages with which he had to contend. MacDermott could perceive that the spirit of the general had diffused itself through the army, and his admiration of the much decried Ulstermen increased at every step.

At length they halted at the entrance to the general's quarters. His guide conducted MacDermott through a narrow hall into a kind of antechamber filled with retainers of The O'Neill and other chieftains. He led the way through the crowd, and, opening a door at the further end of the apartment, ushered MacDermott into a large and spacious room beyond. The centre of the room was occupied by a table of coarse workmanship, and round this were assembled the chiefs of the Irish army of the North. At the head of the council board sat a soldier of grave and dignified mien. He was a man of middle age, of slight but sinewy frame. His long hair was parted in the middle and descended to his shoulders in bright locks, by no means heedlessly arranged. His complexion was florid;* a physiognomist would have said, at first sight, that

* From this circumstance Owen O'Neill was usually called Owen Roe.

he was a man given to the indulgence of the fiercer passions. But the unruffled calm of his broad brow, the steady glance of his blue eye, and the habitual compression of his lips indicated to the more observant a character which wanted not calmness of judgment and steadfastness of resolve. Few would have pronounced him a handsome man, but close observers of the human countenance would admit that he had the lineaments of a great one. Such, in outward appearance, was Owen MacArt O'Neill, Confederate commander of the province of Ulster.

He rose from his seat by the table, as MacDermott entered, and welcomed him to the camp with that lofty courtesy which he had learned during his long residence in Spain, and which distinguished him throughout all his eventful career.

"You have arrived in time to assist at what is likely to be our last deliberation," he said, when the first greetings had passed. "Let me present you to the members of our council. My cousin, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Phelim O'Neill; Colonel Philip O'Reilly, the worthy chief on whose lands we are trespassing; his not less worthy kinsman, Colonel Myles O'Reilly, with whom, as one of our commanders of horse, you will soon become more intimately acquainted; Colonel Richard O'Farrell, who has swelled our ranks with a goodly muster of the stout kernes of Annaly; Colonel Maguire, who leads our trusty regiment of Fermanagh."

And so of the other chiefs. Each name had some remarkable trait, some important service to the national cause, appended to it, as MacDermott was presented to the owner. There were many remarkable characters met together round the council board, many whose conduct during the civil war has established for them an enduring, though not in every case, an enviable renown. With the deeds of wild daring and unscrupulous vengeance attributed to many of them, MacDermott was well acquainted. In Munster he had been frequently entertained with tales of the barbarities of the northern "rebels." It was, therefore, with a satisfaction not unmingled with surprise that he received the courteous greetings of the assembled chiefs of Ulster. He had been taught to expect in them a combination of coarse manners and ferocious instincts; he was astonished to find them, for the most part, gentlemen of elegant address and refined courtesy. Many of them had served as soldiers of fortune in other countries, and had there adopted the polished and graceful manners of the great centres of continental refinement.

"To make known to you at what stage our deliberations have arrived," continued O'Neill, when he had introduced MacDermott to all the members of the military council, "our couriers bring us news that the Scots and English are drawing out their forces, and will rendezvous near Charlemont. Last year's experience teaches us what this mustering forebodes. We shall not be in time to prevent their assembling; but it seems to be the unanimous opinion

of all here that our meeting with them should take place before they can proceed far with their work of destruction."

A murmur of assent from the other officers, and a fierce growl from Sir Phelim, supplemented by a curse on Sassenachs in general, expressed the concurrence of all present in these remarks.

"And now, gentlemen," said O'Neill, reseating himself and motioning MacDermott to a seat near him; "that this course is resolved upon, it only remains for us to determine the speediest means of carrying it out. Our march must be rapid. We cannot encumber ourselves with cattle or herdsmen; we will therefore send both home. We will give to-day to preparation, and by to-morrow evening we shall be a day's march nearer the Blackwater. Let him who has better counsel to offer speak."

There was no opposing voice. Few of his followers ever disputed the wisdom of O'Neill's plans. He is one of the few Irishmen whom history represents as claiming justly and securing easily the obedience of his countrymen.

The Irish have been blamed by some of their critics for their intractability, and they have been praised by others for their spirit of obedience. There is a foundation for the reproach as for the encomium. Few people are so easily governed by a competent ruler as the Irish. Few submit so readily when the order they receive is a reasonable one, and this because few are so capable of appreciating the reasonableness of it. On the other hand, there are none who execute more ungraciously an absurd or unjust command, because there are none more capable of realising its absurdity or injustice. The Irish are a quick-witted and intelligent race, and, like other nations who have borne the same character, they do not readily obey men of less intelligence than themselves. It is to be remembered, too, that the position of the entire nation has, for centuries, been one of traditional antagonism to the power that claimed its obedience. Irishmen have thus come to be critical in examining the right to command in those who ask them to obey. From these causes it happens that not all who claim authority over them find them docile and submissive, that a high order of talent as well as an unequivocal claim on their obedience is necessary to every one who aspires to rule among them.

O'Neill had all the requisites for an Irish commander. His title to the authority he held was indisputable; it had been acknowledged even by his cousin Sir Phelim, who had himself long pretended to the leadership in Ulster. Moreover, he was one of those master minds in whom lesser spirits implicitly confide. His more humble followers had the blindest confidence in his skill, and obeyed his orders without hesitation. Before those who had a right to demand the reason of his acts he could always justify his plans, and the result usually bore testimony to the wisdom that inspired them. His manner, too, tended much to secure him respect among his followers. In words he was extremely reserved,

never expressing his opinion further than the necessities of the case he dealt with required. His demeanour was cool and self-possessed. He seemed to have acquired complete control over the stormier passions of his nature. Neither his love nor his hatred ever found vent in violent outbursts of feeling, though few could love more warmly or hate more cordially than he. He possessed in a rare degree the gift of self-sufficiency in its better sense—independence of the sympathy of others—the power to live alone with no sharer of one's thoughts and feelings, which is an essential qualification in all who aspire to command. He was intimate with few, unguardedly familiar with none; but he was admired and trusted by all his friends, hated and feared by all his enemies.

This portrait of Owen O'Neill has little in common with the typical Irish character—ardent and impulsive, indiscriminating in friendship, intemperate in enmity, enthusiastic in a noble cause, impatient of cautious action. It is not at all necessary to admit that the Irish character is faithfully drawn in this latter picture. But however this may be, the portrait of Owen Roe O'Neill must not contain any of these defects. Few, if any, of his countrymen have displayed, in their own land, the capacity for rule which we observe in him. One explanation of this may be that on this stage there have been few opportunities for such a display. For a long time the state of things in Ireland has tended to bring out prominently the weaknesses rather than the perfections of the national character, has been adverse to the display of other of its virtues than long-suffering and meekness.

When the military conference had ended, the chiefs quitted the apartment in silence. MacDermott was about to follow their example, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and O'Neill whispered in his ear:

"I have given directions for the quartering of your troop. You must consent to be my guest during the short time we have to remain here. Pardon my impatience, if even before you have had time to refresh yourself I ask you what news you bear from the south?" He led MacDermott to a window which commanded a view of the exercise-ground of the troops. "Is it decided that the peace shall be published? Has Nicholas Plunkett returned from Dublin?"

"He had reached Limerick before I quitted it," replied MacDermott, "but Ormonde had not given him a final answer. The King, it is said, thinks of surrendering to the Scots, and Ormonde is probably waiting the next turn of events before deciding whether he will ally himself with us or with the Parliament."

"And how does my lord the Nuncio regard these negotiations?" asked O'Neill.

"He condemns the peace as persistently as ever."

The cloud which had overshadowed the brow of the northern

general as he began his questioning, faded away at the last reply. "Listen to me," he said, laying one hand familiarly on the shoulder of his companion, and pointing with the other to the troops before him; "that peace, if concluded, would be the death-warrant of yon outcast remnants of the tribes of Ulster. Prestons, Muskerrys, and Castlehavens, would show in hunting *them* down an energy they have never displayed against Ormonde or Monroe. Scot and Sassenach and Paleman would unite to drive them back to the fastnesses of their northern hills more miserable and less numerous than they came out from them. Wonder not, then, if I rejoice that peace is not concluded."

Whilst speaking, O'Neill watched closely the countenance of his companion; he could perceive that the generous sympathies of the young soldier were awakened by his words.

"And this," he continued, "brings me to a point which concerns yourself. You have generously offered your sword to our cause, but honour forbids me to accept your offer till you understand the object it is our purpose to attain. We fight for the common deliverance of Ireland, but we fight also against wrongs which are peculiarly our own. We have sworn, like the rest of the Confederates, to deliver our enslaved religion, and we have kept our oaths as none others have done. But the triumph of the Church would be but half a victory for us. We must win the liberty to exist as well as the liberty to worship. Yon half-clad kernes have been plundered of everything that makes life less than a burden; the peace that would send them back to their dens in the mountains, and leave their plunderers in quiet possession of all that once was theirs, we can never accept. Better for them die in a manly struggle for life, than crawl back to famish in their lairs. Be he Sassenach of Britain or Sassenach of the Pale who would force us to a peace of which this must be the consequence, we will resist. These are our aims. If you will aid in their accomplishment, none shall be more welcome to our banner. If you will not take part with us, we shall regret your departure, but we shall respect the motives which urge you to it."

O'Neill waited with anxiety for MacDermott's reply. He was sincerely anxious to attach him to his service. Experienced officers who served for sake of the cause they upheld were not easily obtained, and his military chest was too scantily furnished to purchase the service of the honourable *soldados* whose valour and skill were at the disposal of the highest bidder. O'Neill was a discriminating judge of human character, and chose the frank and open declaration of his purpose as the most likely means of gaining the young soldier. He was not disappointed. After a moment's pause MacDermott answered:

"I have come to bear my part in righting the wrongs of Ireland. I shall serve most willingly where those wrongs are the greatest."

"You are worthy the reputation that preceded you hither," said O'Neill, pressing the soldier's hand. "May better fortune permit me one day to make return for this generosity."

Next morning when MacDermott rose and looked from his window, the scene without had undergone a change. Orderlies were galloping about in hot haste; baggage waggons were drawn up in lines ready to move; far away, vast herds of cattle, guided by creaghts mounted or on foot, were moving northwards through the wooded valleys; and following close upon these, long rows of pikeheads glittered in the sunlight, showing that the advanced guard of the army was already in motion.

PUBLICAN AND SAINT.

"He, not in vain, beside yon breezy lake,
Bade the meek Publican his gainful seat forsake."
Kemble.

LEVI the Publican beside his door
Marked some poor peasants passing slowly by;
But One amid them walked who seemed far more
Than those rude fishermen, so grand His eye,
With such majestic mildness raised on high—
To catch His words His comrades forward bent.
And Levi trembled as the group drew nigh,
For a deep-searching glance was towards him sent,
And Jesus whispered soft, *Come with Me!*—and he went.

Levi that night for his new Master made
A feast, which he with his old friends would share—
Sinners like him, yet he was not afraid,
For He who came not for the just was there
To lead their spirits captive unaware,
And wean from earth each earthy, selfish heart.
Thus did that hospitable feast prepare
Some souls perchance for the Apostle's part;
And thou of such high calls, dear Saint! the patron art.*

* The dedication of Father Faber's "Creator and Creature" runs thus: "To S. Matthew, the apostle and evangelist of the Incarnate Word, the pattern of obedience to divine vocations, the model of prompt submission to divine inspirations, the teacher and the example of correspondence to grace, who left all for God—self and the world and wealth—at God's one word, without question, without reserve, without delay, to be for ever in the Church the doctor, the prophet, and the patron, the comfort and the justification of those who follow heavenly calls in the world's despite, and who give themselves in love as He gave Himself, without limit or condition, as creatures to their Creator."

Apostle, martyr, first evangelist—

Like only John, yet martyr more than he ;
 Thy greatness, like a peak through cloud and mist,
 Looms all the vaster that we dimly see
 Less what thou art than what thou needs must be.
 Chosen of God for purpose so divine,
 Divinest gifts are surely rife in thee.
 And so my heart hath round thee learned to twine
 Closer, the more it grows (God help me !) like to thine—

For thou hast lived too near the beating Heart
 Of Him who wept o'er Laz'rus, not to yearn
 In pity towards me and to take my part,
 When sinful ways would call for vengeance stern—
 Yes, far too long with Jesus not to earn
 Some of His kindness for thy spirit's dower,
 For oft hast thou, their lessons sweet to learn,
 Watched all His tender looks, aye, hour by hour,
 And all His deeds of grace and all His words of power—

Came it from thee,* that touching trait which rests
 In fond tradition?—how that He who said,
 "The foxes have their holes, the birds their nests,
 But *I* have not whereon to lay my head"—
 How that, one summer's night, He made His bed
 Out on the homeless heath, and round Him lay
 The wearied Twelve. And so the dark night sped,
 While slept the Sleepless, He, the light of day,
 He the All-seeing slept, but rose at dawn to pray.

Perhaps 'twas thou that, waking up that night,
 Marked the kind Master steal from each to each,
 As if afraid to break their slumbers light,
 With muffled tread and low-breathed, lulling speech,
 And gentlest art that mother's heart doth teach,
 Smoothing the pillow of her cradled pet.
 Even so low the Eternal's care doth reach,
 The slumberers' dress in warmer folds to set,
 Wrapping them closer round against the night-dews wet.

* No, but from S. Peter. Père de Ligny, in the forty-ninth chapter of his excellent "Life of Christ," joins the incident with those words of our Lord: "I am not come to be ministered to but to minister." "What Pope S. Clement relates of his master, S. Peter, may be set down here. He says that when the holy apostle saw any one sleeping, the tears came to his eyes. When asked the reason, he answered that this reminded him of his dear Lord, who, while they all slept, kept watch for all, and, if the covering happened to be disarranged for any of them, would settle the poor couch again without disturbing the sleeper."

If not for this, for much of written lore
We thank thee, Matthew, pensman of the Word!
But most that thou, alone of all the Four,*
Talkest to us of Mary's spouse and lord.
And hence the Church doth gratefully accord
The Foster-father's altar-prayer to thee—
None higher could her liturgy afford;
Praying, as I do now, that all, which she
Fails else to gain, gained through thy prayers may be.

Take, then, this lay, by filial love inspired—
For words of love can reach e'en to thy throne—
My loving words, how mean soe'er attired,
On this thy Feast, dear Saint, thou'lt not disown.
Ah, no! but when my cheerful exile's flown,
When earth's long task is done, in realms beyond
Thou'lt smiling bid me welcome as thine own,
And I shall be, as when my first life dawned,
Thy namesake, client, child—more near, but not more fond.

Sept. 21, 1860.

W. L.

THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S.J.

XV. OBEDIENCE DUE TO THE POPE.

BEFORE going any further, I will say a word about these papers on "The Relations of the Church to Society." They had been appearing for several months, always under the same chief title, when the Gladstone controversy began. The subject matter of that controversy falls within the range of my subject matter, and could well take the same heading, though this might be too quiet for Mr. Gladstone. Under these circumstances it was, and is, but natural I should touch upon some of the statements and reasonings of the "Expostulation" and of "Vaticanism." But I do not profess to undertake a systematic, much less a complete, answer to these publications. This work has been ably done by others. I do not propose to follow Mr. Gladstone through all his windings, nor to engage in exhaustive argumentation on the topics he has treated. Indeed, even the moderate amount of *discussion* I have

* The other Evangelists either omit S. Joseph, or name him only once and incidentally in our Lord's genealogy. The very peculiar Collect of S. Joseph's Mass is assigned to S. Matthew, with the mere necessary change of titles.

introduced into some of the later papers, and shall introduce into others, involves a deviation from my original plan, as must be obvious to any readers who have taken the trouble to pursue the series of these short articles from the beginning. My idea was to *explain* rather than to *prove*, to help religious truth by stating it, rather than by positively establishing it from authority or reason, or vindicating it against objectors. Having said so much in the way of explanation, I will proceed.

When I came to speak of the Teaching of the Church, I put in the first place the definition of Papal Infallibility, as this was a remarkable, important, recent, and much discussed instance of teaching, and the doctrine itself holds a high place in relation to the Church's teaching. I shall have more to say later about the Papal Infallibility; but at present I will pass on to another Catholic truth propounded with equal solemnity in the same Vatican Constitution, *Pastor Æternus*; a truth whose assertion seems to have alarmed Mr. Gladstone, and perhaps has alarmed others, even more than that of the Infallibility—I mean the Roman Pontiff's supreme and universal jurisdiction, or power to command, and corresponding right to be obeyed.

It will be useful to set down here the principal portions of the third chapter of the *Pastor Æternus*. The translation I give is most strictly literal, and, in consequence, does not run quite smoothly, which is, however, no great matter.

"We teach, therefore, and declare that the Roman Church, according to the disposition of the Lord, obtains the principedom of ordinary power over all the other churches; and that this the Roman Pontiff's power of jurisdiction, which is truly episcopal, is immediate; towards which (power) all the pastors and faithful of whatever rite and dignity, whether each separately or all collectively, are bound by the duty of hierarchical subordination and true obedience, not only in the things which pertain to faith and morals, but also in those which pertain to the discipline and government (*regimen*) of the Church diffused through the whole world; so that, unity being preserved with the Roman Pontiff, as well of communion as of the profession of the same faith, the Church of Christ may be one flock under one chief pastor. This is the doctrine of Catholic truth, from which no one can deviate without loss of faith and salvation. . . .

"And because, by the Divine right of the Apostolic Primacy, the Roman Pontiff presides over the whole Church, we also teach and declare that he is the Supreme Judge of the Faithful, and that in all causes belonging to ecclesiastical examination recourse can be had to his judgment; and that the judgment of the Apostolic See, than whose authority there is none greater, is not to be called in question (*retractandum*) nor is it lawful for any one to judge his judgment.* Therefore, those wander from the right path of truth who affirm that it is lawful to appeal from the judgments of the Roman Pontiffs to an Ecumenical Council, as to an authority superior to the Roman Pontiff.

"If anyone, therefore, shall say that the Roman Pontiff has only the office of inspection or direction, but not full and supreme power of jurisdiction over the Universal Church, not only in the things which pertain to faith and morals, but also in those which pertain to the discipline and government of the Church dif-

* Ep. Nicolai I. ad Michaellem Imperat.

fused through the whole world, or that he has only the principal place (*potiores partes*) and not the whole plenitude of the supreme power, or that this his power is not ordinary and immediate, whether over all and each of the churches or over all and each of the pastors and faithful : let him be anathema."

Speaking of this chapter of the Constitution, Mr. Gladstone says : "Surely it is allowable to say that this third chapter on universal obedience is a formidable rival to the fourth chapter on Infallibility. Indeed, to an observer from without, it seems to leave the dignity to the other, but to reserve the stringency and efficiency to itself. The fourth chapter is the Merovingian Monarch ; the third is the Carolingian [*sic*] Mayor of the Palace. The fourth has an overawing splendour, the third an iron gripe."*

I cannot, consistently with my limits, afford to transcribe largely from Mr. Gladstone, and give his views in his own words. In place of doing so, I will try to state what I conceive to be the sense he attributes to the Vatican definition concerning the Pope's authority and the obedience due to him, taking in the chief consequences resulting. It may be expressed as follows : The Roman Pontiff possesses supreme power in all matters of Faith and Morals and Ecclesiastical discipline. From his judgments and his commands there is no appeal. Every Catholic is bound unreasoningly and unhesitatingly to obey the Pope's orders, whatever they may be, throughout the range of Faith and Morals and Ecclesiastical discipline, orders in some of which the Pope may be mistaken, because there is not at all exclusively question of his *ex cathedra* decrees. Now this range of Faith and Morals and Ecclesiastical discipline embraces all, or nearly all, the actions of men, all, consequently, or nearly all, those actions which fall under the charge of secular governments, more particularly certain classes of actions which have obvious civil and ecclesiastical bearings. In case of collision, the Pope must be preferred to the king or queen or parliament, or any other ruling authority in the temporal order. Hence there is an end of all allegiance to the Crown, or, at least, of all guarantee for its maintenance. This I take to be Mr. Gladstone's reading of the *Pastor Æternus* as regards the Pope's jurisdiction. It is, no doubt, sufficiently startling. Like most comprehensive statements on religious—or indeed most other—subjects, it contains some truth, and the truth which it does contain needs to be well probed and well defined, to guard against misinterpretations which would turn it into falsehood, or make it subsidiary to falsehood.

First, then, in treating of *mere obedience* to the Pope we must set aside the consideration of his *ex cathedra* decisions on questions of Faith or Morals, his solemn teaching of doctrine to be held by the whole Church, and also the consideration of his en-

* "Expostulation," p. 38. Mr. Gladstone has twice casually misplaced *third* and *fourth*. I have set them right.

forcement of these decisions and this teaching. For the decisions themselves belong to the prerogative of Infallibility; and their enforcement, besides being a congruous appendix of that prerogative, does not involve any extension of the conscientious duty imposed by the decisions. Nor is the *mere obedience* due to the Pope, in cases wherein he is not infallible, altered in its character by the coexistence of Infallibility in the same person. The two things are quite distinct. I put this pointedly, because both Protestants and Catholics are liable to the danger of not always observing this distinctness. I need hardly say that it makes no matter whether the enforcement of doctrine regards a newly-defined truth, or one long before, or always, sufficiently proposed to the faithful. Though I have insisted on the separate consideration of what I have called *the mere obedience* claimed for the Roman Pontiff in the third chapter of the *Pastor Æternus*, I do not pretend that this chapter altogether abstracts from the Pope's *dogmatic authority*; for it is chiefly his dogmatic authority that is concerned with reference to *Faith and Morals*; and these are expressly spoken of in the third chapter, though the *Infallibility* is reserved for the fourth. But there is a special difficulty raised by Mr. Gladstone about *the mere obedience*, or, in other terms, the preceptive power of the Pope, and with that difficulty I have to deal at present; and Mr. Gladstone openly, and I may say justly, though perhaps not always sufficiently, distinguishes between the two branches of authority.

The next point to which I would direct attention is that there is nothing even *apparently* new in this (or any other) part of the definition as to the nature or matter of the preceptive power of *the Church* or of *Bishops*. There is nothing *really* new as to the *Pope's* position, considered in itself and in the previous practical working of his authority; though the dogma of *Catholic Faith* on the subject may be somewhat extended. But there is absolutely no fresh teaching as concerns the authority of Bishops over the faithful. The supreme seat alone of that authority is more fully declared, the precise relation of the Vicar of Christ to the Bishops and to the clergy and people. He is defined to be the Sovereign Bishop of the other Bishops, of all the clergy, and of all the people of God's entire Church. There is in this no encroachment on the State—no *new* encroachment, at all events. Whatever rights are attributed to the Roman Pontiff were before well enough understood to belong at least to the Episcopate. I may be told that this is true of the Infallibility also. This prerogative was always recognised in the body of chief pastors; and the whole difference traceable to the Vatican Council is, that we are bound to admit the same prerogative in the Pope considered even separately; and yet this difference is viewed as a very serious one. I reply that assuredly such is the only difference as regards the Infallibility, whether it be serious or not in the sense of affording ground of

alarm. Further, I will say that practically the difference is not so very great, and that there is not much to fear.

But in the case of authority—jurisdiction—the difference is still less, and concentration may even serve to lighten the pressure. For, if the gift of inerrancy were not possessed by the Pope without the other Bishops, or a considerable number of them, their concurrence in some form would be requisite for a final settlement of controversies; but a mere power of commanding need not be supreme in order to be exercised. In the first ages of Christianity the Bishops dispersed through the Church, though really, in point of law—that is, Divine Law—as much subject to the Bishop of Rome as they are now, and as little individually supreme, were more left to themselves, because the circumstances of the time allowed or demanded this; and many of them strenuously asserted the rights of the Church and of God against princes. Dr. Newman has put this strongly. “Mr. Gladstone,” he says, “ought to have chosen another issue for attack upon us than the Pope’s power. His real difficulty lies deeper; as little permission as he allows to the Pope, would he allow to any ecclesiastic who would wield the weapons of St. Ambrose and St. Augustine. That concentration of the Church’s power which history brings before us should not be the object of his special indignation. It is not the existence of a Pope, but of a Church, which is his aversion. It is the powers and not their distribution and allocation in the ecclesiastical body which he writes against. . . . Say that the Christian polity remained, as history represents it to us in the fourth century, or that now it was, if that was possible, to revert to such a state, would politicians have less trouble with 1800 centres of power than they have with one? Instead of one with traditionary rules, the trammels of treaties and engagements, public opinion to consult and manage, the responsibility of great interests, and the guarantee for his behaviour in his temporal possessions, there would be a legion of ecclesiastics, each bishop with his following, each independent of the others, each with his own views, each with extraordinary powers, each with the risk of misusing them, all over Christendom. It would be the Anglican theory made real. It would be an ecclesiastical communism; and if it did not benefit religion, at least it would not benefit the civil power. Take a small illustration: What interruption at this time to Parliamentary proceedings does a small zealous party occasion, which its enemies call ‘a mere handful of clergy;’—and why? Because its members are responsible for what they do to God alone, and to their conscience as His voice. Even suppose it was only here or there that episcopal autonomy was vigorous; yet consider what zeal is kindled by local interests and national spirit. . . . Parliament understands this well, for it exclaims against the Sacerdotal principle. Here, for a second reason, if our Divine Master has given those great powers to the Church, which ancient Christianity testifies, we see why His

Providence has also provided that the exercise of them should be concentrated in one see."* The providential arrangement to which Dr. Newman refers here is not precisely the Pope's possession of supreme ecclesiastical power, which power comes from the formal grant made by Christ to St. Peter and his successors, but the actual concentration, the lapse to the Roman Pontiff of the exercise of the power which the Bishops had in common with the Pope, though they had it not in the same degree nor with the same independence. This is the meaning, too, of that remarkable expression of Dr. Newman's which precedes the passage quoted, in the same section: "I say, then, the Pope is the heir of the Ecumenical Hierarchy of the fourth century, as being, what I may call, heir by default."† The default had nothing to do with the fulness of the Pontiff's right, but only with his comparatively exclusive use of it.

Mr. Gladstone has, most of all apparently, taken fright at the assertion of the Pope's jurisdiction as to discipline and regimen, superadded to Faith and Morals. "Why did the astute contrivers," he says, "of this tangled scheme conclude that they could not afford to rest content with pledging the Council to Infallibility in terms which are not only wide to a high degree, but elastic beyond all measure? Though they must have known perfectly well that 'faith and morals' carried everything, or everything worth having, in the purely individual sphere, they also knew just as well that, even where the individual was subjugated, they might and would still have to deal with the State. . . . Too much attention, in my opinion, cannot be fastened on this point. It is the very root and kernel of the matter. Individual servitude, however abject, will not satisfy the party now dominant in the Latin Church: the State must also be a slave. . . . And the work is now truly complete. Lest it should be said that supremacy in faith and morals, full dominion over personal belief and conduct, did not cover the collective action of men in States, a third province was opened, not indeed to the abstract assertion of Infallibility, but to the far more practical and decisive demand of absolute obedience. . . . Absolute obedience, it is boldly declared, is due to the Pope, at the peril of salvation, not alone in faith, in morals, but in all things which concern the discipline and government of the Church. Thus are swept into the Papal net whole multitudes of facts, whole systems of government, prevailing, though in different degrees, in every country of the world. Even in the United States, where the severance between Church and State is supposed to be complete, a long catalogue might be drawn of subjects belonging to the domain and competency of the State, but also undeniably affecting the government of the Church; such as, by way of example, marriage, burial, education, prison discipline, blasphemy, poor-relief, incorporation, mortmain, religious endowments, vows of celibacy and obedi-

* Dr. Newman, pp. 28-30.

† *Ibid.*, p. 26.

ence. In Europe the circle is far wider, the points of contact and of interlacing almost innumerable. But on all matters, respecting which any Pope may think proper to declare that they concern either faith or morals, or the government or discipline of the Church, he claims, with the approval of a Council undoubtedly Ecumenical in the Roman sense, the absolute obedience, at the peril of salvation, of every member of his communion."*

So far Mr. Gladstone. He has opened a rather wide field, which I cannot afford to traverse at this moment, though I may do so to a certain extent hereafter, and may have done so substantially to a certain extent already, without naming him, and before the special occasion arose for naming him. But what he complains of is, the supreme authority attributed to the Pope in the discipline and government of the Church, and especially this head—or these heads—being superadded to *faith and morals*, as if the addition was apparently superfluous and almost meaningless but really designing.

Now, I should like to know, first, whether Mr. Gladstone would have the Church without discipline and without government. I am sure he would say, No. I should like to know, secondly, whether he thinks Infallible authority in Faith and Morals fully includes discipline and government. I suppose he would say, No, again; for Infallible authority in Faith and Morals is mainly exercised by the mere enunciation of pre-existing truths; nay more, it is thus exercised exclusively if we abstract from discipline and government: for any enforcement of definitions belongs to discipline and government, though such enforcement does not constitute, and cannot constitute, the whole, or nearly the whole. amount of discipline and government required for a vast, organised moral body such as the Church of Christ is. Then, if the Church of Christ—taken for the entire society of His true followers—is to be governed, and thoroughly governed, by whom is this to be done? By the State—that is, by each State for its own territory? Surely not. Mr. Gladstone does not think so; and if he did, he could not pretend the Catholic Church had *ever* thought so. Certainly it was not Pius IX. nor the Vatican Council that shut out the State. By whom then? By the Bishops, each in his own See, *but without subordination to the State* (for otherwise the State would be uppermost in Ecclesiastical matters, which the Catholic Church has *never* tolerated)? Here we should have the 1800 heads that Dr. Newman speaks of, and of which he says: "It would be an ecclesiastical communism; and if it did not benefit religion, at least it would not benefit the civil power."†

Perhaps Mr. Gladstone would have the supreme power of government vested in the whole Episcopate, so that the Pope should be controlled by his brethren by means of laws to which he

* "Expostulation," pp. 39-42.

† Dr. Newman, p. 30.

would be subject, and by means of appeals from him to General Councils or to the Bishops dispersed. Speaking of certain citations by Cardinal Manning, he says: "The four last begin with Innocent III. and end with the Council of Trent. Two from Innocent III. and Sixtus IV. claim the *regimen* or government of the Church, which no one denies them. The Council of Florence speaks of *plena potestas*, and the Council of Trent of *suprema potestas*, as belonging to the Pope. Neither of these assertions touches the point. Full power, and supreme power, in the government of a body, may still be limited by law. No other power can be above them. But it does not follow that they can command from all persons an unconditional obedience, unless themselves empowered by law so to do. We are familiar, under the British monarchy, both with the term supreme, and with its limitation."* This is all very well as a theory of Mr. Gladstone's, of which theory I will say a word presently. But I must not forget that I am not engaged in proving the truth of the doctrine defined in the *Pastor Æternus*—I am not writing a controversial treatise on the authority of the Roman Pontiff. I am dealing with Mr. Gladstone's alarms and imputations. Well, then, I say the function of *governing the Church* is by no means identified with that of *speaking the truth* about Faith and Morals. The Pope is not a mere *talker*, even of the highest and most sacred order. He is a *ruler*. The Popes, to use Mr. Gladstone's words, "simply claim the *regimen* or government of the Church, which no one denies them." This being the case, and the Vatican Council—or, if you will, the Pope with its approbation—having undertaken to give a fairly full account of the Pope's *whole* authority, could not be expected to confine this account to his *teaching*; and, perhaps, if this course had been followed, a charge of insidious reticence would have been made, since everyone knew the Pontiff claimed *some* power of *ruling*. So the disciplinary and governmental jurisdiction was a right thing to describe, and the truth about it was a right thing to define. That truth—that doctrine, which is divine *truth* to us, but not of course to Protestants—may be unpalatable, but it was not to be kept back, and the declaration of it cannot be justly attributed to evil design or ambitious grasping, especially as the 533 Fathers of the Council, who freely approved and sanctioned it, were not claiming a prerogative *for themselves*.

As to Mr. Gladstone's *alarm* at the doctrine, as sweeping all kinds of things "into the Papal net," I will say something of that later. Now for my word about Mr. Gladstone's theory with reference to the *full* and *supreme* power of the Pope, as asserted in ecclesiastical documents. He would compare the plenitude of Papal authority with that of royal, or imperial, or parliamentary, or other sovereign civil authority, where a superior ruler is not

recognised, but where limits are set otherwise. This view is not unnatural, but it is mistaken. According to the common opinion, which I have no doubt Mr. Gladstone holds, and which I am happy to hold with him, the jurisdiction of secular princes and senates and governments, though fundamentally and primarily from God, comes to them immediately from the community—from the people—to whom it was originally given in its fulness with no other restriction but that placed by divine natural law. This jurisdiction in its transfer to those by whom it was to be wielded underwent modifications—passed under conditions, not in its unbounded integrity. No wonder, then, that the actual rulers should not be completely supreme to the exclusion of laws they must observe. The gradations and ramifications of this system in different countries are very various and not always easily ascertainable. But the power of St. Peter and his successors comes immediately and formally from Christ. Now a *plenitude* of power derived thus from Him cannot be restrained by any laws but those which are either themselves divine (the Natural Law, of course, included) or else are made by men divinely chartered for the purpose. The Council of Florence, for example, says that, "To him in Blessed Peter was delivered by our Lord Jesus Christ the full power of ruling and governing the Universal Church." Now a *full power* given by Christ cannot be limited unless according to rules laid down by Christ. And where are these rules to be found? If they exist, the Bishops of the Church must know them. It is their duty and their interest to be informed regarding these rules, and yet they cannot find them. This remark may fall coldly on Mr. Gladstone's ear, because, though not a wilful foe of Christianity, he does not realise the real character of the Church. Even so, he cannot charge us with inconsistency in thinking and speaking thus.

This is a fitting place to inquire what are the boundaries of the Roman Pontiff's power; for boundaries it surely has. His principal authority as to Faith and Morals, as such, is that of teaching true doctrine concerning them with an annexed preceptive and executive power of insisting on the acceptance of his definitions. The limits of this doctrinal power, as we may call it, are coincident with those of sufficiently ascertained truth in the departments of Faith and Morals. I say *sufficiently ascertained* truth, because there are abundant propositions true in themselves which men, the Pope included, have not the means of *knowing* to be true. In fact every proposition that can be framed is either true or false before God, and even if it be ambiguous, it is definitely true or false in each of the senses which it may bear. But it does not follow that the Pope is in a position to teach one way or the other about it, though it belong to the department of Faith or of Morals, and, as I have said elsewhere, those who enjoy free discussion on Theological subjects will never run short of matter for them.

Our present business is not with the Pope's teaching, but with his government of the faithful. The Pope is not the sovereign of all the faithful in the *temporal* order, nor by divine appointment of any of them. He providentially acquired a small secular principality, which God has permitted him to lose for the present *de facto*. The Pope is the sovereign of Christians in the *spiritual* order. His laws, his commands and prohibitions must all be concerned about and confined to things appertaining to this order either in their substance or in virtue of relations to it. Merely temporal things, as such, do not fall within his domain. No doubt the Pope is entitled and obliged to interfere in temporal things under the aspect of morality and conscience. But it is important we should understand in general terms how far this may go. To enter into the various branches and details would be quite beyond my scope and limits. But the principles can be briefly stated. In spiritual and ecclesiastical matters proper, the Roman Pontiff has the same authority that secular sovereigns or supreme governors of nations, such as parliaments, &c, have in worldly and political things. Neither in him nor in them is this authority restricted to *necessary* acts, but extends to whatever is at once lawful and expedient; and even inexpedient orders, if not unjust, may be valid and binding, though they would be better not issued. But when there is question of the Pontiff's condemning or obstructing the action of the State in what is otherwise its own sphere, the case is quite different. He can only forbid that which is already wrong, or exact what is already obligatory in virtue of divine law. He cannot dictate the doing of that which is merely the best according to his judgment, nor prohibit what he simply dislikes. He is but the *authorised*, and at the same time, no doubt, *authoritative*, though not infallible, *interpreter* of God's will. He pronounces and enforces a decision not arbitrary even in the least unfavorable sense of the word, but forced on him by the nature of the case. I say that what I have just stated is *the most* he can do. For the rules of prudence and the interests of religion often require that he should hold himself entirely or comparatively passive concerning conduct which would deserve reprobation. It may be remarked that, as a rule, all Papal declarations and condemnations are not only presumably conformable to the requirements of God's law, but palpably a mere application of those principles which all well-informed and, at the same time, sound Catholics hold.

I will here add a reflection which few Catholics will controvert, which many outside of the Church will not *understand*, many others will ridicule, while others again will admit it, and among these would, perhaps, be Mr. Gladstone, were he not at present in a hostile humour. It is, that whatever may have been the faults of Popes and their advisers—and being men they are liable to the influence of human passions—there is no court or government in which the genuine dictates of conscience are generally as much

listened to, and have as much sway, as the ecclesiastical court and government of Rome. It will be necessary now to say a little about the *absoluteness* of the obedience due to the Roman Pontiff, on which Mr. Gladstone harps so much.

LECTURES BY A CERTAIN PROFESSOR.

XI.—ABOUT CULTURE.

“CULTURE” is a word that begins to be in disrepute with clear-minded men. It means, at the same time, so much and so little. It is an admirable word to round a weak sentence or give an appearance of strength to a weak argument. Does any young gentleman, whose actual knowledge of the world is in inverse ratio to what he imagines it to be, wish to dazzle unsophisticated friends by professing a contempt for opinions that were the heirlooms of generations before he was born, he has only to enrol himself among the votaries of “culture.” If he wish to hide his ignorance of the facts involved in a discussion, he can take refuge in a foregone conclusion, baptise it with the name of “theory” and let “culture” stand sponsor for the intellectual bantling. Culture either ignores religion or patronises it; explains morality on purely natural principles; has about everything a view so procrustean in its character that it exacts the lopping off of innumerable truths. It is not satisfied with studying a subject after the good old fashion of collecting facts, it must bind the facts together in a theory, and devise a “philosophy” of everything. The human mind is, to be sure, limited in its capacity, and even the utmost diligence can scarcely attain to exhaustive knowledge even on a single subject; but that need not stand in the way of a “philosophy.” Culture appropriates the legal maxim, “*de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*,” and calmly proceeds to round its system.

Of course all this has been said with regard to culture that is spurious. The word undoubtedly expresses a reality, and a very desirable reality; but like other words that cover large meanings, it has been so abused in its application that, in nine cases out of ten, it expresses a mere “sham.” Culture in its best sense, is the last result of education properly so called. It means cultivation of the mind, and that not a cultivation consequent on the mere sowing of the seeds of knowledge, but including also such due attention to the conditions of growth and to the qualities of the soil, as will best prepare for a worthy harvest. Mere knowledge is not culture, nor will it produce culture. A man’s mind may be a vast repository of facts without having the least claim to be a

really well cultivated mind. Between the one and the other there is all the difference that there is between the ware-room of an upholsterer and a well furnished house. One has all the other has, and more ; but the nice taste, and the judicious arrangement, and the skilful adaptation of means to ends, are all wanting. Indeed the value of mere knowledge as an instrument of culture has been greatly overrated in this age that prides itself on being above all things "practical." Knowledge, when it means merely knowledge of facts, is, as often as not, an obstacle to culture. Unless knowledge of facts be co-ordinated under the guidance of the higher knowledge of principles, it may be likened to a heap of bricks rather than to a finished building.

Books are so obviously instruments of culture that we are apt to think that they are its only instruments. But there is a culture deeper and truer than any culture that books produce. There were educated men, in a very true sense of the word, before books were, and wherever there was education there was culture. Let us not confound the accident of an era with the essences of things. If culture could only be the result of learned leisure, of studious habit, of lifelong devotion to books, it would be the fortune of so few that it would scarcely be worth taking into account as a social force. But there is a degree of culture within the reach of even men who have neither leisure nor love for books. The truth is, morality, rather than literature, is the real wand of culture ; and there is a culture of a very valuable kind that comes, even to illiterate men, from long-practised habit of right thinking on the elementary principles of human action, and right acting in the ordinary relations of human society.

I am not one of those who wish to quarrel with the age in which they live. Like every other age that ever was, it is both good enough and bad enough for the people who are in it. If there be any safe conclusion on such a subject, it is this, that it is just the age for you and for me, precisely because it is the one in which we find ourselves. But, like all other ages, it has two very distinct aspects. Under one aspect, the "age" may be said to consist of the great mass of commonplace people who mind their own business, who do the real work of the world, who plough and sow and reap and toil and die, and leave no record of themselves save in the moral instincts that their lives have fostered, and in the fence and furrow and house that descend to the ages that come after them. But under another aspect the "age" comes to signify the minority who seem to live to make a noise : who write, and speak, and seek to rule their fellows by voice or pen or sword. Now it would be ill for any age if it were to be estimated solely by considerations derived from contemplation of the latter class. Assuredly they are not the most reputable portion of society. The political honesty of members of parliament will certainly not be greater, will, very probably, be less, than that of the constituencies-

that elect them. The political honesty of these constituencies will very likely fall somewhat below that of the great non-electoral mass around them. And as in politics, so is it in other things. Not in the noisy people who claim to represent society will the merits of that society be found in their highest perfection. Its defects will be epitomised in them with sufficient accuracy, but not its better qualities. It is the silent masses that give its momentum to the age; and when we read in history of societies so corrupt that it is to us an insoluble problem how they did not fall suddenly to pieces, our wonder will be lessened if we reflect that beneath the rotten surface of which we read there was an unrecorded mass of patient industry and honest purpose that made no noise, but that silently saved society.

I have said this, because any talk about culture seems necessarily to lead to certain disparaging conclusions about the "tendencies of the age," and I would not have it thought that I see nothing in the times in which I live except the things that seem to deserve censure.

If anything can with safety be predicated about the age, it is that it is preeminently a reading age and a writing age. Yet even in this reading age the great majority of men do not read. The amount of ignorance of even contemporary literature is simply amazing. Take the half dozen or so of names that to your thinking have written themselves across the age in letters of gold, and ask half a dozen of your busy acquaintances what they think about them, and you will find they think nothing at all about them, simply because they do not know them. What a thing fame is! There are very good men, nay, very intelligent men, nay, men well enough read in the literature of their own young days, who have never heard more than the names of Tennyson, and Browning, and George Eliot.

Now, we are apt to confound "culture" with "*our* culture," and to imagine that persons who happen to be unacquainted with what perhaps is the only thing we know, are therefore uncultivated. But it is a mistake. We meet a middle-aged man who either has not read or does not like the Laureate, who is simply indignant with the obscure word-juggling and thought-juggling of Browning, whose moral nature is revolted by the cultured indifferentism of George Eliot, and straightway we look on him as—intellectually—a boor. But he may know his Homer and his Horace—may have a keen appreciation of Shakspeare, may be well up in the *Spectator*, and may have living in his memory passages of Pope that, strange as it may seem to a younger generation, bring tears into his eyes. Do you think he has much to learn in the way of art from the last new novel or new poem? Fashions change, as in other things, so in literature; but the elements of thought or of poetic feeling do not change. The last literary dress catches your eye and takes your fancy; but do you suppose that the thing dressed, if it be worth anything, if it be

not a mere lay-figure to show off the fine wares of the writer, is not as old as the very world? Indeed there is great danger that real culture will be rendered impossible by too much reading. How can a man preserve his intellectual balance, except by not reading at all, in those days when every second man you meet in society has written something, and when every man seems to think it desirable to read all that has been written? Perhaps of the two it would be a less evil to read nothing than to aim at reading everything. At any rate, the question arises, whether would it be better, in the interests of true culture, to read what everybody is talking about just now, or to read only what everyone will be talking about in a hundred or two hundred years? Yet we have upon our bookshelves, covered with the dust of undisturbed repose, books which we may be sure will last another hundred years, if only because they have already lasted, one, two, nay, in the case of Homer, twenty-seven hundred years.

Why will not the general reader confine his reading to these to the saving of his pocket and his time, and to the lasting benefit of his mind? The reason is, that, in nine cases out of ten, the general reader reads not for love of art or desire of knowledge, not for beauty of thought or of expression, but either to kill time or to satiate his thirst for *gossip*. It is an age of "small talk" about everything in which everyone feels competent to take a part. There is, perhaps, about the usual average of mental activity, but it is very evenly distributed over a large surface. No one has much, everyone has a little. There is no leviathan, but there are shoals of minnows. A man wants to meet in his books precisely such thoughts as pass through his own mind. He has an intense curiosity about the affairs of his neighbours. He has neither wish nor capacity for severe thinking. He wants to be amused precisely as he would be amused by the ordinary gossip of any social circle within his reach. And accordingly he reads his modern novel, or the smart paper in the *Review*, or the newspaper article from the flippant pen of some one who would be mortally ashamed to be thought ignorant of anything. And this, forsooth, is culture! It is sitting at the feet of such Gamaliels that qualifies a man to arraign before the bar of culture systems and opinions which, to say the least that can be said in their favour, represent an amount of intellectual effort and patient thought of which the world of to-day seems absolutely incapable.

The mind of the unfortunate "general reader" is subjected to a drenching process. The incessant flood rolls on, *labitur et labitur*—novel, poem, essay, article—small talk about theology, philosophy, science, politics—is it any wonder that the original colour is quite washed out of the modern mind? "Did you read this?" "Have you seen that?" "Have you heard that such a work is in the press?" I declare I sometimes wish the press were stopped for say, a decade, if only to show how well the world would get on

without it, and how little the cause of true culture would suffer by its silence.

It was said of old, "*timeo hominem unius libri*," but I would say rather, "I fear the man of no book," if such could be found—a man who had not overlaid his natural intelligence with the fossil remains of other men's thinking; who was able to bring his mind to bear upon a subject without allowing it to be hidden from him by bandages of printed matter. There are too many books. I say it, who dearly love books.

But some one may say—"there need not be too many books for you, for you need only read those you choose." Yes, but there is a consequence not pleasant—indeed, except to a very strong-minded man, not tolerable. You would be out of the fashion. Read only the best books, and you are an "old fogie" with an old-fashioned taste for classics, which the world of to-day calls pedantry—with a love for old English literature which the youth of the period deems either simple affectation or downright eccentricity. And yet the old books are likely to be the best books. Of course a good book may come forth any day—but it is hard to know it. Popularity is so poor a measure of literary merit, that, considering the past history of literature, it is hardly a paradox to say, that the more popular a book is at the time of its publication, the less likelihood is there that it is a classic. This is especially true at the present day; for, considering the motives that make men write and read, it is almost certain that the writer will write for the day and to the day, and that the reader will be caught precisely by that which interests him so nearly that it will have no possible interest for his grandchildren. Shakspeare, in his literary aspect, was a considerable time making his way into the favour of the general public. It took a century to establish "*Paradise Lost*" as a great epic. Now-a-days an author finds himself famous in the morning issue of a newspaper, and may esteem himself peculiarly fortunate if the blossom of his fame do not fall off before it has been gathered into the *herbarium* of a "*Quarterly*."

All this might be let to settle itself, and would scarcely deserve even a passing notice, were it not for some of the phenomena to which it gives rise. One phenomenon is this: You have, we will say, some literary experience, and some knowledge of the normal course of things in the literary world. Consequently you are by no means attracted by success that bears every sign of being ephemeral. You are not at all willing to pin your faith to opinions that have only stood the test of newspaper criticism. If you want to understand a subject, you prefer reading it up in some book which the opinion of more than one generation has pronounced respectable. Fortified by such an authority, you venture fearlessly into discussion. But you are met, on the very threshold, by the question: "Have you read *Plausible* on this subject?" You are compelled to admit that not only have you not seen *Plausible's*

book, but you have never heard of the existence of Plausible himself. "But surely you have seen the able article in Monday's *Times*, or the clever paper in the current number of the *Contemporary*?" In vain you reply that sources such as these do not seem to be necessarily fountain-heads of truth—you are quietly deposited outside the discussion.

This omnivorous appetite for books results in a very deceptive gloss upon the surface of society. Never was there so much appearance of culture with so much very real ignorance. There is abroad a pretence of universal knowledge. Men have become intolerant of mystery and impatient of faith. The world postulates its own omniscience and its power of accounting for everything. The culture that springs from such postulates will not rise above its source. And that source is mere assumption. It will produce ingenious theories and able books, but it will not furnish a key to the great universe. It will produce "philosophies of history" that explain everything to-day with an amusing finality, but that find themselves out of date to-morrow in the presence of new facts that necessitate a new theory.

Indeed in no field has modern culture better loved to disport itself than in this same field of the "philosophy of history"—and in no department of study can the measure of that culture be better taken. The philosophic historian has neither doubt nor hesitation about anything. Everything is "naked and open to his eye." There is no department of human knowledge, however remote from the ordinary paths of the student of history, in which he is not better qualified to pronounce than men who have made it their life-long and exclusive study. It is true he is liable to ludicrous mistakes, but they escape the notice of that poor dupe—the general reader.

Buckle is, I suppose, the great hierophant of this philosophy of history. In audacity of intellect, and in assumption of omniscience, he distances all his competitors. I remember very well the first time I read his fascinating book—and indeed it is fascinating, especially on the first perusal. I was greatly taken by his indisputable power of dealing with his very complicated subject, and I was so unsophisticated at the time that I might possibly have swallowed all his assertions without even the corrective of the traditional "grain of salt"—but for one little note that I chanced upon early in his first volume. It concerned a subject about which I happened to know something, and I must say that my faith in his omniscience was considerably shaken when I found him confounding the scholastic controversy about "indifferent acts" with the very different question of "Probabilism"—which, I may remark for the information of my non-theological readers, is just as gross a blunder as if a writer were to confound a controversy about the abstract conditions of a just war with the discussion of a system of military tactics.

However, a philosophy of history is a dream of the day. There are certain very obvious lessons taught by history that may, if you will, be called its philosophy. "Public crime will issue in public suffering." "Seed sown will produce a crop after its own kind." "Public honesty is the best public policy." "Scepticism and irreligion in one age will produce revolution and bloodshed in another." These and kindred maxims, that may be gathered on the very surface of history, make a very admirable philosophy. But when one goes farther and becomes more ambitious—when one seeks to trace the history of society, not only as from acorn to oak, but from new crops of acorns to new growths of oaks in all manner of different soils—when one aspires to account for everything, to penetrate the depths of everything, to know the past so thoroughly as to leave no mystery in the future: then, indeed, the "philosophy of history" is of no easy achievement. That there is a philosophy of history in a sense wider than even the dreams of human ambition, I devoutly believe. But it is found in its perfection only in the mind of God. One day, when all is over, He will unfold the web of human history, and men will see, branded upon the warp and woof of it, that luminous sentence which must in the meantime serve us as the first principle of such provisional philosophy of history as we are capable of—"All things work together for good to them that love God" (*Rom.* chap. viii.).

The culture of the age has a critical turn, for the age itself is a critical age. Not precisely in the sense that a judiciously critical spirit is common, but rather in the sense that men are in a critical mood, and in a critical attitude. They seem to sit like the Epicurean gods calmly contemplating the world, caring equally—that is, not at all—for one thing and for another; not moved to enthusiasm by virtue nor to indignation by crime; analyzing everything, admiring nothing. A great criminal is not so much a monster to be reprobated as a pathological study of character. A saint or a hero is to be accounted for by the action of ordinary social forces, which, to say the least, do not seem capable of producing either. Above all, the judicious critic must keep himself aloof from sympathy with his subject. He must preserve his lofty superiority and his calm indifference.

Naturally enough in the authors of the day who have achieved the largest popularity one can best trace the characteristics of the culture that is in vogue. If this be so, assuredly one of the characteristics of modern culture is *not* a very high degree of poetic excellence. First, I suppose, comes the Laureate. I dare say no poet was ever so widely read in his own time, or more generally admired; but not even his admirers would venture to claim for him a place in the first rank. The truth is, he is not a great poet—perhaps not even secure of a place in the second class of English poets. He has been more than forty years before the world, and has scarcely ever surpassed the "*Morte d'Arthur*," written

nearly that many years ago. He has written exquisite blank verse, so exquisite that it tends, at times, to be monotonous. His claims are to be measured by his loftiest attempt and his greatest achievement. He took early possession of the grand Arthurian legend, and has brooded over it for more than a generation. But what has he made of it? Not a great poem, but a series of highly finished cabinet pictures. He has not had sufficient poetic fire to fuse his materials into one great admirable whole; and, after playing with his subject for a lifetime, he has been forced to transpose his various renderings from their original order of publication that he might give some appearance of unity to his conception. But whatever unity there is must be regarded as the result of an evident afterthought. In fact, the poetic littleness of the age is mirrored in the attempt of its most popular poet—an attempt in which no one has ever been or ever will be successful—to give the world an Epic in instalments. The Laureate never forgets himself, is never quite carried away by the fervour of his genius; writes, as some one says of him, with a severity all the greater because it is unconscious, “like an English gentleman,” as if a modern English gentleman could possibly afford a lofty ideal to one who aspired to be the poet of more than one or two generations. There is a hothouse flavour about most things that he has written. If he be, in any sense, a great artist, he is merely an artist in words; and his is not that highest art that so simulates nature as to be itself forgotten. One merit he has, and it is a great one. He has that love for the tools with which he works, that is characteristic of a good workman. He has been careful to write pure sweet English, and has been swayed through his whole career by an evident desire to please his public.

That this is in itself a great merit will be the more evident when we come to examine a writer whom many consider to be his rival, if not his superior. Take up Browning, and I venture to say that, if your tastes have been formed upon classics, whether ancient or modern, your first feeling will be one of impatient disgust with a writer who seems to hold in utter scorn the elementary principles of pure English composition. If you overcome the reluctance to read, which it would seem to be his first object to excite; if you patiently pursue his thought through the obscurities, and the inversions, and the general unintelligibleness in which it seems to be his delight to involve it, you may possibly be rewarded by a wonderful display of very subtle analytical power; but all the more will you be indignant with the intellectual perversity that hides so much power under such ungainly form.

His power, undoubtedly, lies in analysis, and in this, precisely, he is a representative man of an age in which he has achieved a larger degree of popularity than a casual reader would be inclined to think possible. He throws himself into all sorts of characters; and yet he seems to me to be essentially undramatic in the sense

in which all the world perceives Shakspeare to be dramatic. Browning reminds me of those weird stories in which a spirit is represented as entering into bodies that had been long dead, and waking them up from their rest to do fantastic tricks that yet have in them and through them a touch of the old nature. He can enter into the dead past and can make it live again, after a fashion. But you are always conscious that the animating spirit is the spirit of Browning, and the life you witness is not the real life of the long ago, but such life as it would have been, had the poet lived it under the assumed conditions.

The third name on my list is George Eliot, a writer, who, however different from Browning in readableness, seems to me to be so kindred to him in the most characteristic aspects of her genius, that she may, like him, be regarded as a special representative of an age that is lost in admiration of her wonderful books. She, too, has a marvellous power of entering into lives most alien to the ideal an admiring reader would be inclined to form of her own. But there seems through all her personation to preside a calm, indifferent, critical spirit that keeps her aloof from mere humanity;—an impartiality that is, so to speak, so *unhuman* that it ends with repelling one. Her latest work, “Middlemarch,” embodies at once her highest excellence and her great defect. That excellence consists in wonderful analysis of very various character, subtle speculation upon human motives, a grandeur of conception and a grasp of detail, an artistic conscientiousness that leaves nothing unfinished, that bestows equal care upon her greatest characters and her least. The defect is best illustrated by the fact that, beginning with an ideal so high as St. Teresa, she has no better fate for her heroine than to allow her to “decline to the lower range of feeling” implied by her love for Ladislaw, the limpest character in the whole book. It is as great an anticlimax as any I know. In truth, these wonderful books, describing everything with a life-likeness that is absolutely photographic, issue, one and all, in a hopelessness of human destiny that leaves upon me, at all events, a most painful impression. She has evident glimpses of a lofty ideal which she has never been able to carry out, because she has never found the path that leads from here to hereafter, from the natural to the supernatural, from the story of human struggle to the crowning of human effort.

The books of which I have been speaking bear upon them, one and all, the stamp of a self-consciousness which an unfriendly critic would be prompt to characterise as self-conceit.

There is another writer whom I almost hesitate to mention, and I do so only because I fear he is too truly representative—and representative of the worst aspect of modern culture. It is Swinburne. It is sad to think that so much sweet music should have been lavished upon thoughts that would better become a lost spirit than a human being. And, in truth, in this I sum up my brief criticism

of his poetry, that it is exactly what Satan himself might write, and doubtless would write, were he not saved the trouble by finding ready to his hand human instruments who do his work with all his malice, and perhaps with an effectiveness that could hardly be attained by a mere spirit, who had only a conjectural knowledge of the joint working of fleshly instinct and a spiritual nature.

Should I live to the year 1900—which would be by no means an abnormal event in the annals of longevity—I anticipate considerable amusement from the contemplation of the fossil remains of leviathan reputations that were to have lasted for ever. Shall I venture on a little prophecy, though prophecy can scarcely serve any useful purpose when it merely professes to be the projection into the future of the tastes and feelings of the present? Tennyson will still be read, but not by the thousands who read him now. Longfellow, I venture to predict, will have risen considerably in public favour. The “poet of the future” will scarcely have arrived so soon. Probably he will hail from the “States,” but I do not think that Walt Whitman will be he. Browning will be placed upon a shelf unfrequented save by the clever purloiners of dead men’s thoughts, who will “adapt” his lucubrations to the literary fashion of a new era. Tyndall and Huxley will be forgotten as to their characteristic eccentricities, and remembered only, and honourably, for their indisputable contributions to real science. George Eliot will be read much as Sir Walter Scott is read now. She will scarcely have had time to attain to the classical dignity which the nineteenth century recognises in Fielding, and the comparative neglect with which it accompanies its recognition. I devoutly hope that Swinburne’s name and works shall have perished from the memory of a better and a purer age. The old books shall still remain, growing, as is their nature, into deeper places in their readers’ hearts, and, as it is their nature, too, unfolding higher excellences and beauties that were hidden, as the thoughts of those who read them “are widened by the process of the suns.” There will still be culture, spurious and real, but, probably, both shall be as unlike the culture of to-day as modern costume is unlike the costume of our grandfathers. Meantime it is for us to work while it is yet day, mindful of the night that will come so surely, and mindful also of our responsibility to Him who shapes both day and night “to a perfect end.”

LAFONTAINE'S BEST.

ONE of Dickens's heroes says of a kind uncle who promises to do his best in some affair; "Well, uncle, your best is the best Best I know of." Let me say the same of Lafontaine's best, in the matter of French poetry. It does not speak well for the poetical soul of a nation that one of its greatest poets should be a mere writer of fables, a graceful versifier of old Æsop. John Gay is very far from being one of the greatest English poets; but indeed he is also very far from being a worthy rival of John Lafontaine. As Wordsworth says of Milton and the Sonnet, "the thing became a trumpet," so in Lafontaine's hands the fable becomes always a graceful, sometimes a noble poem. The French muse has hardly produced anything finer.

Many Frenchmen will accept with equanimity the depreciation of their poetry which is implied in these remarks. That on which they rest their literary glory is the supreme excellence of French prose. One of their literary dictators, M. Victor Cousin, thinks comparisons are by no means odious when there is question of comparing the prose writers of France with those of every other country:—

"What nation of modern times," he asks, "can reckon up prose-writers that approach to those of our nation? The country of Shakspeare and Milton possesses no prose-writer of the first rank except Bacon. The country of Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, is proud of Machiavelli, whose diction, sound and masculine, is, like the thought which it expresses, destitute of greatness. Spain has produced, it is true, an admirable writer, but only one—Cervantes. *France* can easily display a list of more than twenty prose-writers of genius—Froissart, Rabelais, Montaigne, Descartes, Pascal, La Rochefoucauld, Molière, de Retz, La Bruyère, Malebranche, Bossuet, Fénelon, Fléchier, Bourdaloue, Massillon, Madame de Sévigné, Saint Simon, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Buffon, Jean Jacques Rousseau: without speaking of so many others who would be in the first rank, anywhere else, Amiot, Calvin, d'Aubigné, Charron, Balzac, Nicole,* Fleury, Bussi, Saint Evremont, Madame de la Fayette, Madame de Maintenon, Fontenelle, Vauvenargues, Hamilton, Le Sage, Prévost, &c. It may be said with the most exact truth, that French prose is without a rival in modern Europe; and in antiquity itself, superior to Latin prose, at least in the number and variety of its models, it has no equal but the prose of Greece in its palmyest days, from Herodotus to Demosthenes. I should not place Demosthenes before Pascal, and I should have a difficulty in placing Plato himself before Bossuet."

This passage, of which the last phrase is much less extravagant than the second last, was written when France was much prouder

* Whom, nevertheless, one of Vauvenargues' characters read "avec une patience tout-à-fait chrétienne." As so much has been said here of French prose, and as many of our readers may wish to read something in French less classical than Bossuet and Pascal, we may give in this place a list of good, moral,

than she is now. It is significant enough that no allusion whatever is vouchsafed to the country of Goethe. The French professor knew as much about the merits of Goldsmith or Addison, as we know of the merits which place de Retz in the first rank of French writers, or Bussi in the second—of whom, as writers, we know nothing at all. But, ridiculous as are his pretensions to judge of English prose, he may be accepted as a competent witness in the matter of French poetry; though here, too, his testimony takes the form of a very sweeping comparison:—

“All the ancient and modern writers of fables, even the ingenious, pure, and elegant Phædrus, do not come near to our Lafontaine. He invents his characters and puts them on the stage with the skill of a Molière, and he knows how to assume betimes the tone of a Horace and mingle ode with fable. He is at once the simplest and the most refined of writers, and his art escapes notice through its very perfection.”

Further on, he goes beyond the mere writers of fables and speaks of those “deep, tender, melancholy touches which place among the greatest poets of all time the author of the ‘Two Pigeons’ and of the ‘Old Man and the Three Youths.’” It is a wonder that M. Cousin did not add as a third specimen of Lafontaine at his best, “Le Chêne et le Roseau.” Certainly it is one of the most celebrated of the Fables. Currer Bell, whose sojourn in a Belgian *pensionnat* qualified her to judge of such matters, makes Shirley recite this fable with enthusiasm for her tutor, Louis. More recently a writer in a magazine, which deserved to live better than many periodicals that have survived it, says: “Of the whole collection *Le Chêne et le Roseau* is admitted to be the most remarkable for sublime simplicity.”* The Abbé Batteux has woven together a most ingenious commentary of considerable length on this little poem, bringing out beauties in every line and every word. We are therefore justified in offering this as a favourable sample of the best Fabulist of all time and of one of the best poets of a language in which the highest flights of sublimity can hardly be pos-

modern French stories which a French priest, who had practical experience of libraries for the young, drew up for us some years ago:—

“*L'Enthousiasme*” and “*Gabrielle*,” by Madame Gjertz; “*Petits et Grands*,” by Livonnière; “*Bellah*,” by Octave Feuillet; “*Contes de Bretagne*,” by Féval; “*Contes In vraisemblables*,” by Henri Nicole; “*Les Quarts de Nuit*,” by La Landalle; “*Les Enfants de la Mer*,” by the same; “*Marquise et Pêcheur*,” by Mademoiselle Fleuriot; “*Contes et Nouvelles*,” by Pontmartin; also, “*Or et Clinquant*” and “*Le Fond de la Coupe*,” by the same; “*Madeline*,” by Jules Sandeau; “*Critiques et Récits Littéraires*,” by Edmond Texier; “*Scènes et Nouvelles Catholiques*,” by Gautier; “*Le Journal de Marguerite*,” by Mademoiselle Monriot; “*Au Coin du Feu*,” “*Au Bord du Lac*,” “*Sous la Tourelle*,” and “*Pendant la Moisson*,” by Emile Souvestre; and several of Louis Veuillot's miscellanies, especially “*Ça et Là*.”

* *St. Paul's Magazine*, October, 1870.

sible, seeing that *Les Aventures de Télémaque* is its nearest approach to the blank verse of "Paradise Lost." Let us first give the original, that some conscientious reader may forthwith qualify himself to judge our version kindly by trying one of his own. The Italian sneer about *traduttore traditore*—"translators are but traitors"—is more than ever applicable when the merit of the piece translated consists chiefly in the untranslatable charm of style, "that spontaneous cleverness with which," says Louis Veuillot, "Madame de Sévigné makes her letter, Molière his dialogue, Lafontaine his fable." See how our good John comes in everywhere, out of the fulness of the French heart. De Bonald gives another reason for the special untranslatableness of what we have tried to translate. "Our most national poet is Lafontaine, because he speaks a language which we alone understand, *la langue naïve*. Strangers themselves grant that they cannot understand our inimitable Fabulist." And now one of these strangers will make his attempt, taking refuge beforehand in the last couplet of our poet's prologue, addressed to the Dauphin :

"Et si de t'agréer je n'emporte le prix,
J'aurai du moins l'honneur de l'avoir entrepris."

"And, if my feeble effort be by your smile unblest,
I'll have at least the honour of having done my best."

The sole merit claimed for the version which will be given a page or two further on, is that of reproducing pretty faithfully the turns of thought in the original. The latter must, therefore, first of all, be placed here bodily before the reader :

Le Chêne un jour dit au Roseau :
"Vous avez bien sujet d'accuser la Nature,
Un roitelet pour vous est un pesant fardeau ;
Le moindre vent, qui d'aventure
Fait rider la face de l'eau,
Vous oblige à baisser la tête ;
Cependant que mon front, au Caucase pareil,
Non content d'arrêter les rayons du soleil,
Brave l'effort de la tempête.
Tout vous est aquilon, tout me semble zéphyr.
Encor si vous naissiez à l'abri du feuillage
Dont je couvre le voisinage,
Vous n'auriez pas tant à souffrir ;
Je vous défendrais de l'orage :
Mais vous naissez le plus souvent
Sur les humides bords des royaumes du vent.
La Nature envers vous me semble bien injuste.
— Votre compassion, lui répondit l'Arbuste,
Part d'un bon naturel : mais quittez ce souci.
Les vents me sont moins qu'à vous redoutables :
Je plie, et ne romps pas. Vous avez jusqu'ici
Contre leurs coups épouvantables

Résisté sans courber le dos ;
 Mais attendons la fin." Comme il disait ces mots,
 Du bout de l'horizon accourt avec furie
 Le plus terrible des enfants
 Que le nord eût porté jusque-là dans ses flancs.
 L'Arbre tient bon ; le Roseau plie.
 Le vent redouble ses efforts,
 Et fait si bien qu'il déracine
 Celui de qui la tête au ciel étoit voisine,
 Et dont les pieds touchaient à l'empire des morts.

Among the many minute criticisms lavished on this famous poem, the reader is invited to note the skilful harmony between the varying thoughts and the words that express them : as, for instance, in the two last lines of the poem, which the anapaests and iambs of our version aim at reproducing with this contrast. It is in these effects that Lafontaine's supremacy consists, for he very rarely invents any of the incidents of the little stories. "No fabulist," says Arnold ("Poets of Greece," p. 200), "can well be original, for fables are the work of the wit of mankind from the earliest days, and the mythiambist only collects and epigrammatizes them." Of Lafontaine in particular an ingenious writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* (February, 1874), reviewing with warm appreciation the most notable modern addition to the literature of apologue, the present Lord Lytton's "Fables in Song"—this reviewer remarks that Lafontaine does little more than translate the ideas of the ancient hunchback into brilliant French. The fable indeed with which we are concerned has for its prototype the 36th of the First Book of Babrius (or Gabrius), whose "Fabulae Aesopeae" were edited by Sir George Cornwall Lewis. We subjoin a specimen of this

Φῆγος καὶ κάλαμος :—

Σόφως δὲ κάλαμος ἱππὶ· "μηδὲν ἐκπλήσσον"
 σὺ μὲν μαχομένη ταῖς πρῶαῖς ἐνικήθης
 ἡμεῖς δὲ καμπτομένα μαλθακῇ γυμνῇ
 κἂν βαιὸν ἡμῶν ἄνεμος ἄκρα κινήσῃ."
 κάλαμος μὲν οὕτως· ὁ δὲ γε μῦθος ἐμφαίνει
 μὴ δεῖν μαχίσθαι τοῖς κρατῦσιν, ἀλλ' εἰκεῖν.

We need not pause to compare this or other parts of the old fable with the form given to it by the good Lafontaine ; but let us cite from the writer whom we quoted a moment ago this justification of the seeming want of originality in thus reproducing things a thousand years old :—

"We have nothing to add to those trenchant little narratives so full of suggestiveness, so rapid in action. The humorous self-consolation of the fox who found the grapes sour which were out of his reach (although in itself one of the highest examples of the fable, and containing the germs of a more subtle art)—the folly of the dog who snapped at the shadow of his bone, and thus lost both shadow and substance—or the invincible dull force beyond all argument, of that king of beasts who has made 'the lion's share' into a proverb—are too perfect for anything but simple repetition. We cannot improve upon them, nor develop

them ; for those sides of the mind against which their wonderful satire is directed, are exactly as they were when Æsop wrote, and any addition to his rapid tale must be a disadvantage to it."

On condition of making this positively the very last of our notes and illustrations, may it be allowed to us to place side by side four versions (as they are all short) of that most famous of all fables which has just been referred to—"Sour grapes! says the fox." We begin with Phaedrus:—

"Fame coacta Vulpes altâ in vineâ
Uvam adpetebat, summis saliens viribus ;
Quam tangere ut non potuit, discedens ait :
'Nondum matura est, nolo acerbam sumere.'

Qui facere quae non possunt verbis elevant
Adscribere hoc debebunt exemplum sibi."

It happened that just twenty years before Phaedrus was discovered in the sixteenth century, Gabriel Faernus of Cremona was employed by Pope Pius IV. to translate into Latin verse the old Greek fables. See how much less simple the modern is (whose book, by the way, was dedicated to St. Charles Borromeo), and how inferior that pleonastic *gustu insuavis acerbo* to the business-like *nonchalance* of *nolo acerbam sumere*.

"Vulpes esuriens altâ de vite racemos
Pendentes nullâ cum prensare arte valeret,
Nec pedibus tantum aut agili se tollere saltu ;
Desiit, ac secum sic addidit ipse recedens :
'Immatura uva est, gustuque insuavis acerbo.'

Consuevere homines, eventu si qua sinistro
Vota cadant, iis sese alienos velle videri."

Lafontaine's version, "*Le Renard et les Raisins*," is the Eleventh Fable of his Third Book:—

"Certain renard gascon, d'autres disent normand,
Mourant presque de faim, vit au haut d'une treille
Des raisins, mûrs apparemment,
Et couverts d'une peau vermeille.
Le galand en eût fait volontiers un repas,
Mais comme il n'y pouvait atteindre :
'Ils sont trop verts, dit-il, et bons pour des goujats.'
Fait-il mieux que de se plaindre?"

This is not so easily turned into English as Phaedrus, whom I, therefore, follow:—

A hungry fox leaped upward his best
At grapes which high above him glowed.
"Not quite ripe yet—sour grapes I detest,"
Quoth he, as, foiled, he went on his road.
You who make light of what you can't do!
This story is meant as a hint for *you*.

Having thus placed a convenient interval of separation between the best of fabulists and—not the best of translators, what if we at last repeat in English the story of “The Oak and the Reed?”

To the Reed one day the Oak-tree said :
 “ Good reason hast thou discontented to be
 With Nature. A wren is a burden for thee!
 The gentlest of breezes that chances to blow,
 Scarce wrinkling the face of the waters below,
 Forces thee to bow the head.

But I not thus !

My crest, sublime as the Caucasus,
 Bars the sunbeam's golden path
 And braves the tempest's wrath.
 For thee all is northwind, all zephyr for me.
 Nay, if thy birthplace had happened to be
 Beneath the sheltering foliage found
 With which I cover the country round,
 Thy lot were then less harshly cast—
 I'd screen thee from the stormy blast.
 But, no, thy cradle we oftenest find
 On the humid shores of the realms of wind.
 Ah, Nature to thee is unjust indeed.”
 “ Your compassion,” replies the Reed,
 “ Springs from a kindly heart. But spare
 This needless care—

The winds are more to be feared by *you* :

I do not break but bend.

Till now 'gainst the worst their rage could do,

Erect, unbending, you've stood, 'tis true :

But wait for the end !”

As he spake the word,
 From the horizon's verge is heard
 The terrible rush of the hurricane—
 Fiercest that ever the north
 From his flanks sent forth !

The Reed bows low, the Oak stands fast.
 The storm-fiend puts forth his might again :
 And prone on the earth at last
 Lieth he who had raised to the skies his head
 And with his feet had touched the empire of the dead.

To this translation, made in Lafontaine's own country for some of his countrymen, we appended the following moral, which may fitly be the winding-up of our “linked sweetness” too long drawn out :—

“ Would that your poet's noblest strain
 Might in this ruder garb retain
 Some of its charms ! But in their place
 (That it may loftier scope embrace)
 Let me its moral aptly trace
 In proverb which apostles twain
 From Israel's wisest king have ta'en :
 “ God resisteth the proud and vain,
 And to the humble giveth grace.”*

M. R.

* *Prov.* iv. 35 ; *1 Pet.* i. 15 ; *James*, v. 5.

WINGED WORDS.

VI.

THE pleasure of dying without pain is well worth the pain of living without pleasure. [Is this the English of *Le plaisir de mourir sans peine vaut bien la peine de vivre sans plaisir*? "Pain" is rather *douleur*, and *peine* is "trouble" or "difficulty."]

False opinions are like false money, struck at first by desperadoes, and passed afterwards from hand to hand by honest people who are only dupes.—*De Bonald*.

Men judge us by the success of our efforts; God looks to the efforts themselves, taking the will for the deed.

It is not great calamities which embitter existence, so much as the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the minor miseries, that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality. To rule one's anger is well; to prevent it is better.

The error of a moment is often the sorrow of a life.

When a plan is likely to fail, people are apt to get unreasonably angry with themselves for having made it; that is, if they cannot find any excuse for being angry with somebody else.—*Lady Georgiana Fullerton*.

Natural sweetness of temper may be more attractive than acquired self-control; but attractiveness is a poor sort of merit after all. It is a charm but not a virtue.—*The Same*.

There is but one thing greater on earth than genius—and that is holiness; united they work miracles.—*The Same*.

I am as weak as water, but too great a coward to dare to trifle with God's mercies.—*The Same*.

Many, while they long to pluck the flower, refuse to sow the seed.—*The Same*.

The most indefatigable activity is that of an indolent person who has become hard-working.

The greatest mistake is not half so bad as the smallest possible sin.—*The Curt d'Ar*.

The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study and in every pursuit is attention. My own inventiveness or imagination would never have served me as it has, but for the habit of humble, commonplace, patient, constant, toiling, drudging attention.—*Charles Dickens*.

God help us, what strangers we are to ourselves! In every man's nature there is an interior unexplored as that of Africa, and over that region what wild beasts may roam!—*Alexander Smith*.

Nothing is truly ours which we must leave behind.—*W. W. Story*.

After all, guilt is the greatest of all misfortunes.—*E. J. O'R.*

There is no such gladdener of hearts and beautifier of faces as the consciousness of having done a little good.—*Notes in the Big House.*

Sanctify your soul as a temple, and the angel of good thoughts will not disdain to dwell there.—*Madame de Staël.* [But in our souls, as in our temples, a greater than angels dwells. *Ecce plus quam Salomon hic !*]

Faire une belle ode c'est rêver l'héroïsme.—*The Same.*

Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.

There is no such prosperous merchant as the charitable man: he gives trifles which he cannot keep, and receives in exchange treasures which he cannot lose.

The mind is like a trunk. If well packed, it will hold almost anything: if ill packed, next to nothing.

Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought to be as we take to hide what we are, we might appear like our real selves without the trouble of any disguise at all.—*Roche foucault.*

Life is a book of which we can have but one edition. Let each day, as it adds its page to the indestructible volume, be such as we shall be willing to let an assembled world read.

"Cursed is he who doth the work of God negligently;" and very blameworthy are they who do, or pretend to do, the work of the meek and humble Heart in a way that is neither meek nor humble.

Encouragement after correction is like sunny weather after rain.

Every man knows his own sins, and also what grace he has resisted. But to the sins of others and the circumstances under which they are committed, he is a stranger. He is, therefore, to look on himself as the greatest sinner he knows of.

There are some minds so impatient of inferiority that their gratitude is a species of revenge, and they return benefits, not because recompense is a pleasure but because obligation is a pain.

To-morrow is an old deceiver, and his cheat never grows stale.

The test of all scholarship is moderation: the special test of Catholic scholarship is humility, besides.—*F. W. Faber.*

Once S. Antony saw in a vision the whole earth covered over with snares and pitfalls, so thickly that it seemed impossible to set down one's foot without falling into one of them. He cried out, trembling: "Who, O Lord, can escape them all?" And a voice answered: "Humility, O Antony."

No work is from God which is not slow.—*F. W. Faber.*

When S. Columbanus asked his countryman, S. Deicolus, "Dichul, why are you always smiling?" he answered, in simplicity, "Because no one can take my God from me."

Better often hold back a truth than speak it ungraciously.—*S. Francis de Sales.*

New Books.

"Polycarp," said the Pro-Consul, "blaspheme Christ, and I discharge you." Polycarp replied: "I have served Him these fourscore and six years, and He never did me any harm, but much good; and how can I blaspheme my King and my Saviour?"

It is a wonder that God should love men. It is more marvellous that He should let men love Him. But man can outdo God, for his is the greatest wonder of all—it is that he does not love God when He may.—*F. W. Faber.*

The eye that is quick to see a fault, and the ear that loves to listen to criticism, and the tongue that brags—these will be the signs of a praying soul, when the rainbow comes to be the emblem of despair—and not before!—*The Same.*

NEW BOOKS.

- I. *The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland.* By JOHN P. PRENDERGAST, Esq. New and Cheaper Edition. (Dublin: M'Glashan and Gill. 1875.)

THIS is not a new book; but we rejoice that the appearance of this new edition, greatly reduced in price, gives us an opportunity of claiming for it the attention of any of our readers who may be still unacquainted with its extraordinary merits. Indeed the writer of "*Cromwell in Ireland*" in these pages has already paid to Mr. Prendergast's learned work the due tribute of admiration, quoting the highly competent testimony of Mr. John Mitchel, who pronounced it "the most perfect monograph of one special and cardinal point of our history."* A less distinguished critic, into whose hands it fell lately, characterised it well in the phrase, "So clever, so honest, and so sad." Sad the story unquestionably is, but interesting in the highest degree, and teaching many a useful lesson. Prefaces are very often passed over, but the preface of this book ought to be read, as it will at once convince the reader that we owe the history which follows to study and research of the most original, painstaking, and persevering kind. If a volume of such a character were devoted to the elucidation of any history but that of Ireland, it would run through many a costly edition; and, even such as we are in Ireland, this "new and cheaper edition" would be quickly exhausted, if our priests and people but knew what a

* *IRISH MONTHLY*, August, 1875, page 514. We may be permitted to mention here, that, to one who accompanied Mr. Mitchel from Queenstown on his last visit to Ireland, he spoke with warm appreciation of this periodical, singling out for special praise the biographical sketch of Eugene O'Curry which appeared in our Second Volume.

boon is here offered to them. This conscientious and most candid historian, who is unfortunately not one of Cromwell's "Papists," will readily forgive those who close his book with feelings chiefly of gratitude to God, and wonder, that, in spite of all that is here recorded, there is still an Irish nation and the Irish nation still is Catholic.

II. *Castle Daly. The Story of an Irish Home Thirty Years Ago.* By ANNIE KEARY, Author of "Oldbury," &c. (London: Macmillan and Co.)

OF the scanty space occasionally set apart in these pages for notices of new publications, no portion has been devoted to the multitudinous race of contemporary novels. An exception must however be made in favour of "Castle Daly," for the sake of the subject and of the spirit in which the subject has been treated. Miss Keary lays the principal scenes of her story in Galway, to the north of Lough Corrib, at the time of the Irish Famine; and there she brings together sundry heroes and heroines, chiefly with a view to the contrasts between Irish and English character. That she has wrought up her materials with great literary skill is partly guaranteed by the fact that "Castle Daly" has run through *Macmillan's Magazine* as the leading serial during the past year, and that in its reprinted form it has quickly reached a second edition. Such success has befallen it in spite of the generous appreciation which it displays of the characteristic gifts and virtues of our Celtic race. Perhaps it is that we are unfamiliar with the times and places with which the tale deals, but it strikes us that the idea suggested here of Irish society, of Irish life and character, is less genuine, more exaggerated and unreal, than certain Irish critics, with whom we should expect ourselves to agree on such a point, pronounce it to be. We fear also that young ladies in Ellen Daly's rank of life are seldom so enthusiastically Irish as this generous-hearted and attractive heroine. The horrors of the famine time are well depicted. Father O'Rourke, in a new edition of his "History of the Irish Famine," might draw with profit on Miss Keary's pages. But indeed he has omitted to illustrate his sorrowful theme, as he might have done very effectively, by the descriptions of famine incidents given in one of Mr. Anthony Trollope's Irish novels, in which that skilful story-teller turns to good account the experience gained, as he tells us himself, during his rides through country districts of Ireland as an Inspector, we believe, in the Postal Department. This younger writer also has evidently taken great pains to be truthful and accurate in her description of places, times, and persons; and she has achieved a remarkable success. Yet many who hear now for the first time of an earlier work, "Oldbury," and ask for it, may be inclined to doubt whether the newer and more successful work improves upon its predecessor. One who has thus read "Oldbury" for the sake of "Castle Daly"

wishes to be so far a "retrospective reviewer" as to recommend those who *must* have reading of this sort to make themselves acquainted with Elsie Blake and her surroundings. They will find in "Oldbury" a high-toned fiction marked by a cultivated, thoughtful style, much delicate observation of natural scenery and human character, and many exquisite touches of mingled humour and pathos. We notice that 1869 is the date of publication. Does an equal interval separate us from the next? Such highly commendable slowness of production will hardly be approved of by the constituencies of the circulating libraries, who will watch with eagerness for the announcement of a "New Work by the Author of *Castle Daly*."

III. *Letters to a Sceptic on Religious Matters.* By the Rev. JAMES BALMES. Translated from the Spanish by the Rev. WILLIAM M'DONALD. (Dublin: W. B. Kelly. 1875.)

THE Rector of the Irish College, Salamanca, to whom we owe the recently published translation of the excellent "Social and Political Essays of Donoso Cortes," has followed up that work by a translation from Balmes, who is so favourably known to us already by his great book, "Protestantism compared with Catholicism in its Influence on Civilization." The present publication is an extremely valuable addition of a scantily furnished department of English literature, to which belong Laforet's "Why Men do not Believe" (published by Philp, Orchard-street, London), the Rev. C. Walworth's "Gentle Sceptic" (published in New York), and Lord Robert Montagu's "Some Popular Errors in Religion," translated and adapted from the Italian of Father Franco. That last plan of partly translating and partly adapting foreign works of the kind is perhaps the most difficult, but, when skilfully carried out, the most useful; for the intellectual and moral dangers and temptations to be provided for differ in different countries. Dr. M'Donald has preferred to adhere closely to the text of his author. "My esteemed friend," to whom each letter is addressed, gives a somewhat stiff, eighteenth-century air to the epistolary discussions. The questions discussed, also, are not always those on which an Irish Catholic, affected more or less by a long course of English "leading articles," would require to have solid principles laid down. However, a good many of them *are* of this nature, and the thoughtful reader will derive pleasure and instruction from them all, for all are of profound interest to the human soul, and all are treated with philosophic fulness and solidity.

Nothing can be more satisfactory than the manner in which the publisher has produced the volume.

IV. *The Fortunes of Maurice Cronin.* By M. L. KENNY. (London: Tinsley Brothers. 1875.)

SOME, but by no means all, of the reasons which moved us a

moment ago to admit one of a suspicious race of books to the honour of a place among our cursory notices, induce us to make another exception to our stern rule of exclusion in favour of the above cleverly constructed and cleverly written Tale, by M. L. Kenny. Dr. Johnson's denunciation of Miss Sophy for signing her letter by initials only, "S. A. Thrale," might with advantage be taken to heart by writers, especially when making their first appearance, as in the present instance. Miss Kenny—to make a rash choice of one of the three possible prefixes to this surname—displays great talent in weaving such a superabundance of incident together with an ingenuity, which, as sensational novels go, makes the story almost as plausible as it is unquestionably interesting. Perhaps the most awkward strain to the proprieties and probabilities is involved in Martha's retaining her rustic modes of thought and speech in the midst of such different associations. The talk is often very good; and Mat Donovan's conversational powers in particular are well sustained. In fact, the merits of the book are such as to make us wonder that the faults are not fewer. Little mannerisms crop up too often, and clumsily involved sentences bar our path occasionally. There are too many French words and too many words and phrases marked off as quotations with inverted commas. Though *silence* as to such little matters might be less *ungracious*, we cannot help protesting against the words *mutism* and *disgracious* which shock us sometimes in these three volumes. A more relentless revision would have judiciously lopped off sundry paragraphs, as for instance, the three last lines of the second chapter of volume the second, and all those places in which the story-teller has the bad taste (of which Thackeray was often guilty) to parade the fact that it is all merely a story. Is she capable of doing much better, and will she do it?

DUBLIN PLACES AND PERSONS.

BY EDWARD MEW.

OF the few and brief notices of books given in our last number, the briefest was devoted to a new Dublin Guide-book. In some two hundred pleasingly written and clearly printed pages, Mr. T. D. Sullivan has condensed a vast mass of information about the history and antiquities of our beautiful metropolis, turning to excellent account the industrious researches of Mr. Gilbert, Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, and many others. Let us see how many of the interesting items here collected can be crushed into a few of our remaining October leaves. In this summary of a summary quotation-marks may be dispensed with, since it is almost all a quotation.

Whatever the Eblana of Ptolemy meant, Dublin is Duibhlinn

(pronounced *Dublin*) or Black-pool : for even in those pre-Corporation days the Anna Liffey was no limpid stream in this part of its course. The primitive bridge, from which came the older Irish name of Bally-ath-cliaith, or town of the ford of hurdles, is supposed to have crossed the river (not then cooped up between cut-stone embankments) about the spot where Whitworth Bridge now spans it, the first beyond the Four Courts as you go towards Kingsbridge.

The fullest and most interesting section of this Guide to Dublin is naturally the one consecrated to the Parliament House, the present Bank of Ireland. That noble building, which Sala, I think, pronounces almost the only original architectural conception in these countries, dates in its present form, as successor to the old Chichester House, from the year 1729, exactly a century before Emancipation. The architect was the Member for Ratoath, Sir Edward Pearce. Ratoath shall hardly have an M.P. of its own again, even when the Speaker's chair shall be brought back from the Board-room of the Royal Dublin Society, and Lord Massareene shall restore the Speaker's mace, which his grandfather, John Foster, the Irish Speaker, refused to give up until the body that had entrusted it to his keeping should demand it. Whatever be the future of the Irish House of Parliament, its past history and present condition are described well in this little book.

It is significant enough that, with the single exception of the General Post Office, all the fine public buildings in Dublin were erected by grants from the Irish Parliament. The most splendid of these is the Custom House, which was begun in 1781, and, even in spite of the violent opposition of the Corporation and merchants of Dublin, who imagined that the city would suffer if its commercial centre were changed, finished in ten years at a cost (including the docks adjacent) of £397,232. The architect was James Gandon, who is buried in Drumcondra graveyard, near Grose the Antiquary, and the almost forgotten poet, Thomas Furlong.

With the item of cost just mentioned, we may join these others : namely, that the Four Courts were built in fourteen years from 1786 for £200,000 ; that it took, it is said, half that sum (a much worse bargain) to build the Kildare-street Club House, in 1861 ; that the College of Surgeons in Stephen's-green cost £40,000 in 1806, and at the same expense, we believe, was erected the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Marlborough-street, between 1815 and 1825, from designs by Mr. John Sweetman, then in exile since the Rising of '98; and lastly, the General Post Office dates from 1817, and cost £50,000.

When "my brother Abraham who lives in the country" visits Dublin, Peter Plymly is not always able to satisfy his curiosity about "*Whose statue is that?*"—unless, indeed, the name be obligingly engraved on the pedestal, like the Grecian picture that was labelled, "*This is an ox;*" which inscription would sometimes serve

this other purpose also. For the readers of Thackeray's "Four Georges" will be gratified to learn that Dublin has the honour of possessing statues of all the four—the First, removed in 1753 from Essex-bridge to the more becoming obscurity of the Mansion House Garden; the Second, on horseback, in the centre of Stephen's-green; the Third, in the City Hall; and the Fourth, on the staircase of the Royal Dublin Society. The statue which has had the most stirring time of it is William III. The story of its wrongs and insults, since its inauguration on July 1, 1701, fills several lively pages in Mr. Sullivan's Guide. Foley's bronze statue, nine feet high, of Henry Grattan will feel more at home than the Dutchman, when raised on its pedestal hard by in the centre of College-green, opposite the scene of the Orator's triumphs and hardly less glorious defeat. Would that Thomas Moore had lived and written more in the spirit of his lines on the "Death of Grattan." He might then have been spared two misfortunes after his own death—his Life might not have been hacked by Lord John Russell, and his statue might not have been carved by Mr. Christopher Moore. Of the Art Committee that preferred the latter to John Hogan, William Carleton, the Irish novelist, said that they were artists who should never have a brush in one hand without having a shoe in the other.

To two of the monuments that keep aloof from these public thoroughfares, we may direct the attention of our country cousin Abraham aforesaid. One of them has been referred to before in our pages, in the biographical sketch of "Hogan the Sculptor,"* whose work it is—the statue, namely, of the good Scotchman, Thomas Drummond, who, as Under-Secretary for Ireland, became "more Irish than the Irish themselves" (no extravagant compliment in this context), acting, and wishing to make others act, according to his famous maxim, so true that it ought to be a truism, "Property has its duties as well as its rights." The other meritorious statue is in St. Patrick's Cathedral—Captain Boyd of Derry, Commander of H. M. S. *Ajax* (predecessor of the hapless *Vanguard*) who lost his life at Kingstown, in 1861, while trying to save some shipwrecked sailors. It is the work of a Dublin sculptor, Mr. Thomas Farrell, whose fine statue of William Smith O'Brien gleams upon you in white marble as you pass over Carlisle-bridge from where O'Connell shall soon stand, outtopping them all. Near the Boyd memorial is a clever bas-relief to the memory of Carolan the Irish harper, last of the bards, composer of "Aileen Aroon" and many of our most beautiful Irish airs. This pious memento is due to Lady Morgan, author of "Florence MacCarthy" and many other Irish tales, who had, moreover, the excellent taste to provide in her will that the task should be confided to the son of the gifted John Hogan who at the time was only being educated at Rome for his father's profession.

* IRISH MONTHLY, Vol. II., p. 393.

This patriotic bequest will make us look with more interest at No. 35, Kildare-street (opposite the fine Doric portico of the College of Physicians) where Lady Morgan lived for many years, taking a pride in gathering together as many as she could of those who were distinguished in art, or literature, or anything—Curran, Lord Charlemont, Thomas Moore, Sheil, Chief Baron Woulfe, Mulrenin, Samuel Lover. At such *conversazioni* there must have been real conversation. Three minutes' walk from Lady Morgan's, at 20, Dawson-street (between the Mansion House and Stephen's-green), Felicia Hemans died in 1835, aged 41. She is buried in St. Anne's Church, beside the Royal Irish Academy.

Mr. Sullivan—from whom, as we have confessed very explicitly, we are stealing these items, not wholesale but by retail—suggests that little tablets should be inserted in the walls at the various spots through the city, made memorable by the births and deaths of famous men—as, for instance, at Mornington House, No. 24, Upper Merrion-street (now the office of the Commissioners of Church Temporalities), where, according to Sir Bernard Burke, Arthur Duke of Wellington was born in 1769, *not* at Dangan Castle in Meath. The only spot in Dublin that is marked by such outward token is the house where Thomas Moore was born ten years after the conqueror of Waterloo. It is No. 12, Aungier-street, at the corner of Little Longford-street. Like too many corner houses, this shop of "John Moore the Grocer" now supplies the cup which (reversing Cowper's line) does not cheer but only inebriates. This would be a fitter destiny for Moore's birthplace, if he had sung nothing better than that least estimable of the Melodies which talks about bathing the heart of the deceased bard from morning till night in the richest juice of the grape—preserving it, in fact, in spirits of wine. Why should poets be pagans, even in their drinking-songs?

From the paganism of poets to Percy Bysshe Shelley the transition is unfortunately not so abrupt as the present devout admirer of the "Cloud" and the "Skylark" would desire. At 7, Lower Sackville-street (now occupied by Messrs. Stark), the generous and ill-directed poet lived in 1812, intending to aid the Irish people in their struggle for Catholic Emancipation and the Repeal of the Union. "I stand at the balcony of our window and watch" (he says in one of his letters given by Mr. D. F. MacCarthy in his curiously interesting volume, "Shelley's Early Life"), "and when I see a man *who looks likely*, I throw a book at him"—a copy, namely, of his "Address to the Irish People," which was to have stirred up the Celtic race from Valentia to Rathlin.

What other houses haunted by ghosts of the past shall we ask our courteous guide to point out to us? I wish he had fixed the house in Baggot-street where Thomas Davis lived with his mother, and died—too soon. He, too, like almost all who come to be anything, owed most to a mother. You remember his essay that

begins: "In a climate soft as a mother's smile, on a soil fruitful as God's love, the Irish peasant mourns." Would that he had died in the same faith as Father Tyrrell, for whom he wrote so touching a requiem! Is it wrong to "move an amendment" to the epitaph which he wished to be written for himself in his country's mind: "*He served his country and loved his kind?*"

"Oh! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so."

But in so serious a context, might there not be some allusion to the Creator, for whose sake and at whose command we are to love our fellow-creatures? Why prescind so resolutely from all thought of God, when there is question of giving back our souls to Him who made them? And, therefore, after those last lines, just cited from "My Grave," this prosaic couplet was pencilled once:—

"We'll rest more safely under the sod,
If we love our country and *serve our God.*"

The same pencil also annotated in the same sense Mr. Michael Joseph Barry's stanza in the *Spirit of the Nation*:—

"Or be it on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The noblest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man."

No, no! both may go together, but we must not countenance that idolatry of the human affections and the natural virtues which many seemingly innocent novels preach to the unwary. God over all for His own sake alone, and everything and everyone else in subordination to God's wishes, and in some way or other for the sake of God. And therefore—

"Or be it on the scaffold high,
Or at the tyrant's nod,
The noblest place for man to die
Is where he dies for God."

But indeed these thoughts have come upon me unawares. We are merely strolling through the streets of Dublin, and pointing out a few noteworthy objects. Here, for instance, in Merrion-square—you know O'Connell lived here, but which was his house? There it is, on the south side, No. 30. From that balcony the grand old Chief, who gave his soul to God, his heart to Rome, and his body to Ireland, addressed a joyful crowd, amidst a downpour of rain, on September 27th, 1844 (just thirty-one years ago), after his release from Richmond Prison.

Curran's house in Ely Place, near St. Stephen's-green, was

No. 4. Not far away lived the brothers Sheares, at 128 Lower Baggot-street, three doors beyond Pembroke-street, on your right hand, as perchance you tram out in the Donnybrook direction. Crossing to the other side of the city and coming to our own day (let us note on the way that Edmund Burke was born at 33 Arranquay, on the first day of 1729, so that Emancipation was the centenary of that Catholic-minded statesman as well as that of the Irish Parliament House, as we remarked before)—at 2 Portland-street, off the North Circular-road, lived for many years and died the great Irish scholar, Eugene O'Curry. In the same quarter, at 21 Great Charles-street, lived Dr. Petrie; and in its back parlour, Mr. Sullivan takes care to tell us, he worked on the Ordnance Survey with O'Curry, O'Donovan, Wakeman, and other experts in Irish history and antiquities. Poor Clarence Mangan was one of their scribes (at how much a week? or rather, at how little? as Dickens says); and in the aforesaid back parlour he wrote "The Woman of Three Cows," and perhaps rhymed those quaintly plaintive rhymes about "Twenty golden years ago," and those others about "Boating down the Bosphorus."

And here, in one curt paragraph—for time is up, and our rambling gossip and gossiping ramble must end—let us chronicle the doom of some of the town-houses of the pre-Union nobility, the maintenance of which must have swollen the butchers' bills of that era, if it did nothing else. The name of each house tells the family to which it belonged, except, indeed, Tyrone House in Talbot-street, which gets its name from the second title of the Marquis of Waterford. It is now part of the offices of the Commissioners of Education. Moira House on Usher's Island, after losing its top-story, became a Mendicity Institution; Charlemont House, Rutland-square, is the office of the Census Commissioners; Powerscourt House, South William-street, is the warehouse of Ferrier, Pollock & Co.; and Leinster House is occupied by the Royal Dublin Society. Lastly, the fine mansion of another of the potent Beresfords, of ungentle memory, No. 9 Upper Buckingham-street, is now St. Joseph's Infirmary for sick children, the best known house in all Dublin to some of our young readers; and old folks, too, have been known to lay down their spectacles on the Notes in the Big House, saying "That is the page that I always begin with."

One unnoticed spot near Dublin, to which Mr. Sullivan—whose genial guidance we can follow no further for the present—has been able to give only three lines, has just been described, with loving minuteness as to all its associations, in two sparkling papers, full of idyllic grace, contributed to *All the Year Round* for August, which must have made many a reader eager to go in pilgrimage Glasnevinward to Mary Delany's pleasant home of Delville.

JOHN RICHARDSON'S RELATIVES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NANCY HUTCH AND HER THREE TROUBLES."

PART XI.

ON the day of John's chance meeting with little Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Johnson paid a visit to her sister-in-law; choosing the hour at which Mary George usually returned home to superintend her children's dinner, and see her own house kept in as good order as that maintained at Uncle Tottenham's.

"And so Richard is gone?" said the latter, as both ladies sat down after the customary greeting and the nursery intelligence, which, with a certain class of women, holds precedence of all other interests—the very best of husbands, notwithstanding. "I'm glad he is, as he was to go at all. He has beautiful weather."

"Yes; I fear it may be too fine for him. I was hoping he'd get sea-sick—a little," replied Mrs. Johnson. "He's looking decidedly bilious. Dr. Franklin allows it would do him no harm; and I think it would do him a great deal of good. You must notice how his colour has changed latterly?"

"Yes; but I think it is all his nasty snuff-taking," said Mary George.

"Oh, well! that can't be helped," assented her sister-in-law, with a gentle sigh. "He *will* take snuff: so I've given up talking to him about it."

"You know best, I dare say," returned Mary George, dryly. "As he didn't take it in my time, I can't say."

"He says 'tis better than flour. I suppose the flour does annoy him; especially of late, when he is all hours in the mill himself. I do hope he may get sea-sick!"

Glancing out at the midsummer sunshine, Mary George thought that rather unlikely; but she refrained from saying so, wisely reflecting that neither hope nor augury sways winds or waves; and her sister-in-law being perhaps the only person whom she failed to contradict at times for contradiction's sake.

"How do you get on in the other house?" Mrs. Johnson asked, after a moment's silence on both sides.

"Pretty much as usual."

"You have Miss Travers with you still?"

Mary George nodded. She had, whilst threading a needle, put between her lips a button missed from Dick's overcoat, and taken in hands upon the spot, as though Christmas was coming.

"I don't see what he wants of a young—person in the house, now that his wife is dead."

"Nor do I," returned Mary George, as she stitched away at the button, now restored to its own place.

"You know," resumed Mrs. Johnson, "or at least I know—I've

had good reason—that persons of that class often get to have more influence with old people than their own nearest relatives.”

If to be informed, to the smallest details, of the story of Mrs. Johnson's grandmother's will was “to know,” Mary George might safely say she did; and accordingly she hastened to testify that her knowledge had already been turned to account.

“I went as far as I could the other day,” she said, “on that very point. I thought he'd be almost indifferent about it; but he seems quite resolved on keeping her—whatever else he does—as long as he lives.”

“It is a pity that she could not have been parted with at first. If I had the courage to discharge Miss Guy when I had the same sort of opportunity, she wouldn't have been there when my poor foolish grandmother recovered, to twist her round her finger again. But I suppose you didn't think of it.”

“I did think of it,” rejoined Mary George. “But, to say nothing of the Deanes, who might take her part against us (and she might have added George, who really had taken that part on the mere mention of so strong a measure), there was Mr. Frazer, who might step in to interfere. As it was he put her in there——”

“Oh!” exclaimed Mrs. Johnson, “that explains—part of——”

“What?” asked Mary George.

But her visitor waited to think before replying. “Do you happen to know what brought her into town to-day?” she then asked, slowly and cautiously, as a snail puts out one feeler first and then another.

“In town!” echoed Mary George. “She's not in town to-day.”

“I saw her!”

“Are you quite sure it wasn't yesterday. Eliza?” asked Mary George, in a tone that, however mildly, conveyed her full belief that yesterday it must have been.

“Am I sure I have my head on me?” returned Mrs. Johnson, with a little irritation.

“But I left her at her desk in the old man's window,” Mary George said, deprecatingly; “and I heard her tell the nurse that she had to write a letter to an old schoolfellow that would take her all the morning.”

“And you may find her there on your return,” rejoined Mrs. Johnson, significantly; “though I hardly think you will if you lose no time in going back. Yet she might be out, you know, while you are.”

“Well, she certainly might,” Mary George said, reflecting that Miss Travers herself almost certainly would not, and that possibly no one else might tell her of such a fact. “I knew the old man sent her to Frazer's yesterday to draw some money. If she was there again to-day——”

“She was there to-day,” repeated Mrs. Johnson; “and—what

I certainly considered a rather remarkable coincidence," pursued she, as if choosing the longest words and bringing them out almost by syllables to break the shock of the announcement—"in company with John Richardson! The best friends possible, it seemed, too. I thought you'd be surprised."

"Surprised?" Dumbfounded would have been a better word. Mary George looked like one who sees suddenly a pit open at his feet in place of hard familiar ground. "Was the old man making his will behind her and George's back? Or had this girl—quiet and submissive and simple as she seemed since the day the desk was sealed—been counterplotting her, and moving him to go settle down with John?"

"He might have other business there, of course," resumed Mrs. Johnson, questioningly.

"Any he has he always gives Achilles Deane," returned Mary George; "I don't know of any business he could have there but one. And I'll get at the bottom of that meeting, if it is to be got at. Did he see you?"

"I don't know. He was coming out, and, as I thought, alone, when I first saw him. And I was going up straight to speak to him, when he suddenly turned on his heel and kept looking back into the hall. He's always so polite when we meet, that I thought I'd just like to make sure if it could be that he did see me and wanted to avoid me, or if he really was waiting for anyone. So I crossed the street and went into Miss Wakeham's. I promised Kate Anne a toy, and I said to myself I may as well get it there. I was barely over the way when the two came out into the street together. Then I knew of course that it was waiting for her he was."

"They met by appointment, no doubt," said Mary George, in whose eyes a conspiracy was at every word growing more plain and dark.

"Well," resumed Mrs. Johnson, "there they stood a little while talking very earnestly; and then shook hands and parted."

"And you don't know if John saw you?" Mary George said.

"He seemed so full of whatever he had on his mind that I should not wonder if he did not notice me," answered Mrs. Johnson. "But I have not come to the end of my story. As I was choosing my toy I heard some one come into the shop, and whom should I find standing at my elbow but Miss Travers! I couldn't help starting; and as I looked at her she looked full at me; and I saw, as plainly as I see you now, tears in her eyes. And still it wasn't as if it was for grief she cried; for she had quite a pleased look in her face at the same time—just as you see people cry for gratitude sometimes."

Possibly that was a sight not very familiar to Mary George. Instead of dwelling on it, she asked promptly: "What did *she* want at Miss Wakeham's? She could not want a toy."

"Not a toy," returned Mrs. Johnson, with emphasis; "but toys, nice toys, too, if you please."

"Toys!" repeated Mary George. "For whom?" she added, rather to herself than to her sister-in-law.

"Well, that came out. At least I—but you'll judge for yourself. When she said she'd like them strong and not easy to spoil, I thought they were for children of her own family."

"She hasn't a soul alive belonging to her—by her own story. She's alone in the world, the old man says."

"She's all the more anxious to make friends for herself, I suppose. And she seems to know how to go about it. If she was buying toys for children she never saw—so she said, when Miss Wakeham asked what toys her children had already—it wasn't for nothing she was giving her money. But if it really was for John Richardson's children——"

"If!" interrupted the listener. "Have you any doubt of it?—or could any one else? except, perhaps, my great goose of a George."

"She can't have known his wife before to-day. So it must be a rather new alliance—that's one good thing, if they have agreed to play into each other's hands."

"I might have guessed as much, as to Mr. John's part of it!" exclaimed Mary George: "what his spirit and his disinterestedness, that wouldn't so much as let him cross Uncle Tottenham's threshold, would turn out to be. It was rather too much of a good thing. 'He that gives all gives none,' as Nurse Nelly says. And but this very day I was thinking that if the old man got strong and settled down with us, I shouldn't mind keeping that girl on. She seemed so quiet and to have so little harm in her, I thought she might be an acquisition to the children and useful to George, and have a comfortable home with us."

"My dear," said Mrs. Johnson, "wasn't that what we all thought of Miss Guy. She was to be the greatest acquisition; and as to quiet, butter wouldn't melt in her mouth—till the will was made. I'd be sorry to think ill of your brother-in-law, I always found him so much the gentleman. But 'tis a selfish world. Everyone for himself, as they say. At all events, when I saw reason to think that something must be going on, and found you and George knew nothing, I really felt bound to tell you what I saw, and let you judge for yourself."

"And I'm very much obliged to you, Eliza; it was very kind of you."

"And if I were you, I'd be as little as possible away from the old man. I'd be on the spot, and have my eyes open. If anything went wrong, it shouldn't happen when my back was turned. With your old Nancy, who manages everything so well, you need not come over here every day, I think."

"The walk does me good," replied Mary George, with some

embarrassment. This was no moment for explaining the necessity created by her own manoeuvres of, at all hazards, returning home for dinner.

"Means to keep a carriage would do you much more," returned Mrs. Johnson, as she buttoned her gloves, and rose to be gone. "I shan't stay to delay you now. Don't mind me. I'll find my own way out. Good-bye."

No sooner had the hall door closed on Mrs. Johnson, than Mary George appeared beside her husband's desk. To get back to Uncle Tottenham's at once—if possible before the return of Miss Travers—seemed the first thing to be thought of. To save, then, as well as for other reasons rapidly run over, as she followed her sister-in-law downstairs, she had resolved for the present to say nothing of what she had just heard.

"I think I'll take a cab back to Uncle Tott's," she said; "I'm in haste to-day."

"I think you're quite right," promptly returned easy, unsuspecting George. "The worst economy in the world is to knock oneself up. When will you be ready?"

"In ten minutes. You may send Tom now: he'll be sure to delay, you know."

"Very well," George said. "But" (looking at the clock), "have you dined?"

"Not yet."

"And won't ten minutes be too soon?"

"Just send off Tom, and we'll see who'll be at the door first."

"Tom is improving," George said, glancing with a smile to where the said Tom was lounging on a bench, not quite out of hearing of what passed. "Tom!—a cab. Your mistress is going out—and you needn't let the grass grow under your feet."

"If she goes when the cab comes, she won't be sick of a surfeit after her dinner," said Tom to himself, as he obeyed orders.

"Surely he's not back already!" his mistress cried out, as, close in the wake of Nancy and her dinner, George appeared in the doorway.

"Surely he is!" was the reply. "But what matter. Sit down and have your dinner, whatever else you do. Better not mind the children awhile, Nancy. I'll see to them afterwards."

"I'm sure that brat of a boy ran every step to the stand on purpose to prevent me," Mary George returned, fretfully.

"I wouldn't be prevented," George said. "I'll do the carving, and do you begin and eat away, as you're in a hurry."

"Did anyone ever know him to bring a cab in two minutes when it really was wanted?"

"Perhaps he met the cab," George said.

"I do declare, George, you'd find an excuse for anything. No wonder he is as he is, when he has a master to make excuses for him!"

"You had Eliza with you," George said, to change the subject from Tom and his misdeeds. "I saw her pass in. What had she to say—any epidemic on town?"

"For one thing, replied his wife, "she said she hoped Richard may get sea-sick! She thinks he's bilious."

George laughed. "'I was well; I wanted to be better: I took physic and died,'" he said, as he put a second slice of mutton on her plate.

"Thank you—that will do. I'll have done sooner if you don't make me talk," rejoined she.

So George in silence, as good-humoured as his speech, finished waiting on her. And not another word was said on either side till with the customary "I suppose we'll see you in the evening," Mary George hurried off to the waiting cab: the prospect of, at least, a dispute over an extra sixpence for delay, added to her greater causes for disquiet.

As she was whirled along, the cabman, unprompted, making up for lost time, she thought that, as she was let in, she would say carelessly to Catherine (as though she had known of the business the young girl had been about), "Is Miss Travers back yet?" But fate, in the form of scampish Tom, had already ordered that even that little corner of the veil of mystery, which an answer to this might touch, was not to be lifted yet. Not sixpence, but "Another shilling, ma'am, if you please!" stopped her short at the doorstep. And the man was sturdy though not uncivil. "He had got two calls at the same moment—was offered the shilling to go half the distance—but thinking her call was a matter of life and death, and knowing he had a gentleman to deal with in Mr. Richardson, he——"

Here Mary George, struck with a dread that if he went behind her back to George the affair may close by the latter's "stopping his mouth with a half-crown," judged it better to yield, for the time, to the force of circumstances. But when the silenced cabman had driven off, the opportunity she had thought to seize was gone too. The whole situation, as forecast, was changed. She could not bring either herself or Catherine—full of sympathy for her wrongs, and of almost indignation at "her softness," back to the point at which she could put effectively the sort of query she had prearranged. And with a knowledge of the fact that servants, like children, are peculiarly sensitive of anything that looks like a call on them to tell tales out of school, she hesitated to ask openly what she wished to learn. And on going upstairs she found Miss Travers was not only "in" but occupied so precisely as she would be at this hour had she not been out of doors all day, that once again she almost could doubt the evidence of Mrs. Johnson's senses—at least so far as to fancy one day had been mistaken for another.

"Have you quite done with your long letter?" she asked, as she walked up towards where Miss Travers sat at work.

"Quite done," was the reply, given with a smile so frank and pleasant that Mary George felt as if compelled to credit her with speaking truth.

"Then I suppose you have posted it."

"No," replied Miss Travers, shortly, as if repelled by the particularity of the question and the keen look that accompanied it. Then smiling again, but as if to herself, she added: "I shall not have to post it. I expect to have an opportunity of conveying it by hand."

"After all," Mary George said to herself, as she laid aside her bonnet, "whether she was out or not is of no consequence, except about her meeting John."

CLOUDLAND:

AN INCIDENT ON THE OLD MAN MOUNTAIN, ULVERSTONE.

WE reached the mountain's highest peak, above was sky alone;
 The clouds, that o'er the valley soared, beneath our feet were blown.
 And on that moving sea of clouds the autumn sunset fell,
 With light and shade more beautiful than poetry could tell.
 The watery mass a landscape seemed, fairer than that it hid,
 Bending and varying its forms to all our fancy bid.
 A golden ocean slumbered here upon a crimson shore;
 There mountains rose, there stretched a park with castles dotted o'er.
 And long we gazed upon the scene, enraptured with delight,
 Nor thought upon our long descent before the falling night.
 But, see! a bank of western clouds has blotted out the sun;
 And suddenly the pageant fades to shadows dusk and dun.
 We turned in haste, lest clouds and night our homeward way should hide:
 But soon the road was lost in mist, which clothed the mountain side.
 The shelving rocks supplied no hold but tufts of yielding grass:
 The moss-grown ledges at their feet led into deep morass.
 The darkness grew—we called aloud, and paused—a startled sheep
 Leapt up, and sent the loosened stones bounding from steep to steep.
 Again we called: an answering voice came faintly through the fog—
 "Come back," it cried, "no road is there, but crags and treacherous bog."
 Next moment at our feet we heard a sheep-dog's muttered bark,
 And then a lad came suddenly emerging from the dark.
 He saw our danger from afar before the clouds closed in,
 And came with haste to guide us back in safety to our inn.

Brother! like this is human life, as seen from boyhood's height—
 Lit up by Hope and Fancy's sun, it seems a landscape bright;
 The traveller descends in haste, that gorgeous land to tread,
 But finds a thick and drizzling mist envelop him instead.
 Then let him call aloud, and cease sin's slippery crags to roam—
 Good Shepherd! *Thou* wilt hear his cry and lead the wanderer home.

T. E. B.

THE CHANCES OF WAR.

BY A. WHITELOCK.

CHAPTER XII.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

"Glory to God in the Highest and Lowest!
 His are the Power and the Glory alone.
 Pay him, O man, the high homage thou owest
 Whether thou rest on a footstool or throne."
James Clarence Mangan.

ON the left bank of the river Blackwater, some five miles below the fort of Charlemont, stood, and still stands, the village of Benburb. The castle, above which on the hill-side the village had grown, was an important position in the days when cannon were not much used, and when a castle, commanded by a rising ground sloping from the foot of its walls, was still considered a defensible fortress. The courtyard of the ancient castle is now occupied by a gentleman's residence. A high wall with one or two heavily mullioned windows, rising on the brink of a precipitous rock, round which the Blackwater hurries its tawny waters, is all that remains of the building itself. Neat rows of cottages have replaced the rude edifices which constituted the village of Benburb two hundred and thirty years ago. But, with these exceptions, few changes have taken place in this historic locality. The traveller of to-day will have little difficulty in tracing the spot whereon were done the deeds which have made one bright page in the history of Ireland.

On the evening of Thursday, the Fourth of June, 1646, the little village and its surroundings presented an unusually animated appearance. The Confederate army of Ulster had halted there, after a rapid march from the southern borders of the province. The castle was occupied by the General and his staff, the houses of the village furnished lodgings to the principal officers, and the soldiers bivouacked in the woods by the side of the river and on the slope of the hill above it. Mounted messengers came and went unceasingly; and, as evening advanced, heavy detachments of foot marched out of the village to change the guards at the outposts. Everything betokened the approach of an important movement, and bespoke, at the same time, the vigilance and activity of the Ulster General.

Night had closed in. The watchfires blazed brightly on the hill side; and the soldiers off duty were clustered round them, earnestly discussing the probable upshot of this ominous hurrying to and fro, when a horseman rode in eager haste into the village. He belonged to the irregular guerilla-like cavalry which usually accompanied the Irish armies, in which they served as scouts or

guides. He passed at a rapid gallop through the village, exciting, as he went, the comments and the curiosity of the waking inhabitants. Without slackening his headlong speed, he descended the pathway leading to the castle, and at the gate threw himself hastily from the saddle.

"The word?" demanded the sentinel on duty.

"Victory!" replied the horseman, as he hurried up the courtyard towards an illuminated apartment at the further end. Unceremoniously pushing open the door, he entered a room occupied by a number of officers of various grades, and demanded to be shown into the presence of the General.

"Whence do you come?" asked the officer to whom he addressed himself, in a listless tone, not changing the attitude of negligent ease in which he was reclining.

"From Lochadein—from the camp of Monroe," replied the intruder.

The response produced instant silence in the apartment.

"This way!" exclaimed the officer, springing hastily to his feet. Hurrying the messenger across the room, he ushered him into an adjoining apartment, startling, by the abruptness of his entrance, O'Neill and some of his officers who occupied it. At the announcement, "A scout from Lochadein," all eyes were turned towards the individual thus introduced, and every breath was held to hear the tidings he had to impart.

"So thou hast slipped through Monroe's fingers, Rory?" remarked O'Neill, to whom the scout was evidently no stranger.

"Yes, the guard was——"

"We will hear the story another time," broke in the General. "What of Monroe?"

"He is marching hither as quickly as he can push on his soldiers. The Lord of Ardes is in advance with all the horse to cut off your retreat to Charlemont, and George Monroe with horse and foot is marching from Dungannon."

"Hast heard aught else of their movements?" asked O'Neill.

"Nothing."

"We thank thee for thy zeal, Rory, and will not forget it. MacMahon, see that he is provided with the refreshment he must sorely need after his journey to-night."

When the officer and his charge retired, O'Neill, in his calm, deliberative way, addressed those about him. "Gentlemen, you will have perceived the course we must follow. We will make the task of my Lord of Ardes easy of accomplishment. The Dungannon forces must not join Monroe, nor yet be permitted to fall on our rear while he attacks our front. They must be crushed at some spot whence the sound of musket-shots cannot travel to Benburb. Colonel Bryan O'Neill, this task is yours. At break of day you will lead out all our horse, except MacDermott's troop. Advance along the Dungannon road, engage the Dungannon detachment as

soon as you meet it ; and, when the action is over, draw not bridle till you join us again. We will endeavour to hold Monroe in check till you return. One more precaution, and all our measures are taken. Colonel O'Farrell, you will despatch a company of your regiment to hold the pass of Portmore. A hundred men will keep the enemy at bay a long time, if he try to pass the river there. We can do no more to-night. Let us commit the event to God. Repose is now the best preparation for the work of the morrow."

He rose, as a signal that the deliberations were at an end ; and all present followed his example. MacDermott, who had been of the Council, returned slowly to his quarters. He was not in a mood for sleep, and sauntered leisurely towards the village, close by which was the bivouac of his troop, listening, as he went, to the water tumbling over the rocks in the ravine below the castle, dreaming of the last scene in which the noise of moving waters had made music in his ear, and speculating on the probable issue of the engagement of the morrow. The sound of footsteps behind him broke in upon his reverie ; he turned, and saw approaching a figure enveloped in a heavy cloak.

"Art star-gazing, MacDermott ?" asked a voice, which he at once recognised as that of O'Neill ; "or art dreaming of beauteous France, making invidious comparisons between thy native Loire and our tamer Blackwater ? or is *thy* mind also too busy for sleep ? If thou wouldst have distraction, I invite thee to accompany me on my rounds. I am one of those unreasonable spirits who will not believe they have been obeyed till they see their commands executed."

MacDermott willingly acceded to the proposal of his commander. They walked on together for a time in silence.

"Hast thou ever felt," asked O'Neill, at length, "on the eve of such a day as to-morrow is likely to be, how little we are able to influence the course of our own destinies ? It is only when we have done everything to ensure success, and the die is about to be cast, that we realise how much the issue depends on a power outside ourselves."

"I have my serious moments, like most men," returned the cuirassier captain, "and the eve of battle is certainly not the least serious of them. But my solicitude at such a time usually regards only myself and my troop."

"Do not regret that thy responsibilities have not been more serious. It is a grave charge to be master, for the moment, of the life and death of thousands of our fellow-men. It is a grave thought to think that it is left to our discretion to sacrifice or to save them. But it is God who puts them in our hands ; He will direct us how to use them."

They were approaching one of the watchfires. At some distance from the pile of burning faggots, sat a man robed in a cassock. His head was bent down, but by the flickering light cast by the

fire MacDermott fancied he could recognise the features of the priest from whom he had parted on the shore of Lough Ree. At the feet of the ecclesiastic knelt a stalwart musketeer, whispering to him, as MacDermott knew, the secret of his weaknesses and his errors. A few paces removed, a group of soldiers in various attitudes of devotion, waited their turn to be shrived.

"Captain MacDermott," said O'Neill, solemnly, "it is my custom to make my peace with God before I do battle with men. Permit me to give a few moments to a devotion which, at such a time as this, I never omit."

The General drew his cloak tighter about him, and placed himself on his knees by the group of soldiers. MacDermott, who was strangely impressed by the insight into O'Neill's character which this incident afforded him, followed his example. Their rank was recognisable from their dress, and precedence was given them by their subordinates. Their orisons concluded, they continued their rounds.

"It is strange," observed O'Neill, pursuing some line of thought suggested by his devotions, "that there should be those who regard the fulfilment of religious duties as acts of weakness. To me it seems there is more courage required to fulfil than to neglect them. I have ever found that those who profess to despise them, rarely have the strength of character necessary to overcome themselves or to defy the prejudices of their fellows."

"Religiousness is often a test of courage," replied his companion. "There are times and places in which to be religious is to be heroic, and this, even in countries which boast of their fidelity to the Church."

"Ah!" rejoined O'Neill, "fidelity to the Church does not always mean obedience to her precepts. During my wanderings abroad I have sometimes reflected on these things, and I could not help thinking it were well for the Church's future that she had fewer who fostered her policy, if thereby she might have more who practised her law. Practical irreligion has made way among the Pope's staunchest allies."

"It is a sad truth," returned MacDermott; "and it is well for this land that it finds no exemplification here."

"We have reason to congratulate ourselves thereon," said O'Neill. "In this respect we are singularly favoured. It would, however, be interesting to inquire whether we owe our good luck to our constancy or to our misfortunes. Would we have been so faithful, had not our faith been the only heritage left us to defend? It is a question that cannot be solved till Ireland begins to grow prosperous, and thus there is no chance of our living to see it answered.—But a truce to theorising! Religion expects other services at our hands just now."

He spoke of the probable tactics of the enemy in the coming engagement; and on this more congenial topic MacDermott talked freely as they went.

In the quarters of the horse there was a good deal of noiseless activity. The troopers were busy—some tending their horses, others burnishing their arms, and others preparing the meal which was to sustain them through the toil of the day that was at hand.

“It is unnecessary to proceed further,” said O'Neill, when he had observed these preparations. “They will be ready to march as soon as it is broad day. Let us back to our quarters. Rest thee well. To-morrow we shall probably require thee to meet my Lord of Ardes’ ‘forlorn.’ We must give Monroe’s outriders a fair sample of the reception we have prepared for himself.”

CHAPTER XIII.

BENBUB.

“Fu il vincer sempre mai laudabil cosa
Vincasi o per fortuna o per ingegno,
Gli è ver che la vittoria sanguinosa
Spesso far suole il capitán men degno;
E quella eternamente è gloriosa,
E dei divini onori arriva al segno
Quando, servando i suoi senza alcun danno,
Si fa che gl'inimici in rotta vanno.”
Orlando Furioso.

THE sun rose on the morning of the Fifth of June, 1646, as it is wont to rise on June mornings even in this unfavoured clime—bright and beautiful. As it came up from behind the hills of Armagh, it shone down upon a scene which nature had destined for the home of happiness and peace, but which man had converted into an abode of misery and strife. Bright green fields, and dark waving woods, and gently flowing waters, and the thousand other beauties of soulless nature were there. But the song of husbandman and milkmaid, the sounds that mark the reawakening of rural life and indicate the presence of man presiding over the beauties of nature, were wanting. The sun’s rays, as they travelled westward, overtook columns of armed men hurrying onward in the direction in which they were going themselves. They lit up a blaze on helmet and spear-point, and then passed swiftly on, outstripping far the eager soldiers. Further on, when they had crossed the boundary of Tir-owen, they fell upon a strange scene. On a hill-side by the Blackwater a rude altar had been erected, and on it sacrifice was being offered. Thousands of men, they too clad in the gear of war, were prostrated before it, their heads uncovered and bowed down, chieftain and vassal kneeling side by side in humble adoration. There was a pause in the ceremonies, and the crowd of worshippers thronged around the altar and partook of the Victim that was offered. It was a fit scene for a bright sun to

shine upon, for all that it was so ominous. And so the morning light fell softly on the now upturned faces of the many worshippers, and made the tinselled robes of the sacrificing priest glitter brightly; and then in a golden flood it rushed madly on its way over hill and valley, to scatter the masses of shadow that brooded over the western seas.

The morning advanced, and with each hour the anxiety of the inhabitants of the village of Benburb increased. They had grown tired watching the scouts and orderlies who rode into and out of the village, and had given up the attempt to gather from the expression of their faces the messages they bore.

At length the whispered news spread abroad—"They are coming!" and the undisciplined followers of the army scampered towards the hill-top whence a view of the surrounding country was obtainable. Hardly had they gained the eminence when The O'Neill, accompanied by several officers of his staff, galloped up the ascent. Far to the east was visible a cloud of dust rising amid the green fields, and dimly discernible amidst its folds were the rows of headpieces and the ranks of spears which it shrouded.

"Here comes the Lord of Ardes," said O'Neill, closing his glass, after a prolonged scrutiny of the advancing foe; "but the river in his front is impassable, and he shall have to trudge a good way along the bank before reaching the ford. We have yet time to wait."

The group of officers sat quietly in their saddles watching the approaching enemy, their own forces forming meanwhile on the slope of the hill below them.

"Ha!" exclaimed O'Neill, as the column of horsemen suddenly changed the direction of its march, "they have discovered their mistake, they turn towards Kinard. Captain MacDermott, you will occupy yonder wood above the river and check the enemy's advance. Major MacHugh O'Neill will support you with his regiment. When you cannot any longer hold the position, you will fall back on our main body through those fields covered with brushwood."

Instantly the officers to whom these orders were addressed departed to execute them.

There is something strangely impressive in the spectacle of bodies of men marching out in gallant order to engage in deadly conflict with their fellows. It occurs to every beholder to contrast their going out with their return, and to ask himself how many of those stalwart figures, buoyant with energy and hope, will, a few hours hence, lie mangled and lifeless on the earth. This dismal self-questioning destroys the otherwise inspiring effect of the "pomp and circumstance of war." The glitter of martial dress and the tumult of martial music under such circumstances resemble too much the pageant which accompanies the victim to the sacrifice, to have their wonted effect on the minds of the lookers-on.

MacDermott joined his troop, which had been greatly augmented

since his arrival in Ulster; and the trumpet-call, "to horse!" rang out through wood and ravine. The onlooking regiments greeted with a cheer the Irish "forlorn" as it began its march. Old men and women, at the village doorways, blessed them as they passed, and prayed for their safe return. The children gazed with awe and alarm at the horsemen as they rode by—the bugbear of Irish children, "the war," was come at last; and the village maidens paused in their whispered conversations and forgot their terrors, to pray that the handsome officer at the head of the troop might outlive his meeting with the Sassenach.

Soon other objects attracted their attention. A heavy column of foot followed in the rear of the cuirassiers. It was composed in great part of O'Neill's own regiment, and affectionate greetings passed between the spectators and their friends in the ranks. The column made a gallant show as it went. The measured tread—result of exactest discipline—the long weapons of the pikemen rising in glittering rows into the air, the musketeers with muskets shouldered, and matches smoking, and bandoleers dancing to every motion of their bodies—all made a goodly spectacle which was hardly impaired by the incongruities or deficiencies of dress occasionally observable in the ranks. The column disappeared beyond the brow of the hill, and the anxious villagers were left to wonder what was to be the next scene in this exciting drama.

Hours passed by, and at length the sounds of distant conflict were borne to the ears of the attentive listeners. The roll of musketry and the clatter of pistol shots came faintly out of the distance; they understood that the advanced guards of the two armies had met, and their faces grew pale and their prayers for the success of their friends more fervent. Soon a movement was visible in the main body of the army which still lay beside the village. Orderlies riding at topmost speed clattered down the hill-side bearing the commands of the General in all directions. The regiments formed rapidly, and one after another moved at a quick step in the direction whence came the sounds of battle.

When they had gone the timid villagers followed them to the summit of the hill. They could perceive that the army was marching towards an eminence about a mile distant. With anxious eyes they saw regiment after regiment mount the ascent, and occupy a portion of the crest of the hill. One, the last that had quitted the village, Maguire's regiment of Fermanagh, halted halfway up the slope. Meantime the noise of musketry came nearer and nearer; O'Neill's advanced guard was falling back closely followed by Monroe's cavalry.

"Splendidly done, by our Lady! MacDermott bears himself gallantly," exclaimed O'Neill, with enthusiasm, as the leader of the Irish horse intercepted and stayed a charge of Monroe's cuirassiers.

"*Lamdh dhearg Aboo!*" ["Hurrah for the Red Hand!"] roared the fierce Sir Phelim, in ungovernable delight, as MacHugh's

musketeers from behind a clump of furze poured a telling volley into the horsemen at their next advance.

With alternating feelings of triumph and alarm the Irish army watched the varying incidents of this preliminary combat waged in the plain below them. Their advanced guard still fell back in excellent order, leaving their track marked by a goodly number of prostrate Scottish cavaliers. The charges of the enemy became fiercer and more frequent as they approached O'Neill's position, and a reinforcement of five hundred foot was despatched to the aid of the retreating division. The arrival of this support checked the eagerness of the Lord of Ardes. He permitted the Irish troops to join their companions, and himself occupied a hill opposite O'Neill, where he awaited the main body of Monroe's army.

It was fully two o'clock before that General had drawn out his forces in order of battle. Then began a strange trial of skill between the rival commanders. It was O'Neill's object to defer a general engagement until the return of his cavalry, and until the sun, which now shone in the faces of his soldiers, should have passed to the further side of the horizon. For different reasons, Monroe was in no hurry to order a general advance. His soldiers were wearied by a long march under a burning sun, whereas the Irish had but just quitted their camp. Moreover, he was assured that a few hours would bring the reinforcements which he knew were marching from Dungannon; and the bearing of the Irish, whom he had expected to overtake in full retreat, made him feel that they might be necessary. O'Neill, in furtherance of his own plans, ordered small bodies of skirmishers to advance along the furze-covered valley separating the two armies; and Monroe, unwittingly playing into the hands of his rival, imitated this example.

For five hours a series of unimportant skirmishes was maintained on this arena beneath the eyes of the opposing armies. At intervals discharges of Monroe's artillery added to the tumult, though they did little to influence the result of the engagement. The Scottish General's train of artillery was limited to two field pieces. These he had, with some difficulty, contrived to place in position. But Lord Blaney, who was for the day Master of the Ordnance, was but indifferently skilled in the use of these engines, and his gunners were not of the most expert. His balls sometimes ploughed the ground in front of the Irish lines, in most cases passed harmlessly over them. Once only did they take effect, and that lucky shot struck down two files of an Irish regiment.

Meanwhile evening was coming on. It was already past six o'clock and still the two armies stood facing one another, the skirmishers hotly at work in the intervening valley. The Irish had grown impatient; they were at a loss to understand the tactics of their commander, and more than once the cry had risen from their ranks, "Advance! Advance!" O'Neill had begun to dread the results of this impatience, and every moment swept with his glass

the plain which lay to the north of his position. At length he was gratified by observing in the distance a dark moving mass which, as it came nearer, resolved itself into six troops of cavalry riding at full speed towards the field of battle. All eyes were fixed on the approaching horsemen, it was felt that their arrival would bring on the crisis of the day. The skirmishing ceased, the advanced parties on both sides were drawn in, and there was a lull in the sounds of conflict. On thundered the eager troopers, heedless of the hopes and fears they excited. Monroe, though he began to have grave misgivings, still hoped they might be the reinforcements he expected. But his doubts were speedily ended. At the entrance to the valley which separated the hostile armies, the body of cavalry changed the direction of its course, and amid the wild cheers of the Irish, troop after troop, covered with foam, and dust, and blood, galloped up the hill on which floated the "Red Hand," and took its place on the wing of the Irish army, facing the cavalry of the Lord of Ardes. The wearied horsemen were destined to enjoy but a short breathing time. Their arrival had evidently disconcerted Monroe, and already some clumsily-executed movements on the part of his soldiers began to show his confusion and their alarm.

The moment for which the Irish commander had waited was come. O'Neill spurred his horse in advance of his own line, and turned towards his men. His usually immovable features betrayed for once the passions alive within him. His eye was lit up with a fire which contrasted forcibly with its usual steady light. His breast heaved and throbbed, and his ordinarily unimpassioned voice was broken and husky. He waved his sword, and the stillness of death fell upon his lines.

"Gentlemen! Soldiers of Ireland!" he shouted, in accents which made the faces of the listeners pale with emotion, "before you are the despoilers of your country, the ravagers of your homes, the butchers of your kindred. We have met them at last on even terms. We have arms in our hands as good as theirs, and we have wrongs to avenge such as blood never washed out before. Soldiers! for friends, for home, for Ireland, for God, advance! Your word is *Sancta Maria*. Fire not a shot till within pike-length of your foes."

Silence deep and ominous succeeded this appeal. The colonels of foot sprang from their horses and pointing with their naked swords to the enemy's position led on their regiments. In a moment the entire line, horse and foot, was in motion. Showers of musket balls and an occasional round shot greeted them as they advanced, but they held on their way without replying. On they came, fearlessly, steadily, now so near that they could distinguish the features of their foes set in savage determination, but pale with intensest excitement.

"Breffni Aboo! Charge!" thundered the voice of Miles

O'Reilly, loud above the din of musketry and the rattling of armour, and the Irish cavalry broke into a gallop and swept fiercely towards the ranks of the Scottish horse. At the same instant along the regiments of foot ran the command "Halt! Present—give fire!" A prolonged roll of musketry followed, and then with a cry in which the pent-up spirit of vengeance found terrible utterance, the Irish pikemen closed with their foes.

The encounter was rude, but the onset was irresistible. Scot and Briton, horseman and foot soldier, went down before the fierce assailants. Monroe's lines made a desperate attempt to withstand the furious onslaught; his officers gallantly precipitated themselves on the weapons of their enemies, and called on their men to follow. But their bravery was unavailing. Their followers were panic-stricken; they wavered, broke, and fled; and the battle of Benburb was decided.

THE BIRD AT MASS.*

BY ELLEN FITZSIMON (*born O'CONNELL*).

WAITING with patience for the appointed hour
 Of holy Mass, employed in peaceful prayer,
 I see a bird (perchance escaped the power
 Of a fell hawk) enter the portals there,
 And, scared and trembling, flutter high and low,
 Unknowing in her terror where to go.

Now, now she darts away athwart the aisle,
 Now dashes swift against a window-pane,
 Seeking for egress from the holy pile,
 Intent the woods and fields once more to gain,
 Where joyfully she in the ambient air
 With blithest songs her freedom may declare.

Alas, that freedom she may not obtain!
 Around the church she still pursues her flight,
 Till, wildered and worn out with fear and pain,
 She on Our Lady's altar doth alight,
 There rests beside the Blessed Virgin's feet,
 Finding a moment's calm and safe retreat.

Anon, as openeth the vestry door,
 While priests and acolytes come forth to pray,
 Startled, she swiftly flutters off once more,
 And on Saint Joseph's altar next doth stay
 Her course, as though that form and face revered
 To promise shelter and repose appeared.

* An incident at Abbeyside Church, Co. Waterford, January 21, 1872.

At length, the while proceeds the holy rite,
The feathered wanderer departs anew,
And circling through the air with wild affright,
Her devious course doth ceaselessly pursue,
Till 'neath the Cross that tops the altar high,
All weak and trembling she at last doth lie.

Seems not the scene symbolic of a soul
Who from the truth hath long been led astray,
Who, worn with wandering far from virtue's goal,
Seeks anxiously Heaven's bright but narrow way,
Placing herself 'neath Mary's guidance sweet,
And laying all her griefs and sins at Jesus' feet?

THE LATER LIFE OF PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

BY JOHN O'HAGAN, Q.C.

IF Charles Edward had been taken prisoner after the battle of Culloden, or, say, in the midst of his perilous wanderings in the western isles, and put to death, as he assuredly would have been, he would have left a brilliant and even heroic memory. He himself was of opinion that if he were taken the Government would not venture to put him to public execution; but that is an idle fancy. They could not, and even in a sense they ought not, to have spared his life. He was the author and originator, the animating soul as well as the final cause, of the insurrection, for taking part in which peasants were slaughtered in cold blood and gentlemen put to death in batches with all the details of the barbarous sentence then in force for High Treason.* No: he would have died on Tower Hill, died resolutely, we make no doubt, asserting to the last the sacredness of his cause. He would have been accompanied by the pity and admiration of friends and enemies, and made his parting scene, like young Conradin of Suabia, like the great Montrose, a something memorable to all time. A gleam of heroic splendour would thus have shone upon the setting of the last hope of the Stuarts. For himself, too, so far as we may judge, it would have been far better. His life, even in Scotland, had not been exemplary, but he was young, and frailty had not hardened into inveteracy. Harsh as the times

* Colonel Towneley and those who suffered with him on Kennington Common, were cut down almost immediately after being turned off, stripped, mutilated, and butchered alive. The nobles obtained the privilege of the axe, not by law, but by customary favour of the king.

and the laws were, a confessor would have been hardly denied to the legitimate heir of the English throne.* If he had thus died, what a lament would have arisen from the multitudes in England, Scotland, and Ireland, who, in feeling at least, still adhered to the Jacobite cause! And in aftertime how speculation would have been rife as to his destiny if he had escaped and lived! It would have been assumed that so fiery a spirit would somehow have wrought out its way; that he who with means so slender almost carved his path to the British throne would never have rested until, in the maturity of his powers, with ampler resources, and in a more favourable season, he had struck a second and victorious blow. He did escape and live, but it was only to give new point and illustration to the satire of Juvenal and Johnson. It is a melancholy story, but it is one which should be known, if it were only to dissipate a kind of traditional regret felt by Irish Catholics at the failure of the House of Stuart to regain the throne.

Charles Edward's famous campaign is a portion of history that has been too often narrated, and is too familiarly known, to make it otherwise than an impertinence to repeat it here in any detail. Yet as an introduction to a much more distasteful theme, we must give a glance at its leading incidents.

The one real hope of triumph for the Jacobites, the one formidable danger which since 1688 threatened the revolutionary dynasty, was dispersed by the equinoctial winds of March, 1744. The French Government had, with an energy, solicitude, and secrecy rare in their annals, organised an expedition against England of fifteen thousand men of their picked troops, under the command of Marshal Saxe, undoubtedly one of the first captains of Europe. The leaders of the English Jacobites and nearly all the Highland chiefs (including some of the most powerful among them, who afterwards took part against the rising of 1745), were under an engagement to second the invasion with all their forces. To meet this formidable confederacy the Government had hardly six thousand trained soldiers in England, and no general in the least worthy of the name. Charles Edward had come privily from Rome into France. It was intended that he should embark with the expedition, and that his younger brother, Henry, afterwards the Cardinal of York, should sail for Scotland to put himself into communication with the Highland chiefs. So far as we can judge of chances, the Hanoverian dynasty must have gone down almost without a blow. But then, as before in 1588, at the time of the Armada, and afterwards in 1796, when Hoche sailed for Bantry Bay, the winds became the "unsubsidised allies" of England. A tem-

* Sir Walter Scott represents a Catholic priest coming to Fergus M'Ivor as a matter of mere course. I cannot find that any one of the Catholics put to death at that time was allowed the consolations of religion. It was a crime by law to perform any Catholic rite.

pest broke on the expedition when the soldiers were half embarked ; the French fleet was scattered and crippled, and the enterprise had for the time to be abandoned. In truth it was never resumed. The French found employment for their soldiers in Flanders, where they helped next year to win the battle of Fontenoy. The bitterness of Charles Edward's disappointment was extreme. After a year's fruitless solicitation, finding that he was amused with mere promises, he made up his mind to the desperate step of going to Scotland unsupported, and flinging himself upon the loyalty of the Highland chiefs. This resolution was the emanation of his own breast alone. Not one of his adherents, not even his tutor, Sir Thomas Sheridan, approved of it. Murray of Broughton, afterwards the notorious informer, then the hottest of the Jacobites, endeavoured with might and main to dissuade him from so insane a proceeding. In vain. Charles had the self-will of his family to a degree of intensity to which neither his grandfather nor great grandfather approached. Personal daring he had in plenty—he was a Sobieski as well as a Stuart—and for the consequences that might ensue to others he had a royal disregard. He was so determined on the adventure, and so much afraid of any impediment being interposed, that he did not even acquaint his father with his design.

His father, King James III. of England and VIII. of Scotland by birth, the Old Pretender, as the Hanoverians termed him, the Chevalier de St. George by a neutral title, was then living in Rome in the enjoyment of a pension from the Pope. Mr. Thackeray, in his novel of "*Henry Esmond*," has drawn his character in repulsive colours, but the portraiture is extremely unjust. His correspondence, given in the Stuart papers, places him in a very amiable light—affectionate to his children, thoughtful and considerate to his followers, and in point of intelligence far indeed from contemptible. He had, on the contrary, a clear discernment and just appreciation of the political world, and weighed the chances of his family in a scale but too well balanced. But these qualities had, as ever, their corresponding defects. His temper was languid and inert. Even in youth, his want of energy was painfully impressed upon his followers in the unhappy rising of 1715, and now whatever sparks of character there may have originally been were damped by a life of misfortune. He had in the year 1743 executed an instrument of regency by which he conferred full powers of sovereignty upon Charles Edward. It is well known that even in the case of the triumph of his cause he never meant personally to ascend the throne. As between him and his son, the latter always had his way.

"*Che chi discerne è vinto da chi vuole.*"

Charles, keeping his father in the dark, but impressing his vehement will on all around him, succeeded through our Irish Lord Clare in hiring a couple of privateers with one hundred marines,

and a small supply of arms. The vessel which contained the marines was taken by the English, and the lesser ship (the *Doutelle*) with Charles on board, reached the island of Eriska on the 23rd of July, 1745. He had seven companions.

The Highland chiefs were aghast at finding the prince come amongst them, so to speak, in total nakedness. The risks he asked them to run were appalling. He indeed hazarded his life as every soldier does, but with them everything was at stake. The ruin of their families, the confiscation of their estates, the extirpation of their poor clansmen—all these consequences, but too well realised in the sequel, stared them in the face. With one voice they adjured the prince to return to France and await some more propitious turn of fortune's wheel. He was inflexible. If he had but ten men to join him, he would raise his father's standard. Was this the highland loyalty and devotion of which he had heard from infancy? Was it Lochiel who whispered these timid counsels—Lochiel whose name was the synonym of chivalry and fidelity? Would *Clanronald* and the sons of *Ian Mhor* desert him in his utmost need? He took them one by one into his cabin in the *Doutelle*, and by his passionate pleading and haughty determination won them over to their destruction. Some, however, refused to the last. The great chiefs of Skye, Macdonald of Sleat, and Macleod, who between them could have brought two thousand men into the field, would not stir a finger in an undertaking so hopeless; and ultimately, finding neutrality impossible, marshalled their clans for the Government. If they and Lord Lovat with his Frasers had frankly cast in their lot with the prince, it might have made an immense difference in his fortunes. On the 19th of August, 1745, Charles raised his banner at Glenfinnan in the midst of twelve hundred Camerons and Macdonalds, and declared war against the Elector of Hanover and all his adherents. The colours of his flag, curious to say, were white, blue, and red, the very same which were adopted by the militia of the city of Paris after the capture of the Bastille in 1789, and which, as the tricolour, went round the world.

Charles Edward was then between twenty-four and twenty-five years of age (born the last day of the year of 1720), a Sobieski through his mother, five feet ten in height, with good broad forehead and Roman nose, fair hair and blue eyes: but, as a puzzle for physiognomists, small and feminine mouth and delicately pointed chin. His manners were singularly affable and winning. No wonder that, as President Forbes complained, nearly all the women in Scotland were enthusiasts on his side. His education had been woefully neglected, and neither in French nor English could he spell well or write a tolerable letter, though, like all men of strong passions, capable at times of giving to his thoughts pithy and vigorous expression.

Gathering new adherents as he went, Charles marched south-

Sir John Cope, Commander-in-Chief of the Government forces in Scotland, had set out to meet him ; but when Sir John came to the mountain of Corrierarrack, which he had to cross in order to reach Fort Augustus, he took fright at the idea of scaling the heights and penetrating the passes in the face of such an enemy. He turned aside to Inverness, leaving the road to Edinburgh open to the Highlanders. At Perth Charles made a recruit worth half an army, in the person of Lord George Murray, a younger brother of the Duke, or rather Dukes of Athole, for there were then two. His eldest brother, who as Marquis of Tullibardine had been engaged in the rising of 1715, and had been attainted and fled, was one of the seven who accompanied Charles from France. He was of course recognised as duke by the Jacobites, while his next brother was duke *de facto* and sat in the House of Lords. Lord George himself had been "out" in 1715, had afterwards served with great distinction abroad, and had come home and received a pardon. Now in middle age he perilled his life and fortunes anew for the old cause. Charles received him with great delight, and at once appointed him one of his two Lieutenant-Generals. The other was James Drummond, a Catholic, the titular Duke of Perth.* The supreme command Charles reserved in his own hands, calling a general council of war in all cases of difficulty.

After a sham resistance, the details of which are full of ludicrous incidents, showing how a fit of pusillanimity may at times take possession of the bravest people, Charles entered Edinburgh on the 17th of September with little more than two thousand men. Four days afterwards he fought the battle of Gladsmuir, or Prestonpans, against Sir John Cope. That general had made his way from Inverness to Aberdeen, and, taking shipping there, sailed for the Frith of Forth with his army, in the full expectation of overwhelming and annihilating the Highlanders, now that he had them on lowland ground. Never was battle over so quickly, hardly even the famous *raes of Castlebar*. It did not literally last five minutes. Dragoons and infantry alike gave way before the furious charge of the clansmen, who fought in their accustomed fashion, flinging away their muskets after the first volley and rushing in with the claymore. When the heat of battle was over, the greatest humanity was shown by the conquerors to the wounded and prisoners. Made master of Scotland by this victory, Charles devoted himself to the obtaining sufficient reinforcements to enable him to invade England, which had been his object from the first.

It might have been expected that the French, who were still at war with England, would even for their own sakes have now interposed with some efficient aid. They did nothing, or as good as nothing. A treaty of alliance was indeed entered into on the 24th of October, 1745, signed by the Marquis d'Argenson on the

* The title was conferred by James II., after his abdication.

part of Louis XV., and Colonel O'Brien on the part of Charles Edward, by which the French king stipulated to grant to the prince a body of troops drawn from Irish regiments and others, "to act under the orders of the said prince, defend the states subject to his regency, and to attack the common enemy;" but there is not a word as to the number of troops to be sent, and the whole treaty is conceived in terms studiously vague. Any recognition of the right of the Stuarts to the throne of England, any undertaking to aid in seating them upon it, is carefully avoided. In truth, though the insurrection was for the French a diversion of the utmost value, and had the effect of forcing the English Government to call home the bulk of their army then serving abroad, yet the French were resolved not to let their hands be tied up by any engagement which would prevent them from making peace with King George II. as King of Great Britain and Ireland. For this they can scarcely be blamed; but it is inconceivable why they did not make an effort to send more effectual succours. Five thousand, even three thousand, regular soldiers with officers and *matériel*, would have made all the difference in the world as to the success of the enterprise. Now and again they sent cruisers with money, ammunition, and officers—but all in dribblets.

At length, in the beginning of November, Charles entered England. His army by this time had swelled to six thousand men. Marshal Wade was at Newcastle with eleven thousand, expecting him. It was at first intended to march direct and fight Wade, but this was overruled by Lord George Murray, who conceived it better to take the ordinary western road through Carlisle and rouse on the way the Jacobites of Cumberland and Lancashire. This was probably the most prudent course, and there is every presumption to be made in favour of Lord George's military discernment. Yet when things go wrong in the end, it is natural to try back, and wish that the steps taken had been other than they were. Certainly, to face Wade would have been to encounter serious odds; but the whole adventure was cast against odds. The novelty and audacity of the highland attack, the power of breaking through the line of bayonets with the broadsword and target, were so disconcerting to the routine soldier, that there was at least a fair chance of Wade undergoing a disaster similar to Cope's. The effect of a second victory, and a victory won on English soil, would have been prodigious, and would (if anything could) have startled the English Jacobites (the bulk numerically of the English people) from their inertia and made them change their after-dinner toasting of "the King over the water" into the cry of "boot and saddle." However, the other course was taken, and the little Highland host marched on without seeing the face of an enemy. Carlisle fell into their hands, and then Manchester, amid the bewilderment of the Government and people; but of an English Jacobite rising there was, alas, no sign. They would not cast in their lot with

a game so desperate. They had been promised an adequate support of regular troops from France, and in their absence they held themselves not bound by any engagement. With the exception of a few Lancashire Catholics, no recruits came to the banner of the prince, and his army entered Derby on the 4th of December, 1745, less in number than when it left Scotland, hardly, indeed, amounting to five thousand men.

What were the forces opposed to them? Wade, who should at once have marched to intercept them, first dallied unaccountably for some days in Newcastle, and, when he did set out, was impeded in his progress by the snows. He then advanced as rapidly as he could, and when the Highlanders arrived at Derby, was at Ferrybridge, distant about three days' march to the north-east. He had about ten thousand men. A second army of eight thousand under the Duke of Cumberland lay at Lichfield and Stafford, having been deceived into taking this westerly direction by an adroit manoeuvre of Lord George Murray, who led them to believe that it was the prince's intention to penetrate into Wales. A third army was being formed on Finchly Common, for the defence of the metropolis, under the command of the king himself.

In this position of deadly peril a retreat seemed absolutely commanded by necessity. Accordingly, in a council of war held at Derby, Lord George Murray and all the chiefs without exception insisted on this course being taken. To Charles the thought of retreat was despair. His ardent temperament hoped everything from daring, and could only regard a backward step as the dismal prognostic of failure. He was now within 127 miles of London—the great goal of his aspirations. He could even, by reason of the Duke of Cumberland's mistake, have eluded both him and Wade, and entered London without encountering anything more formidable than the improvised army of Finchly Common. His purpose, however, was to turn round and fight Cumberland, and after beating him, as he never doubted of doing, then to march for London. His chagrin and dejection at being overruled by his officers knew no bounds, and from the time he turned his face northwards he never seems to have regained his old buoyant and joyous demeanour.

This retreat has been much lamented by Jacobite enthusiasts, and fancy has fondly lingered over the idea that if the prince had made a dash, as it is termed, on London, and once held a levee in St. James's, the Hanoverian power would have collapsed. There are really no data to justify so wild a conclusion. If the Government soldiers had remained true to their colours (as beyond question they would), the Highlanders would have been simply caught in a trap from which there was no possibility of escape. To retreat was humiliating but inevitable.

For the rest, the retreat was conducted with admirable skill and success by Lord George Murray, who took upon himself the command of the rear guard. The Duke of Cumberland hung upon

to their rear, but only once came up with them. This was at Clifton near Penrith. The skirmish is that in which Sir Walter Scott supposes Fergus M'Ivor to have been taken prisoner. It was entirely to the advantage of the Highlanders. With a few hundred of the Glengarry Macdonalds, Macphersons, and Stewarts of Appin, Lord George gave such a lesson to the Duke's advanced guard that the rest of the retreat was wholly unmolested.

Charles insisted on leaving a garrison in Carlisle—the worst act he did during the whole expedition. The place was quite untenable. In an ordinary war this would have been no more than a military mistake; but when the garrison were sure to be dealt with as rebels and traitors, it was a wanton sacrifice of their lives.

There is no more common error than to fancy that after the retreat from Derby the cause of Charles was hopeless. On the contrary, his prospects stood higher after his return to Scotland than they had ever done before. A second army equal to his own had been formed at Perth. The French had at last sent a park of artillery with officers, so as to enable him to conduct a siege. He did not return to Edinburgh, which had been taken possession of by the Government forces, but occupied Glasgow, from which he marched on the 4th of January, 1746, to besiege Stirling. The town of Stirling fell almost immediately; but the castle, as in the case of Edinburgh, was a more formidable task.

Out of the siege of Stirling arose the battle of Falkirk. The Duke of Cumberland had been recalled to London on a rumour of a French invasion in the south of England, and Sir John Hawley had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's forces in Scotland. He was a general of a self-sufficient, somewhat braggadocio type, and was in the habit of speaking with open contempt both of the Highlanders and of his predecessor, Sir John Cope, for having allowed himself to be beaten by them. He marched to relieve Stirling with ten thousand men. The prince's army amounted in all to about eight thousand; so that the forces engaged much exceeded those at Prestonpans. Charles was again victorious, and the prestige of Highland invincibility was sustained; but the success was far from being as complete as the state of his affairs required, the English general being able to save the bulk of his army. Hawley was recalled, and the Duke of Cumberland sent to Scotland to replace him. He marched towards Stirling with greatly augmented forces. Once more the unanimous voice of his staff compelled Charles to give up his idea of fighting Cumberland with whatever disparity of numbers. They forced him to raise the siege of Stirling and retreat to the north. When the paper containing this advice, signed by Lord George Murray and all the chiefs, was presented to Charles, he was so enraged that he struck his head in fury against the wall, uttering the bitterest invectives against Lord George Murray. He essayed in vain to change the opinion of the chiefs, which was based on reasons unanswerable, in a military

point of view. Charles himself had but one idea—that of fighting at all hazards and at the earliest moment any enemy who was within reach of him.

The period between the commencement of this retreat in the early part of February and the battle of Culloden was signalised by a succession of small but brilliant exploits—raids, captures of fortresses, surprises of detachments of the enemy—incidents full of interest, but impossible to dwell on.

Cumberland slowly came up towards Inverness, where Charles had his head-quarters. Again it was suggested to retire for the remainder of the winter into the mountains, there keep the foe at bay, and with returning summer assemble a Highland host of at least ten thousand men. But this time Charles was inflexible. He had been balked of his desire at Derby and Stirling, but now, come what would, he insisted on measuring swords with his cousin of Cumberland. He himself selected the field of Culloden (Drumossie Moor) as the scene of battle. He fought, and he and his cause were ruined.

But withal, it should not be forgotten how easily the result might have been otherwise, and the ruin have overtaken Cumberland and his cause. In truth, a series of accidents and cross-purposes went to make up the disaster; but the cause of causes was some scandalous neglect in the prince's commissariat; for though Inverness was full of provisions, stored there on purpose, the unfortunate men were marched out without a meal. A night attack on Cumberland's camp was skilfully planned and promised complete success in the execution; but, as evening fell, fully two thousand went back to Inverness for food, telling their officers that they would rather be shot than starved. The night march was, nevertheless, proceeded with, but the rear lagged sadly behind the van, and it was found that they could not reach the enemy's camp till daybreak, when all the effect of the surprise would be lost. So they had to be marched back again; and thus, weary with the double journey, and having had neither sleep nor food, the Highland army had to await the assault of an enemy nearly double their numbers, well fed, well rested, and infinitely superior in all military appliances. After all, the Highlanders made an astonishing fight, and if they had had anything to fall back upon, their defeat might have been by no means ruinous. As it was, the victory was decisive. Something of a stain rests upon the conduct of the Macdonalds, who had sulked on being deprived of their habitual post of honour on the right, and who, when the main attack upon the English had been repulsed, retired without striking a blow. Culloden was fought on the 16th of April, 1746.*

* I do not pause upon the cruelties which followed this battle. It is sufficient to say, that, while the "Highland savages" in the hour of their success behaved with uniform humanity and often with a noble courtesy towards the vanquished, the Duke of Cumberland and his army committed upon a defenceless people barbarities which form one of the blackest pages of history.

From that date until the 20th of September, when he effected his escape to France, Charles was a hunted fugitive among the Hebrides or on the wild western coast of Scotland. His adventures surpass anything dreamed of in fiction, and the bright points of his character shine out even more brilliantly than in the days of his triumph. Wandering about from place to place, not knowing each night where he would lay his head the next, disguised as a gillie or a servant girl, with clothes worn to rags, snatching scanty meals of the meanest food, sometimes fasting for eight-and-forty hours together, trudging thirty weary Highland miles of a morning on foot, exposed in open boats to the storms and bitter inclemency of those wild seas, he never lost spirit, took what came with a frolic welcome, cheered his chance companion with a jest or song, and in his inmost heart never relinquished the hope of yet retrieving all. His physical organization must have been splendid. When after all these sufferings he escaped to France, the only change his brother Henry observed in him was that he had grown broader and fuller in body. Yet in this escape of Charles there is something far more creditable to human nature than his own activity and endurance. It is the fidelity he met with—the glorious fidelity of the Celt. There was a reward of thirty thousand pounds upon his head, and his secret was entrusted to numbers of the poorest of mankind. To them one touch of their prince's hand was more than all the treasures of King George. He once lived in a cave with seven men, escaped soldiers of the Highland army, who had taken to the life of banditti, to every one of whom he was known. Their great concern was the wretched state of his apparel, especially his linen. At last the bright idea struck them of lying in wait for the rear of an English detachment, shooting the servant of an officer, and making off with his portmanteau, containing what Charles stood in such need of.

On his landing in France, Charles lost no time in speeding to the court to urge and implore the granting of supplies wherewith to renew the war. He sought a personal interview with Louis XV. whom, it is to be observed, he always addressed in the style of a royal equal—"Monsieur, mon frère et cousin." He drew up papers representing vigorously and pithily the state of the case. In one of these, of the 10th November, 1746, he says:—

"In Scotland I never wanted fighting men. What I did want was money, provisions, and a handful of regular troops. With even one of these three assistances, I should at this day be master of Scotland—and probably of all England. If I had had three thousand regular troops I would have marched into England immediately after having beaten Sir John Cope, and there was then no obstacle to my reaching London, as the Elector was absent and the English troops had not returned from abroad. With provisions I would have been in a condition to pursue General Hawley after the battle of Falkirk and destroy his army, the flower of the English troops. If I had received two months sooner even the half of the money which your majesty sent me, I would have fought the Duke of Cumberland with equal numbers and assuredly have beaten him. Even with four

thousand men against twelve, I long held victory in the balance, and twelve hundred regular troops would have decided it in my favour to the knowledge of my whole army. These disasters may yet be repaired if your majesty will entrust me with a body of eighteen or twenty thousand men.”

He was pleading to the deaf winds. The French had won much glory and undergone considerable loss by the war. Rumours of peace were already in the air, and after the catastrophe in Scotland, the Government of Louis were less inclined than ever to tie up their hands by any engagement for the restoration of the House of Stuart. They offered Charles a large annual allowance, which he disdained to accept.

The old chevalier had been deeply anxious about his son's safety and was proportionally rejoiced at his escape ; but as to the fate of the expedition, it is plain he never appreciated all the chances in its favour, and had not much hope that the end could be otherwise than it was. From long misfortune he had learned to take fortune's buffets and rewards with almost equal thanks. The tone of his letters to his son is always to recommend submission to the inevitable. “My dear child—My dearest Carluccio,”—thus they run—“Why make yourself enemies?—why exasperate the court of France by using harsh language against them when you can do nothing? Why not accept the pension they offer you, without which you have no means to make a figure as a prince?” “Pension!” Charles would reply, “I will not take a *liard* from them in the way of pension. Instead of offering me a pension, let the King of France keep his treaty with me, and lend me soldiers and supplies to enable me to regain my throne.” The French Government would do anything but that. They gave gratuities, pensions, and commissions to the Scotch exiles, and plainly felt that they owed a considerable debt to the prince, which they would be glad to pay in any way except the only way that Charles cared for—*i.e.*, fighting for him.

To be heroic without being wilful is to be a saint, and a saint Charles certainly was not. In the succeeding year (1747) a bitter dissension arose between him and his father, which was never healed during their lives. It arose out of the resolution adopted by James of dedicating his younger son to the Church that he might be promoted to the cardinalate. That he should have done so, at least while his elder son was unmarried, shows how low an estimate James had formed of the chances of restoration. Even from mere worldly motives, it was natural to prefer the safe, honourable, and dignified position of a prince of the Church in Rome to the indignities and gnawing cares of every sort which surround a royal adventurer in exile. But there were really higher motives at work. James had been always steadfastly true to his faith in heart and in profession. As early as 1714, when he was a young man of twenty-six, when his sister, Queen Ann, was still alive, and when to change his religion, or to profess to change it, was to ascend the throne on

her death without a blow, he wrote thus to friends in England who importuned him on the subject:—

“I neither want counsel nor advice to remain unalterable in my fixed resolution of never dissembling my religion; but rather to abandon all than act against my conscience and honour, cost what it will. These are my sentiments, and had I others, or should I act contrary to those I have, where is the man of honour that would trust me? and how could my subjects ever depend upon me or be happy under me if I should make use of such a notorious hypocrisy to get myself among them? I know their generous character could not but detest the crime itself and him that would be guilty of it.”

In these sentiments James remained all his life, and they were reflected in his younger son, Henry, who was of a gentle and religious disposition, and the sincerity of whose vocation was shown by his long and exemplary life as an ecclesiastic.

The mind of Charles was unhappily warped to different ideas. Though there is no evidence that he ever declared his intention of outwardly changing his religion, he was persuaded that to be a lax Catholic was, next to being a Protestant, the best way to ingratiate himself with his English adherents. He had made no scruple of attending Protestant service in Scotland. A letter of his father to him of the 3rd of February, 1747, points to influences having been early brought to bear upon him in this direction, and urges with much clearness and force that laxity in his faith and morals could not serve even his temporal interests.

“ . . . To put the matters I am now writing about in their true light before you, I must begin with what passed in this country in the year 1742, because that is the foundation and I may say the very key of all that has followed. You cannot forget how you were prevailed upon to speak to your brother on very nice and delicate subjects, and that without saying the least thing to me, though we lived in the same house. I am fully persuaded you did not feel the consequences of such a step; you were then much younger than you are now, and therefore could be more easily misled with specious arguments and pretences; but those who misled you knew, to be sure, what they were doing, and it has since appeared very plain by all their conduct, that their object was to draw you from your duty to God in the first place, and to me in the second. They thought they had gained a great point in making you take the step you did to your brother, and from that time he became the chief object of their malice, and all inventions, I may say, were used to persecute and misrepresent him. It cannot be wondered at, my dear child, that you should be deceived at first, for I was, I own, in some degree myself; because it was hard to think there could be such wicked men in the world, and that those who were eating my bread and living under my roof should be acting such a part towards us all three. But my eyes were opened when I considered that it was impossible for those who wished us well to be stirring and meddling in religious matters when there was not the least necessity for it; and instead of employing their thoughts and discourse to convince my Protestant subjects by a number of facts and circumstances they might have alleged of mine and my children's real sentiments on such matters, no stone was left unturned, and all art and malice employed to calumniate and misrepresent the duke in that respect.

“It will, to be sure, have been represented to you that our religion is a great prejudice to our interest, but that it may in some measure be remedied by a certain free way of thinking and acting, and in general they will have prevented* you

* i. e. Prepossessed, *prévenu*. That James should now and then fall into a Gallicism is not surprising.

against anything that comes from me, as not being in *their*—and according to them, the only right—way of thinking. By these maxims and such insinuations they think, I suppose, to make themselves popular in England, formidable to you, and to take the most effectual method to engage you to exclude from your confidence whoever does not think like them; and so remain sole master of your person and your affairs, by flattering and imposing upon you. But, my dear child, had you a little more experience, you would soon see the fallaciousness of such a system, the pursuing of which may serve other people's turn, but can never end but in your own ruin in all respects. You know nobody is a truer, and, to make use of an Italian phrase, a greater Englishman than myself, and you know my conduct and way of thinking as to religious matters;—but everything has its measure, its bounds, and its limits, from conscience and honour, in the first place, and even from prudence and necessity on many occasions. And if one examines seriously that system of religion, it is not only unchristian and wicked in itself, but even manifestly contrary to your honour and interest; for were you never so irreligious and libertine, the name of Catholic would still stick by you, and be equally made use of against you by our enemies, while by such a conduct you would lose the esteem and deservedly acquire the contempt of all honest men of what religion soever."

When the step of devoting Henry to the Church was resolved on, James communicated it to Charles on the 13th of June, 1747:—

"I know not whether you will be surprised, my dearest Carluccio, when I tell you that your brother will be made a cardinal the first days of next month. Naturally speaking, you should have been consulted about a resolution of that kind before it had been executed; but as the duke and I were unalterably determined on the matter, and that we foresaw you might probably not approve of it, we thought it would be showing you more regard, and that it would be even more agreeable to you, that the thing should be done before your answer could come here, and to have it in your power to say that it was done without your knowledge or appreciation. It is very true I did not expect to have seen the duke here so soon, and that his tenderness and affection for me prompted him to undertake that journey; but after I had seen him, I soon found that his chief motive for it was to discourse with me fully and freely on the vocation he had long had to embrace an ecclesiastical state, and which he had so long concealed from me and kept to himself, with a view, no doubt, of having it in his power of being of some use to you in the late conjunctures. But the case is now altered, and, as I am fully convinced of the solidity and sincerity of his vocation, I should think it a resisting the will of God and acting directly against my conscience, if I should pretend to constrain him in a matter which so nearly concerns him. The maxims I have brought you up in and have always followed, of not constraining others in matters of religion, did not a little help to determine me on the present occasion, since it would be a monstrous proposition that a king should be a father of his people and a tyrant to his children. After this I will not conceal from you, my dearest Carluccio, that motives of conscience and equity have not alone determined me in this particular; and that, when I seriously considered all that has passed in relation to the duke for some years bygone, had he not the vocation he has, I should have used my best endeavours and all arguments, to have induced him to embrace that state. If Providence has made you the elder brother he is as much my son as you, and my paternal care and affection are equally to be extended to you and him; so that I should have thought that I had greatly failed in both towards him had I not endeavoured by all means to secure him, as much as in me lay, that tranquillity and happiness which I was sensible it was impossible for him to enjoy in any other state. You will understand all I mean without any enlarging further on this last so disagreeable an article, and you cannot, I am sure, complain that I deprive you of any service the duke might have been

to you, since you must be sensible that, all things considered, he would have been useless to you remaining in the world. But let us look forward and not backward. The resolution is taken, and will be executed before your answer to this can come here. If you think proper to say you were ignorant of it, and do not approve it, I shall not take it amiss of you ; but, for God's sake, let not a step which, naturally speaking, should secure peace and union amongst us for the rest of our days, become a subject of scandal and eclat which would fall heavier upon you than upon us in our present situation, and which a filial and brotherly conduct in you will easily prevent. Your silence towards your brother, and what you writ to me about him since he left Paris, would do you little honour if they were known, and are mortifications your brother did not deserve, but which cannot alter his sentiments towards you. He now writes to you a few lines himself, but I forbid him entering into any particulars since it would be giving himself and you a useless trouble after all I have said about him here."

When the event was announced, loud was the voice of wail and lamentation which arose from the body of the English Jacobites. Culloden, they declared, was nothing to this. What hope of getting the English people to accept a king whose brother and next heir is a cardinal of the Pope of Rome ? So strong was the feeling that even Father Innes, the famous antiquarian, then the head of the Scottish college in Paris, doubted whether he should congratulate the new cardinal on his election. He says :—

"Upon the one hand, the cardinal duke might take it very much amiss if he were not complimented by us upon his election, as I know he is by the English seminary here, to say nothing of other English communities, and, no doubt, by most of all the Irish wherever they are. Upon the other hand, there is a most universal violent dislike among all our country folks far and near, from the prince himself to the lowest of his followers, all unanimously crying out against what is done."

As for Charles, we may conceive his state of mind. He shut himself up for hours. He refused to write to his father or brother, and forbade the health of the latter to be drunk at his table or his name so much as mentioned. He could look on his father's act (in the end, perhaps the wisest done by the Stuarts since their expulsion) as nothing but a deadly blow aimed at him and his hopes. To the most affectionate letters from his father and brother he sent no reply beyond these few bitter lines to his father's secretary :—

"St. Ouen, &c., 24th July, 1747.

"I have received yours of the 4th current, and send you here enclosed the usual letter. Happy would I be to have happier orders and cheerful spirits, which to my misfortune my friends hinder as well as my enemies. God forgive the last. Having not strength to say more, I remain,

"CHARLES P."

But a still worse blow came in the succeeding year in the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. Not only did King Louis make peace with King George, but in order to facilitate that peace he renewed in literal terms one of the clauses of the quadruple alliance, and promised by one of the articles of the treaty to refuse an asylum to the House of Stuart, to deny even a *piéd a terre* in France to the

kinsman and ally with whom he had entered into a treaty against King George but two little years before. It was a slightly bitter pill to Louis, but he consoled himself by raising his hands and exclaiming, *à la française*: "How hard it is for a king to be a sincere friend!" From the time of his landing in France Charles had for the most part lived in Paris. He had a *hôtel* or private residence on the Quai des Theatins. He was fond of frequenting the opera and theatre splendidly dressed. He was a great favourite with the Parisians, both on account of the fame of his exploits and of his descent from Henry Quatre. When the peace was proclaimed, it was expected that Charles would of his own accord ask permission to leave the French territory. Not he. He never alluded to the treaty, and remained in Paris, apparently gayer and in higher spirits than ever. The English Government complained of the nonfulfilment of the treaty. The French first put gentle and then stronger pressure on the prince, as is the way in such cases; but all to no effect. They then applied to his father, who wrote to him one of his usual affectionate, well-reasoned letters, representing to him that for the present he must yield to necessity and await the future, and in the meantime why exasperate unnecessarily the court of France—which one day, if war broke out again, might be their fast friend. Charles was in no humour to listen to any remonstrance from his father, whom he had begun totally to neglect and disregard. "*Quod dixi dixi, et quod scripsi scripsi,*" was all he would say. At last the Duc de Gesvres was sent to him with a peremptory message from the French king insisting on his quitting French soil. He would take no such command from any lips except those of the king himself. "Monseigneur," said the Duke, "that can hardly be, for you never come to court, and you can scarce expect the king to wait on you at the Quai des Theatins." "I have nothing more to say," said Charles, quitting the room, abruptly. There was nothing left but to remove him by force, and Louis, with a sigh, signed the order for his arrest. He was seized as he was stepping out of his carriage to enter the opera, disarmed, bound with black ribbon, and hurried off to the fortress of Vincennes. After remaining there for fourteen days, he consented to leave France and took shelter in the Pope's dominions at Avignon. Pertinacity carried to the limits of the absurd only excites a smile, and the conduct of Charles in this case may find its parallel in that of Charles XII. of Sweden at Bender. But Charles Edward showed the same unrelenting obstinacy in cases where it must bear the darker stain of ingratitude. His hatred of Lord George Murray is wholly inexcusable. That nobleman was unquestionably the best soldier and captain he had. There were serious differences of opinion between him and Charles, especially at the time of the battle of Culloden; but of his loyalty to the cause for which he had risked life and forfeited title and fortune there can be no doubt. Will it be believed that the reception Charles had prepared for him

was a plan to secure his person and keep him prisoner? He was with difficulty dissuaded from this mad idea by his father, but to see Lord George he absolutely refused. On the other hand, the old chevalier treated the exiled lord with all kindness and consideration. Again, there is in all the correspondence of Charles a signal and total silence as to the sufferings of his followers. We look in vain for any reference to the noble and gentle blood which was being poured out in England, to the death of Kilmarnock, or Balmerino, or Ratcliffe; or for a word of lament over the ruined households of his Highlanders. He held in the highest degree the royal idea of the duty of sacrifice on the part of others for his sake.

After leaving France Charles devoted himself to obscure intrigues with the English Jacobites. He dropped his title and wandered about Europe incognito, keeping his father totally in the dark as to his doings, designs, or even his habitation. In 1750 he found his way to London, in the dream that things in England were ripe for an insurrection. He stayed five days in London, and finding the thing hopeless returned. In truth the fires of English Jacobitism, which had never burned so brightly as to promise much of a conflagration, were now sinking fast into dying embers. Charles still clung to his schemes and intrigues with the devotion of the gambler who lingers, a pale phantom, round the table where he had been once on the point of being crowned by fortune.

To what he had come in the year 1753 may be judged from a document in his own hand:—

“ 12th November, 1753.

“ To GORING.

“ SIR—I have wrote to Avignon, to discard all my Papist servants. Be pleased to write to Mr. John Stuart to know from him if my orders are executed. I shall still maintain ye two gentlemen and all ye Protestant servants on the same footing as usual. My mistress has behaved so unworthy that she has put me out of patience: and as she is a Papist, too, I discard her also!!!”

Qualities such as Charles was now manifesting could not but create feelings amongst his followers very different from the enthusiasm that had once encircled him. There is a remarkable document among the Stuart papers containing the notes of a conference held between Charles and a Jacobite deputation from England which waited on him in 1755. They narrate to him the “villainous aspersions” which are made upon his character. He was, they said, represented

“As one entirely abandoned to an irregular, debauched life, even to excess, which brought his health, and even his life, daily in danger—that in these excesses he had no guard either on his conduct or on his expressions, and was in some degree void of reason—that he was always too precipitate in taking his resolutions, and was then obstinate and deaf to the most solid advice—that he put no value upon, and was ungrateful for, the very best services, and was unforgiving and revengeful for the very smallest offence. That he acted and spoke upon all occasions with an obstinacy that could bear no control, and, in all appearance, without any just thought or reflection. In a word, that he had in his person alone all the vices and

faults that had ever been in his family, without any single one of their virtues : so, of course, was entirely unqualified to act the part that had been hoped for at his hands."

"By my troth these be very bitter words." The deputation, while formally treating the charges as aspersions, plainly showed that they thought them far from baseless, for they go on to hint at the improvement to be hoped for from abundant and wise counsel and the effect of advancing years. The reply of Charles is very characteristic :—

"GENTLEMEN,—I sometime ago received a very surprising message, delivered in a still more surprising manner. Reason may, and I hope always shall, prevail ; but my own heart deceives me if threats or promises ever can. I had always determined to wait events in silence or patience, and believed the advances, which to your knowledge I have already made, were as great as could be reasonably expected on my part. Yet the influence of well-wishers, of whose sincerity I am satisfied, has made me put pen to paper in vindication of my character, which, I understand by them, some unworthy people have had the insolence to attack, very possibly to serve some mean purposes of their own. Conscious of my conduct, I despise their low malice ; and I consider it to be below y dignity to treat them in the terms they merit. Yet I was willing to bring truth to light. *I have long desired a churchman from your hands to attend me*, but my expectations have been hitherto disappointed."

He turned a proud and deaf ear to every remonstrance on his conduct, but to please them he was willing to receive a Church of England chaplain. Alas, poor Charles !

His life now became more and more obscure, and, as hope sank, he betook himself to the ignoble consolation of the wine-cup. His father had over and over again urged him to marry when he was still young, promising to find him a mate almost as good as he could hope for if restored ; but partly his habits of life, partly his wilful disdain of everything that emanated from his father, made him reject the idea. In 1766 his father died, and, as no power in Europe would recognise Charles as king of England, he took the incognito title of Count of Albany.

"*Un roi vagabond est un sot personnage*," said Napoleon, and Charles in his wanderings may well exemplify the saying. It was at this time that Voltaire names him as one of the seven guests whom Candide meets at a Venetian hostelry, every man of them a crownless king.

At length, in the year 1772, when he was past fifty, the French Government, fancying that they might at some time want an heir of the Stuart line for political purposes, found him a wife in the person of a princess of the House of Stolberg, a young lady of nineteen, of great intelligence and accomplishments. The marriage turned out most unhappily, and they were afterwards separated. He had indeed proved a bad husband, and she a faithless wife. The lady occupies a considerable space in Alfieri's memoirs. Alfieri describes Charles at this time as a confirmed sot, carried every night drunk to bed. His statement is, of course, that of an enemy.

but there is no doubt that the vice of the toper had gained complete possession of him, and, a prey to these degrading habits, the hero of Gladsmuir, the gallant young chevalier, sank into an unhonoured grave in 1788. His widow survived till 1824. Strange to think that many still alive may have known the wife of Prince Charlie.

There seems, indeed, a miserable contradiction between the splendour of his earlier and the degradation of his later life. It is like a descent from star fire to street mud. A great deal must, however, be attributed to the wretched position in which he was placed. "I can do nothing," he says, in one of his letters, "but bewail my misfortune in being born in so detestable an age." He presented the spectacle of a fiery and resolute, but self-willed and self-indulgent character, impatient alike of repose or control, yet doomed to stagnate in inaction. To him might, in his degree, be applied the noble lines of Byron about Napoleon :—

"But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
And *there* hath been thy bane—there is a fire
And motion of the soul which will not dwell
Within its narrow limits, but aspire
Beyond the fitting medium of desire,
And but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
Preys upon high adventure, nor will tire
Of aught save rest, a fever at the core,
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

"Their breath is agitation, and their life
A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last;
And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife
That, should their days, o'ercoming perils past,
Sink to calm twilight, they feel overcast
With sorrow and supineness, and so die—
Even as a flame unfed that runs to waste
With its own flickering, or a sword laid by
That eats into itself and rusts ingloriously."

If he had gained the throne, would he have held it? We cannot believe it. It was his inborn persuasion, as much as that of any Stuart who went before him, that everything should give way before his royal will and pleasure. He was, in truth, utterly unsuited by nature, education, or principles, to play the part of a constitutional king. One thing, however, is plain. He would have carefully avoided his grandfather's ground of quarrel with his subjects, and would never have offended English prejudices by zeal for the Catholic religion. We doubt whether he would have ever asked for the repeal of the penal laws.

Ireland, conquered and helpless, without arms or leaders or spirit, took no part in the rising of 1745, and could take none. But her poets made Jacobite songs wrapt in allegory, and dreamed of the golden time returning—

"If the king's son were here at home
With Kathaleen na Houlahan."

But it is to be feared that the king's son would have brought poor Kathaleen but little comfort. The Stuarts uniformly treated Ireland ill, and there is little likelihood that Charles would have proved an exception. The very last ground on which he would have quarrelled with English prejudices would have been the doing of any service to Ireland. It is, on the whole, well that Kathaleen was left to work out her deliverance in God's time and in her own way.

THE LAYING OF THE STONE.*

(Maynooth, Tenth of October, 1875.)

DAYS that are longed for, sometimes never dawn—
Days that are prayed for, seldom fail to come;
And pray'rs and tears and blood have drawn *this day*
From out the long night through which saints had strain'd
Their vision, weary waiting for the dawn.

It comes, a white day, rising on a Church
Whose history knows so few, that its white days
Might all be told on fingers of one hand.
Day to be marked, not with the classic chalk
Of Roman festival, but with a stone
Such as of old the Roman never placed
'Neath idol shrines which Christ has laid in dust:
A white stone, chisell'd for the place it fits,
Not otherwise than Ireland's heart has known
The strokes that made *it* ready for this day.

A stone on which the consecrating hands
Of Prelates rest, who not alone bear up

* "The great day is at length granted to you which you have so long desired and had in prayer. You have now for many years had collegiate buildings suitable to the dignity of the largest and most important ecclesiastical seminary in Catholic Christendom—suitable, as far as they went, for the chief part of the original design had yet to be brought into effect. The foremost inquiry which occurred to the many strangers visiting Maynooth has hitherto been—where was the church? The feeling which rested on your guests when admitted to that most touching spectacle, your ordinations, was one of sorrow that the sacred rite which sent out clergy all over Ireland [and all over the world] was administered in a building that spoke of its past times of persecution rather than of its triumphant present. But now, with the Divine blessing, this desideratum is to be supplied. . . . When the day comes, you and yours will be in my thoughts, and thus I shall take part in your auspicious act and its attendant festivities, as if I were not so many miles away."—*From Dr. Newman's letter to the President of Maynooth College, Sept. 27, 1875.*

The burden of the present, but sustain
 The tear-dimmed, blood-stained glories of the past,
 In these our days, when if, in very shame,
 The sword be sheath'd—'tis in the scabbard loose!
 And meantime men besmear the Church of God
 With poison'd honey dropp'd from slanderous tongues,
 In hope to draw the gnats that sting to death.

O Stone, drawn to thy place by prayerful hearts,
 Press'd to thy place by hopes that take their bloom
 From out the dust of Ireland's buried saints—
 Fix'd in thy place for many an age to be
 By zeal that will not wither in a land
 That always loved the beauty of God's House:
 Such zeal as loves to lavish all its store
 On costly shrines where God may fitly dwell,
 But such as still finds noblest archetype
 In that which burn'd within the hearts that raised
 Their shrines, of old, within the hidden cave.
 Yet not so hidden but that sometimes reach'd
 The frightened ear the tramp of arm'd men;
 Yet not so hidden but that sometimes reach'd
 The heart that pray'd the sword that steep'd the pray'r
 In life-blood gurgling o'er the startled lips.—
 O Stone, descend into thy destin'd home
 And keep the memories ever green that form
 The heirlooms of the scatter'd Irish race.

Ay, scatter'd—for, if others recognise
 A Church triumphant, suffering, militant,
 Ireland can boast, beside, an Exile Church,
 That in dark days fled westward from the grasp
 Of tyranny and bigot insolence,
 And, sailing toward the sunset, rais'd the Cross
 In the lone regions of the unpeopled West,—
 Rais'd, too, a people, who, with us, shall bless
 God that we live to see a day like this.
 That Exile Church will join its Mother Church:
 To greet this day that flings upon our hopes
 The blood-red light that flames from out a past
 Of precious memories whence our hopes are born.

A scattered race—for not alone we claim
 A kinship with our brothers beyond seas,
 But kindred with that Irish Race that sits
 Beyond the stars about the feet of God,
 And flings its crowns in rapture at His feet,
 Because *this day* has come to those it loves.

O Ireland, men have harshly dealt with thee,
 And history comes, and looks thee through and through,
 And dips its pen in blood to write thy life.
 But in the fulness of His love hath God
 Been dealing ; through the bitter-seeming years
 Thy history has been written, not in books
 Foredoom'd to perish, but in God's own Heart,
 That gladdens with its blessing this great day.

Here shall the feet of Levites pace the aisles,
 To fit themselves to walk among God's poor.
 Here shall the censer swing, to teach God's priests
 To carry up a Nation's prayer to God.
 Here shall the white-robed singers raise the chant,
 That binds in links of music Earth and Heaven.
 Here shall the priests of ages yet to be
 Learn how to reproduce the long-gone past,
 When, through the length and breadth of Christendom,
 Was known the Isle of Scholars and of Saints.

SIENA.

(OUR FOREIGN POST-BAG.)

THERE must have been wild work in the hills some days ago ; for, as we crossed the level country below Orvieto, we found the streams swollen and the debris of upland gorges cast high upon the banks. The bridge over the Paglia had been swept away by the flood, and our train was taken across the river by a very light engine cautiously feeling its way as it proceeded along the temporary structure that replaced the viaduct. At Ficulle we stopped, changed the convoi, and then continued the journey with the usual locomotive : passing Montepulciano (whence comes the king of wines), Chiusi, and other celebrated Etruscan cities, all perched on heights and enclosed within embattled walls.

A dreamy mood had succeeded to the very wide-awake condition of the previous hours ; and with half-shut eyes we looked towards those sites of historic interest, whenever the most illustrious Signor Dottore (as they have him set down in the hotel bills) called out the well-known names ; until, after three or four hours' travelling, we were shaken into life again by the unmistakable sensation of going up a hill. Yes : the train certainly was climbing ; and one should be very drowsy indeed who would not awake at the idea of steaming up a staircase ! Having ascended some nine or

ten hundred feet we reached the elevated station, grazed the rocky walls of Siena, and entered the renowned republican city.

We made our way to the hotel first on the guide-book list, but not liking the gloomy aspect of the place, declined to enter the cavernous court, turned in another direction, and threw ourselves into the *Armi d'Inghilterra*: where, we are glad to acknowledge, we have been substantially entertained, comfortably lodged, reasonably dealt with, and waited on with easy Italian civility. But you are no more reminded of the British nation here than if the *padrone* and his helps had never so much as heard of the distant state whose unicorn and lion figure on the sign-board.

Dinner was served in an upper room of the house, which, with its stone staircase and fittings, might stand a siege or defy a conflagration. It began to rain, and while waiting for the sky to clear we amused ourselves observing the people in the street. The shower so far from clearing the roadway appeared to have had the effect of inducing the inhabitants to come forth for a walk and a gossip and a sprinkling. The street was full of people—sturdy-looking, well-dressed folk—the men carrying umbrellas of a style quite off the common, blue, plaid, bordered; and the women wearing *such* Tuscan hats! elderly women having their broad brims dyed dark brown, but the daughters wearing theirs decked out with flowers and ribbons.

Our first evening stroll sufficed to give the travellers a general idea of the situation and remarkable features of the city. It is not enough to say that Siena stands on a hill. It stands on three hills, or, if you will, on a hill of three cones. I do not think it would be possible to drive a carriage through any street but one. Pedestrians have to surmount a succession of inclines in reaching the higher parts of the town; and when descending into the hollows must proceed in zigzag fashion. No wonder that the Siennese are known, when they visit other places, by their very peculiar walk. I suppose they find it dreadfully tiresome and monotonous when obliged to keep long on a stupid dead level.

Some one has said that Siena is shaped like a star-fish, and the comparison is not a bad one. Gardens and fields have entered the walls and climbed into the streets, leaving the city proper a rugged mass in the centre with five long arms stretching out in different directions. In the centre are the *Duomo* and the *Piazza del Campo*; and at the end of the long arms stand the fine church of *La Concezzione*, the *Collegio Tolomei*, *San Domenico*, the *Carmine* with its steeple, and the church of the *Servi* with its old Siennese frescoes.

Sombre and stately rather than cheerful is the aspect of the city. The principal mansions retain their historic names—the *Palazzo Sarazini*, the *Palazzo Piccolomini*, the *Palazzo del Magnifico*: and with the names their ancient character. They are more like family fortresses than anything else, with minatory turrets,

and windows darkly barred: designed, one would say, not so much as a defence against foreign aggression as with a view to the proper reception of a neighbourly fusillade. Some of them are interesting for their architectural features, and here and there you see one of the beautiful *loggia* nowhere met with out of Italy.

Our general survey came to an end when we arrived at the plateau on which the Duomo is built, and stood before that marvellous façade. Even to the roof this magnificent cathedral is a mass of polished marble; the sides of the edifice as well as the campanile having bars of black horizontally inserted in the prevailing white material. Ornamental and sculptured work covers the entire façade up to the gable, where, in a blaze of mosaic, is seen the Madonna in glory. Over the entrance are the busts of the three great saints of Siena—Catherine, Bernardino, and Ansano. Elsewhere along the front are beautifully carved angels, majestic prophets, and the symbols of the cities at one time or another allied with Siena:—the Roman elephant and castle, Viterbo's unicorn, Perugia's stork, the horse of Arezzo, the goose of Orvieto, and so on. Amazed at the indescribable richness of the artistic work, we sat down on some stones lying in front of the Cathedral to admire at our leisure. While so engaged, we could not help observing that a great many people ascended the steps and passed under the porch; and we came to the conclusion that something more than Saturday confessions must be going on within the sacred edifice. But we were unprepared for the scene that awaited us when we followed the people through the sculptured portals.

The interior was crowded with men, women, and children passing to and fro. No function was going on: but a picture of the Blessed Virgin, placed on an altar in the centre of the nave, was unmistakably the object of that evening's devotion. A priest standing before the altar took in his hand whatsoever the people held up—beads, crosses, baskets, bundles tied in handkerchiefs—waved them before the picture, and then returned them to the owners. Among other small things we saw a baby thus held aloft, passed before the shrine, and returned with a blessing—for that some blessing was sought I could not doubt.

The sight of the pious multitude performing their devotions in the stately cathedral, and surrounded by treasures that in other lands would be kept under glass-cases, produced an effect that will not easily be forgotten. Children lay curled up in groups beneath the wondrous pulpit; their mothers leaned against the altar balustrades; the men in hundreds freely trod the unrivalled pavement, on which Beccafumi and his brother artists traced in noble outline scenes of Scripture history, the symbols of the city and her allies, and the lovely sibyls; while from the frieze looked down the long line of Popes (and anti-Popes, too, included in republican fashion). The illuminated chapels, the gem-like windows, the carved monuments, the noble statues, the pictured walls, which if collected in

a museum would have been bewildering in their multitude and beauty, appeared, like the people, to fall into harmonious combination—a heavenly radiance interfusing all, and prayerful peace presiding.

After a while we left the church, and sat down again on the stones. The mists had disappeared before the genial breath of the hillside breeze; and the evening light, while the shadows deepened around, played on the façade with indescribable grace. The silence was as complete as if the old city did not still surround the magnificent Duomo, and helped one to realise how remote Siena stands from the crowded thoroughfares and surging life of the world of to-day.

Sunday was by common consent to be devoted to San Domenico. But M——, who will never trust anything of importance to chance, proposed that we should make sure of Mass by going at an early hour to the cathedral, and leave the, as yet, unexplored quarter of Fonte-Branda for an after-breakfast excursion. This wise recommendation I, at any rate, was glad to follow, and I went early to the Duomo, where the crowd was almost as great as on the previous evening. Various answers were given to my inquiries regarding the picture of the Blessed Virgin, and the festa that was going on; or perhaps it would be truer to say that, owing to my very imperfect acquaintance with the Italian language, I took different meanings out of what I heard. At first I understood that Siena was celebrating the Feast of the Annunciation, which we had kept with the Romans some weeks ago; and this, though sufficiently strange, I could not but think was worthy of the Sienese, who, not so very many centuries ago, used to end their year on the 24th of March. However, I believe the fact is, that, according to ancient custom, a highly venerated picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel was carried on Low Sunday in solemn procession from a church outside the city and placed in the Duomo, from which it will be removed, and, with equal ceremony, restored to its usual position on the third Sunday after Easter. Siena, you may remember, is particularly devoted to the Queen of Heaven, under the title of the *Vergine Assunta*.

Meanwhile, my fellow-travellers had ascertained that there would be Mass in San Domenico about ten o'clock. Thither we repaired accordingly, descending by a street furnished with steps, and mounting by another street issuing on the promenade or wide clear space that flanks one side of the church—the other side rising sheer out of the ravine. On this ground an Italian regiment was at drill; and as we approached we heard the bugle note, the word of command, the tramp of marching men.

There could not be a greater contrast to the sumptuous pile on the opposite hill than the rude brick walls of San Domenico. Externally the edifice is destitute of architectural features—possessing neither dome, nor steeple, nor campanile, only an unpretending

crenelated belfry. The interior is equally plain, without aisles, and consisting merely of a nave and transepts—a style well adapted for sound, and much favoured, I believe, by the Order of Preachers. The walls of the interior are done in alternate courses of black and white. I must say I was greatly disappointed to see the church quite bare and desolate, for it was empty when we entered; and I found it hard to believe that with all the crowding of the cathedral there might not be a moderate congregation left to furnish out San Domenico of a Sunday. Indeed, as there was no sign of preparation for the Holy Sacrifice, I speedily made up my mind that we were to have no Mass.

But I was mistaken, as it turned out; for presently the soldiers marched in, double quick time, from parade, and filled the entire nave, massed in line from the door to the altar, with the band in the centre. Immediately there entered from the sacristy—no, *not* a cowed Dominican, but a dashing-looking military chaplain, wearing an order and attended by a drummer. Without an instant's delay Mass commenced, while the band struck up a lively movement, and clashed and brayed away until the solemn moment of consecration; when, at a roll of the drum on the altar steps, the accoutred congregation knelt down.

Just as the Mass was ending, a black dog, for all the world like the creature in Retzsch's outlines to Faust, bounded in through a side door, ran up on the steps, careered in circles round the altar; and then, firmly planted on its four paws, vociferously barked at the priest. The *forestieri*, as you may suppose, fairly lost their composure at this episode.

"Did you ever see anything so like the dog in Faust?" whispered one of the party. "Sey ruhig Pudel! renne nicht hin und wieder! An der——"

"Hush! hush! It isn't Mephistophiles," was the immediate rejoinder. "It is one of the *Domini-canes*!"

In not many minutes all was over. The soldiers marched out, followed by the stragglers who had entered with them, and the bewildered travellers alone remained, wondering what all this meant, and asking themselves was this indeed the San Domenico that for so many hundred years had belonged to the Friar Preachers, and within whose walls so many of the marvellous incidents related in the life of S. Catherine of Siena had occurred.

By-and-by a woman, who seemed to have charge of the church, made her appearance, and showed us the little chapel at the end of the nave, which formerly was the meeting-place of the Sisters of Penance. Inscriptions on the floor mark the scene of visions with which S. Catherine was favoured and of deeds of charity performed by her. On the walls are some paintings, among them Andrea Vanni's portrait of S. Catherine, much injured by time or restoration, and a fairly good picture representing our Divine Lord walking with the saint and graciously expounding the Scriptures to

her. In this and other pictures I have elsewhere seen of the same subject, the nuns in attendance are reading, or looking out from between the pillars of a colonnade, wholly unconscious of the vision seen by the saint.

But there is one spot of unimpaired beauty in San Domenico, namely, the chapel of S. Catherine, on the right-hand side of the nave. It is painted throughout: masterpieces of Sodoma—S. Catherine in ecstasy, and S. Catherine receiving the stigmata—occupy the wall at each side of the altar on which her relics are enshrined. You have seen, I doubt not, some drawing or print of the saint and attendant nuns in the last-named fresco; but you can have no idea of the tender grace of the whole composition, the delicate colouring, the lovely landscape, or the graceful arabesques in which the painter has framed the white-robed figures. Here again there was not a soul to admire or to pray but the dusty pilgrims from Ireland.

"Well," said one of the group; "there is no use wondering and worrying here. Let us come again to-morrow morning, and, in the meantime, perhaps the *padrone* may solve the mystery, or we may get some information should the four volumes turn up by any chance!"

This last remark was a hit at your correspondent, who, having easily enough procured in Rome a copy of the new edition of the Letters of S. Catherine of Siena, found it rather difficult to carry home the books. The illustrious Signor Dottore, I must tell you, when he undertook to carry us twice over the Alps, made it an express condition that we should take on the journey the smallest possible amount of *bagage*. The consequence of our amiable compliance in this respect is that we have none of us one inch of room to spare, and a good deal of time is spent in packing, previous to each departure. The force of squeezing can no farther go, we often remark; for even our double-action straps not unfrequently refuse to make all "tight" until the weary travellers have danced on their portmanteaus. You may guess, then, what a piece of work it is to find a corner for the four volumes. Every time the straps are loosed the books are sure to tumble out on the floor, or on the frontier, as the case may be; and a prediction to the effect that the edition will have appeared in eight parts before we arrive in Venice, has been already partially fulfilled.

Anyhow the advice was worth considering. I postponed further explorations of the Fonte-Branda district, and spent the day in other quarters of the old city. The Piazza del Campo, in which stand the Palazzo Pubblico, the tower, and the Fonte Gaja, interested me exceedingly. I am bringing home a view of it that will delight you. The tower is even more striking than the Asinelli in Bologna. From the openings in the top it still keeps a look out across the undulating country; and, as if to be in character with the fortress-like houses of the once free republic, it has its upper

stories finished off with battlements, defiant of heaven's artillery—the only ordnance likely to be directed against the Tower della Mangia. I think this piazza must be almost stone for stone the same as in the thirteenth or fourteenth century; and standing by the fountain, or within the open chapel under the tower, it becomes easy to realise the extraordinary scenes one reads of in Muratori and the other historians.

I fancied, for instance, how the place looked when the armed citizens, assembling in tumultuous force, surrounded the Emperor Charles IV., and refused to allow him to leave the piazza; and thought of the more tranquil day, when, as the merchants and the popolani and the signori passed to and fro on the business of the hour, the haughty Provanzano Salvani, the leader of the Sienese troops at Monte Aperto, sat himself down at a little table and begged money to pay the ransom of a friend who had been taken prisoner by Charles of Anjou. Salvani, who before going out to battle had carried to the cathedral the keys of the city and laid them at the feet of the Virgin, became afterwards so inflated with pride and power that he rendered himself universally detested. Hence Dante, when he saw him in Purgatory, wondered to meet him in so good a place, until he was given to understand that the haughty nobleman owed his salvation to the act of charity and humility he had performed in the Piazza del Campo. And where was it I heard or read of one of the many saints of Siena—Giovanni Colombini I think it was—who having sat in the palazzo among the nine rulers of the city, afterwards chose for the scene of his penitential exercises the place of his exaltation? He and another holy man, if I remember right, who also had been one of the nine signori, were to be seen fetching water to the palazzo, turning the spit in the kitchen, and sweeping the piazza with a broom. But I must not linger here too long.

On Monday morning we crossed betimes to San Domenico. The church was open, but there was not a living soul to be seen. However, we could hear voices reciting the office in the sacristy or somewhere behind the chapel of S. Catherine. After a while six or eight Religious, but certainly not of the Dominican Order, passed through the church; and at a quarter past eight o'clock a priest came out to say Mass at S. Catherine's altar. The congregation, that is to say, the woman who had shown us the church the day before and the two strangers, entered the chapel and knelt close to Sodoma's lovely picture. The solitude and silence had a pathetic effect that accorded with the dreamy beauty of the frescoed sanctuary in which the Sacrifice for the living and the dead was offered.

Later in the day we devoted some hours to Fonte-Branda and its neighbourhood. You must not fancy that the famous fountain bears any resemblance to the dancing, gurgling, high-springing Roman fountains. It is more like a set of ponds or reservoirs.

In early republican days the streams of the neighbouring hills were brought in here, and distributed through the city according to so scientific a plan that Charles V., whose *mots* are often quoted, said that Siena was more wonderful below ground than above. The supply is still as unfailing and the quality as good as when the tormented soul in the *Inferno* cried out that the sight of his enemies undergoing the same torture would be as refreshing to his soul as the waters of Fonte-Branda to his burning tongue. At one of the tanks women were washing clothes, and close by another fleeces were hanging to dry under a shed.

Quite near, and standing in a street, the Contrada del Oca, leading up to the hill crowned by the Duomo, is the Oratory of S. Catherine—once the dwelling-house and factory of Jacopo Benincasa. The rooms are now so many chapels and oratories, and the walls are covered with scenes from the saint's marvellous life, painted in fresco by artists of the later Sienese school. One little spot alone remains as it was in the saint's time—the narrow cell in which she slept, or rather watched through the night. A piece of the original pavement is here to be seen, and the window through which she used to distribute alms to the poor. In the adjoining chapel were shown to us under glass shades upon the altar, the purse or bag she took with her when she travelled, the round top of the staff she carried on her journey to Rome, the lantern that guided her steps on nightly errands of charity. Above an altar in another of the oratories, and screened by a door which is opened for visitors, is the crucifix before which S. Catherine received the stigmata while praying in a church at Pisa.

No stronger proof could be given of the devotion of the Sienese to the memory of the Virgin of Fonte-Branda than the religious care with which these buildings have been preserved, and the wealth of artistic genius expended in their decoration. Among the enactments made, whether by the signoria of the republic, or the parish authorities (as we should say) of the contrada, in reference to the Oratory of S. Catherine, there is one particularly expressive of devout poetic feeling. The authorities thereby ordain that out of respect for the place in which our Divine Redeemer appeared to the saint during the Carnival time and espoused her in faith with a golden ring, no procession of maskers, nor noisy crowd with torches should on the last day of the Carnival pass up that way.

Even to the present day the Fontebrandini have jealously retained the guardianship of the Oratory so particularly sacred to their hearts and dear to their eyes; and quite recently have given a proof of their determination not to relinquish the privilege they have inherited from their forefathers. On referring to these precious four volumes, I find that the Dominicans, on the return of the religious Orders after the downfall of Buonaparte, did not regain possession of San Domenico, but were given San Spirito.

Their ancient church was assigned to the Benedictines. Wishing to get back to the spot so hallowed by association with many of their saints, the Dominicans made proposals to the Benedictines and offered to indemnify the latter for any expenses incurred during their occupancy. Not having been fortunate in obtaining their desire they had recourse to the minister Landucci, who, however, was not able to arrange the transfer. Then it was that the General of the Dominicans, Father Jandel, endeavoured to induce the people of Fonte-Branda to surrender possession of the Oratory, or at least to allow it to be served by the Frati; offering at the same time to substantially benefit the contrada by providing dowries for the young maidens of the quarter, taking charge of the sick, and keeping the roadway in repair. To this the Fontebrandini replied in terms which mean, in plain English, that their daughters got settled whether they had fortunes or no; that they could take care of their own sick; and that the road would do well enough as it was! Anyhow they would not give up the Oratory.

While wandering about here, I cannot help thinking that there is a good deal of exaggeration in the way people talk of S. Catherine being the daughter of a dyer; the allusions made to the poor shop of a dyer, and so on. Benincasa's business was dying wool: an important branch of the manufacture then so flourishing in Siena; and in his factory many apprentices and workmen were employed. He belonged to the most powerful class, politically, in the city. Whether he himself ever sat in the Camera de' Signori Nove I cannot say; but it is on record that his son Bartolo, and at least one relative of the family, did reside as governors in the Palazzo Pubblico, and helped to rule the turbulent republic.

Other things strike me, too, as I linger on the high open places within the walls to enjoy the view of the city, with its towers and its gates. For instance, it occurs to me that unless one has seen Siena, or at any rate, got of it a good picture in the brain and learned something of its history, one must inevitably miss much of the force of S. Catherine's writings, and fail to note the singular appositeness of her words. When she speaks of the duty men are bound to of guarding well their own city—the noble city of the soul; and says to her disciples that her desire is to see them true signori, full of virile strength and not timorous rulers of their own city; and calls the faculties of the human mind the gates of the citadel; and talks of descending into the battle-field, following the standard (gonfalone) of the holy cross: the words have a more direct bearing than a mere figure of speech could have. The war-like images so constantly used by one of whom suavity was a remarkable characteristic; the frequent exhortations to manliness and courage, even when women are addressed; the glorification of free-will, that invulnerable defence with which God has armed the soul, are all traits of peculiar significance when we remember the conditions of public and of individual life in which the saint

grew up. The martial ring of the sweet saint's words, and the republican tone of her essentially obedient spirit, are no mystery with the story of Siena in one's hand and the battlemented city before one's eyes.

I only wish I could stay for a season on the hill-top here, study the Sienese school of art, learn the language in its native purity, and read in its own well-preserved annals the history of a city which had its bad and wicked days like the rest of the world, but which gave birth to so many saints and servants of God that it was called the "ante-chamber of paradise."

S. A.

THE TUCKER.

A RUSTIC SKETCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NANCY HUTCH."

ON the banks of a small stream that passed through the village of Ballyaer, a tucking-mill was, thirty years ago, kept constantly at work upon the friezes and other fabrics manufactured by the people of the surrounding district.

The mill was built beneath the gray gable-end of a ruined castle; out of sight, though scarcely out of call of the village, from which, however, it was completely isolated by an elevation in the ground, and a turn in the road lying between. It was a lonely, pleasant little place. Not even the ghosts of its ancient owners, if they haunted it then, could take umbrage at the modest movements of the mill-wheel, as, in partnership with the flowing waters of the Aer, it pursued its cleanest, quietest, most musical of trades: like some thriving but humble-minded servant, that chose traffic in its least offensive form to ply at the portal of decayed gentility.

Ballyaer being many miles distant from a city, or even large town, its business was conducted precisely as it had been a hundred years before. The householder killed his own cattle, tanned his own leather, and made his own salt; the housewife sought wool and flax, took hold of the spindle, and, seated by her own fireside, provided for the wants of her dependents. Ballyaer was thus a thriving place for tuckers; and Peter McKeon, the owner of the mill, made the most of his advantages of site and circumstance.

Either as farmer or tucker—he was both—Peter was by no

means popular. He had made himself obnoxious to his many customers, especially the poorer sort, by a miserly mode of dealing. He tucked their friezes with conscientious care, but was entirely indifferent to the welfare of the wearers. Nay, it seemed as though he tucked his own nature with his neighbours' cloths; for, during the constant repetition of the same process, *that* became less and less pervious to tears or smiles—the rain and sunshine of the human world.

He was a stranger, too, a native of a distant county: a fact that exercises a peculiar influence on the estimate in which a man is held by an Irish rural population. If personally likable, it tells greatly in his favour. It appeals irresistibly on his behalf to that hospitality of feeling, by which a sensitive people are impelled to supply, so far as possible, the wants experienced "on the hearth-stone of the heart," by one who is making a new home for himself. They are ready—too ready—to credit his assumptions; to take upon trust himself and what he offers—"cows from Connaught wear long horns." But when the incomer is unsocial in temper, or repulsive in manner, this particular operates with fully equal force in his disfavour. There are for such a one no recollections of an open-handed boyhood to claim indulgence for the nature hardened in a struggle with the world, and no inherited good-will to break the hard word against his father's son. The people, by an inappreciable process of reasoning, arrive at the conclusion that a stranger has no right to come amongst them resolved not to be of them; and also, perhaps, that if this stranger had been what he should be, he might have found the means to stay at home. The Tucker belonged to this latter species of exotic; one by no means easily acclimated. After having spent ten years in Ballyaer, he still was a stranger—everybody's tucker, nobody's neighbour. And, in consequence, a general though good-humoured grudge was in full force against him.

He was a shrewd, silent, "dhry little *costheen* iv a man," who kept a cautious and constant watch on all that he possessed: his mill, his house, his fields, his pigs, and especially and above all his pony. This last was a stout brown cob that, on attaining a certain step on the ladder of fortune, he had permitted himself to purchase; and on it he rode to fair and market, bog and meeting, as occasion offered. It supplied his sole society and only recreation—so far as recreation was enjoyable by such a man. The good qualities of the animal were known but to its master—for he never lent it. His unvarying refusal to do so was one cause of the disesteem in which he and his pony decidedly were held. Perhaps it was fair, that, sharing, as he freely did, in his master's prosperity, the pony should take also a portion of the odium incurred in its attainment. It may then be supposed that any circumstance, likely to bring trouble upon Peter or his pony, would be likely to create satisfaction rather than sympathy at Ballyaer.

On one point, especially, the Tucker was assailable. He was absent and forgetful to a singular degree, and thus open to the practical jokes and *play-boy* conspiracies of his light-hearted and open-pocketed neighbours. His movable goods and chattels were often missing; and a search for them sometimes formed no small part of his hard day's work. If he forgot spade or shovel in the "garden," it was sure to be put carefully out of the way. If he laid down his pipe for a moment, it was slipped into his pocket, to reappear through the hole it would burn out. And so on. Although quite conscious of his own failing, he could not, it would seem, overcome it. And as he rarely could bring home to the "villyans" any of the many annoyances inflicted on him, he resented them only by increasing general crustiness, which of course hardened the hearts of his enemies. However, one of those occasions, a fool's-day joke, in which the whole village population took part, brought about a crisis in his malady. It is a story remarkable to this day in Ballyaer.

It was a fine hoar-frosted morning—the eye could take its longest range—when the Tucker was seen approaching the village, pausing at intervals, and gazing anxiously into the fields on either side of the way, as if in search of something. It was the general breakfast hour; and the people employed on the surrounding lands were seated, singly or in groups, some eating, some awaiting the bringing of their meal. None were too busy to look round occasionally; and the movements of the Tucker soon attracted the attention of several.

"Look at Peter the Miller," said one of a group seated on a heap of stones, which they had been breaking; "what is the ould thief afther this mornin'?"

"Somethin' that's losin', to be sure," said another.

"It's knowledge he's looking for," said a third; "*that he'll get.*"

"Boys," said the Tucker, coming up, "did any o' ye see my pony to-day morning?"

"Your pony, Mr. McKeown—which of 'em?"

"I have but wan," said Peter, "if I could find him."

"Is it missin' him you'd be?" asked another of the men.

"What else 'ud make me be looking for him?" said the Tucker.

"A good humour for jokin' your in, in this frosty morning, Mr. McKeown. Shasthone! *you* to miss your pony!"

"'Tis a sayrious joke to me, if some o' ye didn't see him. Come now, boys—if ye know anything about him, tell me. I have something else to do besides galivanting over the country on a wild goose chase."

"And so have we, Mr. McKeown," said one of the stone-breakers, taking up his hammer in one hand as he lifted a potato to his mouth with the other, and resuming his work with the utmost seeming assiduity.

"Hallo, Ned!" cried another of the men, to a young labourer who had just stepped over a fence on the roadside.

"Hallo!" was the reply.

"Did you see the Miller's pony on the sthray this morning?"

"Bad luck to the bit of anything belonging to him I ever see upon the sthray," returned the new comer.

"What time did ye miss him, Mr. McKeown?" asked a black-eyed boy who had joined the group.

"What time!" exclaimed one of the stone-breakers; "'tis the lucky minit you'll be askin' after next, you young spalpeen, you. How did it happen to you, at all, Mr. McKeown?"

"I was yonder there, west a piece, seeing after a handful o' turf, and when I come back, the door was open and the pony gone."

"E'thin, Mr. McKeown, it was a dirty advantage to take of ye for once't in your life. 'Tis seldom with ye to be overseen about lavin' the door open."

"A miss is as good as a mile," said the Tucker. "An' I'm afraid I won't find the pony."

"That's out of all raison," said Ned. "How could any wan take him away at that hour o' the mornin', and nobody at all to see him?"

It was undoubtedly very mysterious that a horse should be stolen at an hour when the whole population was stirring in the village or working in the fields. The Tucker stood still and silent in great perplexity; constrained to accept from those around him denials, which the accompanying winks and nods made extremely doubtful.

"Now, boys," he began, as he caught smiles exchanged between them.

"Now, thin, Mr. McKeown," interrupted one of the stone-breakers, "the dickins a bit o' your pony I see from the time you come home from the fair o' Thursday until you come lookin' for him now."

"Nor I," said a second.

"Nor I," added a third.

Hopeless of gaining information from this group, the Tucker moved on towards the village, followed by the man who was addressed as Ned, who was going that way.

"Good morrow, kindly, Mr. McKeown," said a stout, good-humoured looking girl, who came up with a pail of milk upon her brown, curly head. This was as if in return for the "good-morrow" that, according to rustic etiquette, the Tucker should have been the first to render.

"Good-morrow, good-morrow," said the Tucker. "Are you out long, Jude?"

"Wish, an' that I am: these three hours good."

"Would you see a pony in your way?" interrupted Ned, hastily coming up.

"I would if I could," said Jude, laughing, "in hopes 'twould give me a lift with the can. Is it the day you're missing him, Mr. McKeown?"

"'Tis so, Jude."

"Why don't you get that good-for-nothing latheraun behind you to look for him?"

"I'm too busy," returned Ned.

"How long are you that way, Mr. Ned Moran?" demanded Jude.

"Oh, these three weeks; thrying to make out the marriage-money, I am, for myself an' a little girl I know. What do you say to that, Jude?"

"Iss—you know!"

"Don't I? Sure there isn't a girl in the barony but 'ud hop at the offer."

"There isn't, morya!"

"I bet you sixpence *you'd* rather have me than the Miller, rich as he is."

"*He* didn't ask me."

"As much as to say, *I* did! How aisy you buy your bargains, little girl! Well, Jude, maybe if I didn't—whisper here to me—I'd put in a good word for you with somebody else. Good bye. I mustn't lose sight of that dacint, honest man, until he finds his pony—when, eh, Jude? I'll give him a lilt of a song to rise his ould heart:

"Y an my horse he is white, but wance he was b-a-a-ay,
He took great de-loi-ight in thrav'ling be-e night and be-e day—"

Jude looked a little blank at this abrupt termination of their dialogue; while Ned Moran followed the Tucker, coming up with him just at the entrance of the village street, and pausing where he paused to inquire after the missing steed.

The first respondent was the smith, whose swarthy features contracted in a struggle to suppress a laugh as his eyes met Ned's.

"It's little inclined to laugh you'd be," said the latter, "if you'd a lost a horse o' your own this morning."

"I'd be glad to have wan to lose. For if I had wan, Ned, I'd have something to the back iv him," returned the smith.

"Stay there till you get it," said Ned, passing on. "Come here, Kitty," he called, addressing a girl who was passing by; "maybe you saw the Miller's pony?"

"How would I see him," said the girl.

"With the pair of black eyes you have, Kitty, my darling."

"Darling, indeed!" said Kitty, tossing her head. "'Tisn't 'ithout 'em I'd see—bad as they are."

"Show me the man that says so, Kitty Kerin," said Ned, laying his hand as if in forgetfulness on the Tucker's arm.

"I'd be well in my way," said Kitty.

"None of your tricks, now, Kitty Kerin. Tell us if you saw this honest man's horse. If there's two eyes in the parish saw your pony, there they are," continued Ned, impressively. "There isn't as much as a pin in the shreet or environs but *she* sees."

"Did you, Kit?" asked the Tucker, earnestly.

"Oh, that I may never, if I see anything belonging to you this blessed day until I see yourself, Mr. McKeown," replied Kitty, exchanging, as she spoke, a roguish look with Ned.

"Ah, Kitty! Kitty!" said Ned, in an undertone "'t isn't the first time thim eyes of yours belied your tongue. Take 'em off me! Don't be looking at me! I can't lave the Miller while he's in such throuble."

"A nice child's guide he has in you," said Kitty, laughing, as Ned turned to pursue the Tucker, who now, despairing of either information or sympathy, paced moodily and silently on, until he came to the end of the straggling street.

At the cross of two roads stood the village inn, a 'two-storied slated house; where the promise of entertainment—if it be not a bull to say so—was backed by internal signs of cleanliness and comfort. The landlady, a middle-aged, likely widow, was standing at the door, playing with her apron-strings, and enjoying the morning air.

"What's the matter, Mr. Mac?" she said, addressing the Tucker, as he came towards the house.

"Looking for an unfortunate pony I am, Mrs. Day."

"Didn't you hear of it, ma'am?" said Ned Moran, who still kept close behind.

"H—m, h—m," muttered Mrs. Day, suppressing something she evidently was going to say till stopped by Ned. "Are you long looking for him, Mr. McKeown?"

"All the morning," answered the Tucker; "an' I'm afraid it's a poor look for me."

"You must be very tired, Pether?"

"So I am, Ned," said the Tucker, with an absent air; "so I am. Do you know anything about him, Mrs. Day?"

"As I hope to be married," said the widow, "the first I heard of it was from yourself."

"That's what everywan says. Nobody knows anything about him. Nobody tuk him, still an' all he's gone."

"He couldn't go without hands," said Mrs. Day.

"If you had said feet, now, I'd be talking to you."

"Well," returned the widow, smiling, "and what would you say to me, Mr. Moran?"

"'Tisn't here you'd have one say it, sure," said Ned, with an insinuating glance from the widow to the crowd now collected round them. "I'm at the wrong side of the door to tell you."

"An' you'll stay there, too," said the widow, apparently not overpleased with his assumption. "'Tis my opinion, Mr. McKeown,

that them boys behind you know more than they purtend about your pony. I'll be bound that Johnny Dahill here could lay his hand upon him for you if he liked."

"That I mightn't see 'istherday," said the urchin appealed to, "if I know any more than you do yourself, Mrs. Day."

"G'along, you rogue, you!" said the widow, pushing him back from the half-door on which he leaned.

"Maybe 'tis to sthray away iv himself, he did," said one of the crowd.

"Is it he?" another says. "How could he bring himself to lave Pether, an' he so long with him."

"Never mind 'em, Mr. McKeown," interrupted Mrs. Day; "come in an' take an air of the fire, an' I'll engage you'll find your pony at home, byme-by."

"Maybe so," said Ned Moran, "maybe so, Mrs. Day. By all manes. Go in an' sit down, an' rest yourself," he added, with an emphasis that brought such a smile to the widow's face as completely counteracted the effect of her words on the Tucker. "She'd think little o' buying a pony for you, man," he continued, "if you lost one by her mains."

"Faix, then, that's what I can't afford to do for myself," said the widow, "let alone for a rich man like Mr. McKeown."

The Tucker's distressed look touched the landlady's heart. "Yerra, come in, man;" she said, "never mind the boys. Don't you know 'tis the First of April."

"First or last," said the Tucker, "I must look for my pony. God forgive them if they are making a fool of me this mornin'!"

"E'then, Pether," said a distant voice, "the wan that 'ud buy you for a fool 'ud be a long time out iv his money."

"It lies on a man to make the most of his mains, Dan Dawley," returned Peter.

The widow, who seemed equally unwilling to spoil a joke, or to carry it too far, was again about to interfere, but was anticipated. A consultation had been going on in the crowd behind the Tucker; and it now ended in the call: "There's wan here knows something iv him, Mr. McKeown." The Tucker turned hastily, and confronted the new witness, a sober-looking young man.

"I'll tell you all I know. I see a brown pony with a man going the road this morning," he said.

"But was it mine?" asked the Tucker.

"'Twas mighty like him, at all evints."

"Death alive, man!" cried Ned Moran, "why didn't you spake before? An' to see an honest man losing his day looking for him."

"What way was he going?"

"Which way did she go?" whistled Ned, softly and sweetly, but with wicked meaning.

"Up the mountain, for all the world as if he intended to go to Carrigcroe."

"I was that way myself," said the Tucker, incredulously.

"'Tis thruth I am telling you, indeed, Mr. McKeown."

"The villyan of the world, to folly me with my own horse! An' why didn't you stop him?"

"What business o' mine was it to stop a dacent man?"

"What 'ud make a dacent man on my pony?" said the Tucker, angrily.

"Sure enough," said Ned Moran.

"An' what am I to do now?" said the perplexed Tucker.

"What are you to do?" repeated Ned Moran. "Sit down be the fire, and put your hands across, and wait till he walks in to you—what else? 'Tis aisy where the money is. But you're right, Pether. What signifies a pony, to be breaking your heart afther him on a mountainy road where there isn't a soul to stop him for you?"

"He'd be apt to hear something of him on the road for all, if he's not too fatigued," said another.

"Fatigued!" exclaimed the Tucker, pbeevishly. "What good is it for me to be fatigued, when I must go afther him?"

"What good? ershishin," said Ned Moran, "an' a purty widow asking you to rest yourself. 'Twould be worth a man's while to be fatigued any day for such an invitation. Egor, I wish I was as fatigued as you are this morning, Pether McKeown!"

"If I was you, Mr. McKeown, I'd take the road while 'tis early," said a voice.

"An' so would I," added another. "Thim mountainy roads is ticklish thravelin' in the dark o' the evenin'."

"Take my word for it, that, if he folls on till mornin', he won't get a bit nearer to him than he is this minit," said Ned Moran.

The Tucker paused. He seemed buried in thought; weighing, probably, the possibility of injury to his person against the seeming certainty of losing his pony if he delayed in the pursuit.

"Well," said he, at length, "I'll thry. Worse than lose I can't. I'll thry, in God's name."

Here Mrs. Day came forward, as if resolved to interfere decidedly; but Ned Moran interrupted her. "Let the man go about his business. What hurt if he takes a turn on the mountain to open his heart—unless you'll undertake to do it for him, Mrs. Day," says he.

This and the look accompanying it seemed to change the widow's intention; for she let the Tucker go. As he went, turning round upon his tormentors, he said: "Let none o' you folly me. 'Tisn't clear to me but ye're all in laigue, to be keeping me this way going all the mornin', instead o' bein' afther the villyan that has my pony."

So saying, he passed on through the people, who made way for him with the utmost readiness, and alone and silently, took his way towards the road on which his pony had been seen. He moved

slowly along till, coming to a cross, he paused to consider which would be the better route to take. One led to the bog, where he had already been that morning; the other round and up the mountain to a chapel. This he thought the more likely to be chosen by a thief, and accordingly on it he pursued his way. For three long Irish miles he proceeded up-hill, peering onwards with a painful anxiety; giving his undivided attention to the road before him; the soil on either side being too boggy to support any animal heavier than a hare, and too bare to conceal anything that could not be hidden in a bog-myrtle. On and on he went and looked—in vain: there was no living thing within sight; until at a turn, four miles from Ballyaer, he perceived an object moving in the distance. It was a man on horseback; not going, however—as he naturally expected to see the man and horse he looked for, but coming towards him at a canter. The Tucker mended his pace, and ten minutes' mutual movement brought them within speaking distance. The stranger drew in as he approached. It was one of the parish curates returning from a call.

"Fine day, Peter," he said, cheerfully.

"It was a fine day, sir. Did your reverence meet a man 'ith a brown pony ——?"

"There was neither man nor beast between this and Rock," said the priest; "that I can answer for. And I have been on the road these three hours; to prepare an old woman who was roasting re-heaters in the chimney-corner, and raking the ashes with her toes when I arrived."

"'Twas a long road, your reverence," said the Tucker, thinking possibly of his own pilgrimage rather than that of the priest's.

"It was so, Peter. And time I were at home. Good-bye," said the priest, turning his rein as he spoke, in order to pass the Tucker, now fixed stock-still in the middle of the road.

After a minute's pause, he too turned, perceiving that it was useless to go further in that direction. But now inclining to think that the robber had taken the other road, he determined to follow that for a few miles at least. Arrived at the cross, he turned his back once more upon the village. He pursued his search rapidly; but for a considerable time with ill-success equal to that of his progress in the opposite direction. He could discover no vestige of the missed steed. Nothing but "the grass that grew and the wind that blew." Sister Anne's look-out was exactly like the Tucker's. Still he proceeded; unwilling, and perhaps ashamed to return without some tidings of the pony.

Before long he began to despair of gaining even so much. The road he now was on was much frequented by turf-sellers, who came from many points of the extensive bog around him; falling, as is usual, into a close, long, single file, like camels in the desert. The drowsy movements of the beasts; the high kraals, each with its dusky pyramidal freight lumbering from side to side; the guides

stretched upon the summit half asleep, or lounging on the shaft, whistling half audibly some low, soft air, associating the whole yet farther with a caravan. But these must already have gone by; their hours being early, having to reach by noon a town some miles to the south of Ballyaer. Few besides travelled this road. The Tucker thought himself fortunate in espying, at last, a solitary car that came jolting down-hill, about a mile in front. As it disappeared for a moment in the hollow, he hurried on. The priest not having seen his pony, he thought the turfman must. And no sooner were they in speaking distance than he hailed :

"Did you meet a man —?"

"No," said the turfman, who seemed unwilling to be disturbed from his slumbers.

"—With a brown pony, with a scratch-tail, an' a white face, an'," &c., &c.

The turfman allowed him to conclude a minute description; and then, with a sidelong, lazy look over the rail on which his head was resting, he surveyed the speaker; and after a while said, slowly:

"Somethin' like the wan you're ridin'—eh—eh?"

"Ridin'?" exclaimed Peter, dropping the bridle, and laying both hands on the neck of the animal, that, from constant use and instant correspondence with his will, had so nearly become a part of self, as thus to be employed in utter unconsciousness of its good service.

Peter was not wholly pleased at this discovery. He returned at a sober pace, reflecting on the serious results that his increasing absence of mind might produce upon his affairs. Whether the immediate consequences proceeded from the consciousness of wanting another head within the house, or from gratitude for his widowed neighbour's anxiety to divert him from his idle search—or whether her interference was cause or effect of a kindly feeling towards the absent man, perhaps neither of themselves could explicitly assert. But it came to pass that the following Shrovetide placed a housewife on the Tucker's hearth, and a pillion on his pony.

THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S. J.

XV. OBEDIENCE DUE TO THE POPE (*continued*).

IN stating the doctrine of the third chapter of the *Pastor Æternus*, Mr. Gladstone repeatedly uses the phrase *absolute obedience*, "so often," says Dr. Newman, "that any reader who had not the passage before him would think that the word 'absolute' was the Pope's word, not his."* No doubt, this word is emphatic, and, in

* "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk," p. 45.

a degree, alarming. It is not used at all by the Pontiff or the Council: but, as ideas are more important than words, it will be worth our while to inquire how far the obedience claimed as due to the Pope is substantially absolute or not, and, if absolute at all, in what particular sense of the term.

Absolute, when qualifying *authority*, may mean supreme, to the exclusion of superior human power, and to the exclusion of any control or restraint which men are entitled to exercise over the authority in question, or over the person or persons who wield it, so far, at least, as they do wield it. The notion conveyed here is that of perfect independence—*independence of a higher human power, and independence of any fundamental contract with men.* In this sense the Roman Pontiff's authority within its own sphere—that is to say, within the spiritual order, as has been already explained—is absolute. There is no man or number of men on this earth placed above the Pope, or warranted to command him in religious or ecclesiastical concerns, nor is his original right clogged with any conditions exacted by men or undertaken towards men; for this simple reason, that the Primacy is neither in the whole nor in part of human derivation: it is all directly and immediately from God. It is neither useful nor lawful to dissemble this truth.

If that obedience be called absolute which is correlative to absolute authority as just described, then the obedience due to the Pope's commands in the spiritual order is absolute. Not so, if the meaning be that the obedience which we owe is itself unlimited, and does not admit of a possible exception. Nothing to this effect has been taught by the Church or the Pope, nor, we may confidently affirm, ever will be taught. It has not been defined anywhere that the Pope is divinely guaranteed against giving an order so wrong or so much in excess of his power that he could and ought to be disobeyed. Such cases are not likely, are not easy of occurrence; but they are not impossible. It may be painful to have to make suppositions of this kind, but when we are driven to it we must make them. They have no real tendency to weaken the Papal authority any more than similar suppositions regarding the State; indeed less of the two, inasmuch as civil rulers are more liable to mistakes, and more likely to fall into them, than the Roman Pontiff. Each of these powers is, as a rule, to be obeyed within its own order. Each of them is to be obeyed where the commands given are manifestly right or not manifestly wrong. This is the utmost degree of obedience to any authority on earth, save so far as there may be a warranty from God that no excess will occur. Take the case of the State. The civil government of each country is supreme and absolute, whatever its form, whether purely monarchical, or republican, or otherwise constituted. By government I understand the entire legislature; in England, for instance, king or queen, lords and commons, which all taken together are thoroughly sovereign and acknowledge no superior in the civil

order. It is to this composite authority, if I may so speak, that we owe that allegiance about which Mr. Gladstone is so solicitous—that allegiance, I say, considered in its plenitude; for the crown alone is not the adequate subject or holder of the jurisdiction towards which we are bound. The crown is not only controllable, but actually controlled. I am not, at this moment, arguing against anyone, nor maintaining any theory, nor is there need to be particular about the use of words. We are all agreed in recognising a supreme and complete civil power within these countries. There is likewise no occasion for alluding to a dormant sovereignty of the people, which might be exercised in some extraordinary circumstances, in the shape of revolution, of which I wish to say no more than that I hope our countries will, through the mercy of God, be long free from any such misfortune. We have a permanent, actual, supreme, civil authority from which there is no appeal, and which, as a rule, we are bound to obey to the extent to which obedience is demanded. I use this last expression advisedly, because there may be controversies as to the intention of the legislature to impose a moral obligation in many instances; but this does not interfere with the supremacy of the power.

Well, then, the power is supreme in its own order, and in a true sense absolute. Yet neither Mr. Gladstone nor any sane man will pretend that the State might not enact laws or issue commands with which the citizens of these realms would not be bound to comply, either because compliance would clearly contravene the law of God, or because, even short of guilt in the acts themselves, the requiring of them would be obviously unjust. We have had examples enough of such excesses, at any rate in matters appertaining to religion, which, however, be it observed, the crown or the legislature *claimed* to be within its competence; and no doubt the same could happen, whether it did or not, in purely temporal things. There is question of principles and of quite possible contingencies, and we need not hunt for cases, which could certainly be found in these and other countries. Now, I go on to say, the jurisdiction of secular princes is as truly Divine as that of the Roman Pontiff. It does not belong to so high an order of things, it does not come so immediately from God, but it comes as truly and as much from Him. The obedience due to it is as absolute, where there is question of mere laws or precepts, especially if we abstract for the moment from collisions between the two powers. I say *as* absolute; but I say, that in neither case is it truly absolute. I say with Dr. Newman—"If either the Pope or the Queen demanded of me an 'absolute obedience,' he or she would be transgressing the laws of human nature and human society. I give an absolute obedience to neither."*

It is well to remark here that there is not a word in the Vatican definition, or in any other that I know of, to show that the degree

* Dr. Newman, p. 53.

of obedience due to the Pope, as merely commanding, is higher in the way of approach to absoluteness than that of obedience due to the State. No consideration of this kind entered into the scope of the Vatican definition. That scope regarded the sources, the universality, the fulness, the completeness of the Papal authority—in a word, the concentration of ecclesiastical power in the Pope along with its direct derivation from Christ, not, if I may so speak, the intensity of its nature. Even the Infallibility—with which we are not now dealing—is described as that which Christ bestowed on *His Church*. There is nothing even apparently new said about *the Infallibility itself*. The entire stress is laid on the *subject* or possessor of it. The same is true of the preceptive authority of the Pope. Let no one imagine that in what I have just said there is anything to weaken allegiance to the Pontiff or to the State. As regards both—each in its own order—the rule is that obedience is to be yielded, and in doubtful cases the presumption is in favour of authority whether civil or ecclesiastical, and the exceptions to the duty are rare, more rare with reference to the Holy See than with reference to secular governments; because the abuse of power on the part of Rome is less frequent. Even humanly speaking, there is less occasion for it, less to be really or apparently gained by it, for the Pope or the Church.

But what is to be said in the case of collision between the Pontiff's orders and those of the government? Here we must clear the ground by setting aside spiritual and ecclesiastical matters, in which the State has no authority and the Church alone has. We must set aside likewise spiritual or ecclesiastical bearings of mixed matters. We must set aside all those rights which the Church permanently teaches belong to her: such as the right to property acquired, the right to receive and even demand contributions from the faithful. Collision in these classes of things implies unjust aggression on the part of the State. The only other classes would be acts or omissions claimed by the Pope in particular instances as appertaining to his proper domain, and acts or omissions interfered with by the Pope on the ground of their moral aspect. With regard to these latter, the Pontiff would be supposed to say in equivalent terms: "You must do this" or "you must abstain from that—against the command of your sovereign—because the law of God so requires." Now, though an order of the Pope, in either of the two classes alluded to, would be entitled to the most respectful consideration, and, in most instances, would carry with it the obligation of obedience, there is no need of holding that this would always be the case. The Pope might be going wrong, either culpably or otherwise, and be known to be going wrong.

If I am asked whether the Pope might go wrong in the other classes of things, which I set aside to clear the ground, I answer: certainly he could; but that would have nothing to do with a col-

dition. as the matter would be outside the competence of the State ; and then the right to disobey the Pope would be irrespective of the State, and obedience to the Pope would not be rebellious against the State. If I am asked again why I have said that, as to the two latter classes of things, the obligation to obey the Pope would commonly subsist, I answer : because it is in general not likely that he would go wrong, either by making a false claim or by misapplying the Divine law. It is chiefly in insisting on obligations imposed by God that the Pope may contradict the commands of secular princes. For the most part, in such cases, the obligations are sufficiently manifest and could and ought to be seen without a Papal direction, which however is not superfluous. This may be illustrated from what happens occasionally in private life. A man finds himself in circumstances in which he must act, and choose between two or three courses that are physically open to him. There is really but one of these right and legitimately eligible—one that can be conscientiously adopted—and that this is so is quite within the reach of the man's own knowledge, were his mind properly applied to the subject. Yet he is beating about in suspense, owing a good deal to some fear of deciding in that way and giving up certain advantages likely to accrue from determining otherwise. A friend or a spiritual adviser tells him there is no room for doubt or hesitation—he must do that one thing. He sees it now clearly—his mind is settled, and he acts accordingly, following principles he all along held in substance and which can lead to no other conclusion. Now, I don't mean to call any order of the Pope a mere advice. It is, of course, more than that ; but often such an order settles the mind as to the conduct which ought to have been pursued even if the order had never been given, and leaves no doubt whatever of its own correctness. In other cases, where there was more room for balancing, it turns the scale and satisfies the conscience, not merely by its binding power but by completing a reasonable conviction. There appears to be no good ground for questioning it. To say the least, there is a palpably preponderating probability in its favour. When this occurs the Pope ought to be obeyed rather than the State.

— My own belief is that, between civil allegiance and what may be called Ecclesiastical or Pontifical allegiance, collisions neither do nor will occur of such a nature as to leave room for any serious doubt on the part of a rightly-thinking Catholic as to the superior claims of the Pontiff ; not because he is infallible in such matters, but because he has not in fact taken the wrong side. The chief difficulty which might arise would be, not on the score of duty to the State, but on that of temporal interest and the dangers to be apprehended from running counter to the secular power ; yet these dangers must be faced where conscience clearly demands it.

To return to the theoretical question, I repeat that the obedience due to the Pope's orders, whether in collision with those

of the State or not, is not absolute, and does not from its nature exclude exceptions. The Pope may make mistakes, not in his solemn definitions but in other official acts, and such mistakes as would disentitle him to be obeyed. This Bellarmine, the great impersonation of so-called Ultramontaniam, and other grave defenders of Papal authority have admitted.

Here it may be well to say a word regarding certain expressions which startle Protestants, and perhaps Catholics too at times, in the department of obedience. They often occur in connection with the religious State and the position of superiors in monastic and other regular orders, and make some pious people turn up their eyes in a sort of horror. It is said of Religious and Ecclesiastical superiors that they hold the place of God, that in obeying them we obey God, &c., and sometimes, possibly, the thing is put in a stronger form. What does it all come to? Merely to this, that God wishes their authority to be recognised as coming from Him; that He requires their subjects to obey them in all that is lawful and within the prescribed range of their authority; that He wishes them to regard those superiors as His deputies or delegates; that He will accept obedience to them as obedience to Himself, this obedience being intended to honour Him in his representatives. This is true even when what those authorised men command happens to be wrong, but *is not known to be so*; for if known to be wrong it cannot be done. The representative character of the Superior fails in these instances; and God, undoubtedly, is to be obeyed before all men where there is a recognised opposition between them and Him. The same thing holds in the civil order. The sovereign or the supreme ruler or rulers—according to the form of government—are to be obeyed as the representatives of God, and God is obeyed in obeying them. There is this difference between Religious obedience—that which belongs to the Religious State—and Civil or even Ecclesiastical obedience, that it is voluntarily undertaken for the sake of an additional exercise of virtue, and an additional sacrifice, not merely for the sake of essential order, and therefore is expected to be fulfilled in a specially punctual and ready manner, extending, as it does, too, to minute details of life, such as are not commonly dealt with by the Church or by the State. But no obedience, whether Civil or Ecclesiastical or Religious, is absolute unless where *God Himself*, through His deputies, commands the particular things to be done, as happens in the case of *ex cathedra* definitions, which God requires us to accept as authenticated by His seal. The same may be said of universal laws of the Pope or Church, which cannot be demurred to as possibly wrong,* though the Church itself admits the validity of certain excuses from the observance of some of them, where this becomes too difficult.

Although I do not believe that collisions are likely to occur between the Pope's authority and that of any secular State, to the prejudice of the legitimate rights of the latter, I will add that the mere chance, or even occasional occurrence, of such collisions would not be a good ground of objection to the Catholic religion, or to the doctrine of the Pope's jurisdiction as defined by the Vatican Council; and I speak of collisions that would involve an invasion of the just rights of the State. I need hardly observe that an invasion of just rights would be a bad and improper thing, an abuse and an excess not in reality warranted by the Catholic religion or the Vatican definition. But, supposing such action to be taken at any time by the Pope, and to prevail for a while, and to interfere with civil allegiance, through the malice or mistake of the subjects of a temporal government, or of some among them, what then? Is a power to be denied or condemned because those who wield it occasionally go astray and do mischief? Surely not. The best institutions may, through human weakness, be sometimes turned to evil account. None have more need to acknowledge this than the defenders of the State and of the allegiance it claims. For, undoubtedly, States have over and over again abused their authority, and are doing it now. Mr. Gladstone makes himself the champion of civil allegiance; and I will add that I am ready to do the same, though I cannot join him in perverting this sacred principle to a wrong purpose. As a Catholic, I am an upholder of loyalty; but in order to maintain loyalty I must protest against the doctrine that those rulers alone are to be obeyed who never govern ill. It will not do to say that whenever they fall into excess the yoke is to be thrown off. None but an anarchist would say this. It is one thing to hold that in certain extreme cases revolution is allowable, it is quite another thing to pretend that every hardship or injustice inflicted by a secular sovereign power is a sufficient motive for doing away with it. Assuredly, Mr. Gladstone would never broach such an absurdity as this. Well, then, secular governments may err, and do err and err seriously, from time to time, and yet do not therefore cease to be legitimate. They invade rights, they command sins, and yet retain their claim to be obeyed—not in sinful things, nor in those things in which they are unjust, but in other matters.

The Papacy, with all its spiritual power, is a divine institution, as emanating from God and created by His will; but it is also in a true sense human, as being confided to men, residing in men, who remain men weak and peccable, specially aided indeed by heaven, and in some particulars effectually protected from straying out of the right road, but in other things left so far to themselves that they may abuse their position and exceed the legitimate bounds of their power. It belongs to the economy of God's Providence to leave natural imperfections, which often lead to the partial obstructing of His work. The whole of human society with its frame-

work comes from God, with rules laid down by Him through human reason, not unhelped by revelation, for its good government. These rules are left to the members of human society to carry out under His providential direction, which controls men in a great degree, and preserves society from that ruin which would otherwise ensue, but not from many troubles and difficulties and much confusion resulting from the weakness and wickedness of men.

He has, moreover, instituted a Church, of which He takes more especial care, and effectually maintains it in life and vigour; but even His Church is entrusted to the charge of human rulers, whose imperfections, as well as those of its other members, tell upon it, besides what it has to suffer from its enemies. The Church is not, on this account, less a divine, supernatural, holy institution, nor are the rights of its rulers curtailed, or justly subject to restraint on the part of the State. By the rulers of the Church I understand pontiffs, bishops, and, in their degree, priests of the second order. They do great work for God and man, though there are a few flaws, the least being on the part of the Popes. They are men, and they are not warranted against mistakes. Certainly civil allegiance has nothing to fear from the Church and from the Pope; and it has a great deal to fear from influences everywhere seeking to undermine all order—influences which are denounced by the Church as hostile to herself and to secular governments. It is unjust to decry the Church of God as the enemy of civil authority, which she does her best to uphold, while those bad influences are either cherished or treated with comparative indulgence.

Reverting, for a moment, to the question of the *absoluteness* of the obedience due to the Pope, I would observe that Mr. Gladstone understood this absoluteness *absolutely* enough. In his "Vaticanism" (p. 69) he says: "Dr. Newman says there are exceptions to this precept of obedience. But this is just what the Council has not said. The Church by the Council imposes Aye. The private conscience reserves to itself the title to say No." There are exceptions, that is to say, possible exceptions; in other words, there may be exceptions. There was no need of this being said by the Council. In stating the authority of any person with reference to a class of things, it is not usual to speak of his liability to go wrong, unless so far as there may be occasion to indicate a tribunal of appeal, and here there is no such tribunal. The private conscience is justified in declining obedience to manifestly unjust orders, but does not make antecedent reservations, nor keep looking out for exceptional cases.

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